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THE
JOURNAL

OF THE

REV. FRANCIS ASBURY,

BISHOP

OF

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

FROM

AUGUST 7, 1771, TO DECEMBER 7, 1815.

In Three Volumes.

VOL. III,

FROM NOVEMBER 2, 1800, TO DECEMBER 7, 1815.

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Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the thirteenth day of April, in the forty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, *N. Bangs* and *T. Mason*, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The Journal of the Rev. Francis Asbury, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, *from* August 7, 1771, to December 7, 1815. In three volumes."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching historical and other Prints."

G. L. THOMPSON,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

THE JOURNAL

OF THE

REV. FRANCIS ASBURY.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Saturday, November 8, 1800. We started away. The cold was severe upon the fingers. We crossed the ferry, curiously contrived with a rope and poles, for half a mile along the banks of the river, to guide the boat by. And O the rocks! the rocks! Coming to Laurel-River, we followed a wagon ahead of us—the wagon stuck fast. Brother O'H. mounted old grey—the horse fell about midway, but recovered, rose, and went safely through with his burden. We pursued our way rapidly to Ivey-Creek, suffering much from heat and the roughness of the roads, and stopped at Wm. Hunter's.

Sabbath day 9. We came to Thomas Foster's, and held a small meeting at his house. We must bid farewell to the chaise; this mode of conveyance by no means suits the roads of this wilderness; we are obliged to keep one behind the carriage with a strap to hold by and prevent accidents almost continually. I have health and hard labour, and a constant sense of the favour of God.

Tobias Gibson had given notice to some of my being at Buncomb court-house, and the society at Killyon's in consequence of this made an appointment for me on Tuesday 11. We were strongly importuned to stay, which brother Whatcoat felt inclined to do. In the meantime we had our horses shod by Philip Smith: this man, as is not unfrequently the case in this country, makes wagons and works at carpentry, makes shoes for men and for horses; to which he adds, occasionally, the manufacture of saddles and hats.

Monday 10. Visited Squire Swaine's agreeable family. On Tuesday we attended our appointment. My foundation for a sermon was Hebr. ii. 1. We had about eighty hearers; among

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there was Mr. Newton, a Presbyterian minister, who made the concluding prayer. We took up our journey, and came to Foster's upon Swannanoa—company enough, and horses in a drove of thirty-three. Here we met Francis Poythress—sick of Carolina, and in the church. I, too, was sick. Next morning we rode to Fletcher's, on Mud-Creek. The people being unexpectedly gathered together, we gave them a sermon and an exhortation. We lodged at Fletcher's.

Thursday 13. We crossed French Broad at Kim's ferry, forded Mill's River, and made upwards through the barrens of Broad to Davidson's, whose name names the stream. The aged mother and daughters insisted upon giving notice for a meeting, in consequence thereof Mr. Davis, their Presbyterian minister, and several others, came together. Brother Whatcoat was taken with a bleeding at the nose, so that necessity was laid upon me to lecture; my subject was Luke xi. 13.

Friday 14. We took our leave of French Broad—the lands flat and good, but rather cold. I have had an opportunity of making a tolerably correct survey of this river. It rises in the south-west, and winds along in many meanders, fifty miles north-east, receiving a number of tributary streams in its course; it then inclines westward, passing through Buncombe in North Carolina, and Greene and Dandridge counties in Tennessee, in which last it is augmented by the waters of Nolachucky; four miles above Knoxville it forms a junction with the Holston, and their united waters flow along under the name of Tennessee, giving a name to the state.

We had no small labour in getting down Saluda mountain. Arriving at father Douthet's, on the south branch of Saluda, where finding myself quite at home, I had leisure to reflect upon our present situation. On the 19th of September we set out from Petersburg in Virginia, and on the 14th of November we were in North Carolina, at the foot of the grand mountain division of South Carolina. In this time I presume we have travelled one thousand miles, have had about twenty appointments, not many of which were large, have lodged about twenty nights under strange roofs, or at houses of entertainment, and have expended about fifty dollars.

Monday 17. Yesterday we rested at father John Douthet's; he is settled in a cove in the midst of the mountains, upon the south branch of the Saluda. Brother Whatcoat made a discourse on Matt. xi. 28. The computation is, that from Charleston to the western line of this state it is two hundred and seventy-five miles; but from the centre-house it is nearer four hundred miles.

My mind is led out for the interest of the southern and western conferences: these are quite enough contiguous to enable the preachers to change with each other; but such is the sickly state of the South, in both senses, that we shall probably be under the necessity of locating five or six of our spiritual labourers.

To-day I gave a sermon founded upon Psalm cxlvi. 8, 9. and felt comfortable if the people were not.

Tuesday 18. We came fifteen miles to Samuel Burdine's, Pendleton county. Here were many wandering people. Brother Whatcoat preached. We administered the Lord's supper. I was very much indisposed, and felt dejection of spirit. Our sister Burdine professeth to have known the *Lord* twenty years; in her you see meekness, gentleness, patience, and pure love—and cleanliness.

Wednesday 19. We came to John Wilson's; I gave a discourse on Acts ii. 17, 18. my mind was divinely elevated, but the people did not appear to feel. Yesterday and to-day I am disciplined by keen pain in my breast. To-day Benjamin Blanton met us: he is now a married man; like others of his southern brethren, after he has faithfully served the connexion about ten years, he talks of locating.

Thursday 20. At the Grove. We were lost an hour in the woods at setting out, and terribly bewildered in our way to the meeting-house; the day was cold, and a beautiful snow lay on the ground. During the public exercises the people felt as at the reading and preaching of Ezra. Brother Whatcoat improved with light and life upon Coloss. i. 21—23.

Through twelve miles of cold and snow we journeyed to Thomas Terry's. Our host was from Gisborough, in Yorkshire; he made us welcome, and gave us dinner about six o'clock. Here I hauled up the chaise—the pleasure of riding in it does not compensate for the trouble and difficulty of getting it along.

As there were few appointments in this state, and as brother Blanton agreed to fill them, I thought fit to accompany brother Whatcoat, who was under the necessity of going to fill appointments made for him in Georgia.

We have travelled about forty miles since we left father Douthat's, near the Table mountain, which on a clear day is a grand sight; the *steel* appears like a great house of free-stone; to-day we only saw it through a mist dimly. At the Cove there are but few religious people, and among these few there are disorderly walkers. The northern rivers, I presume, begin to close for the winter, which, I judge, will be a severe one. On Friday I rested and wrote.

Saturday 22. Rode twenty miles to James Powell's, upon Walnut Creek, Lauren's county.

Sabbath day 23, was an extraordinarily cold day at King's chapel. I began reading at eleven o'clock, and occupied the pulpit one hour and twenty minutes; brother Whatcoat followed for fifty minutes, and brother Blanton succeeded him; to this followed the sacrament—making the public exercises four hours (or thereabouts) of continuance, in a very open building. It may not be amiss to mention that this house for the worship of God was named after James King, who died a martyr to the yellow fever in Charleston. We lodged for the night at W. Powell's. Next day we crossed Main Saluda at Pension's ford, and rode twelve miles to George Connor's upon Silvador's Purchase.

I had thought our address would move their majesties and the peers of Charleston. Report says they have pumped poor Dougherty until they had almost deprived him of breath, and John Harper committed the addresses to the flames before the intendant of the city: I have seen his apology for receiving them.

At George Connor's we had an evening meeting, and considering the coldness of the night, and the shortness of the notice, it was well attended. Brother Whatcoat preached.

Tuesday 25. We rode to Nathaniel Burdine's—ancient Methodists, who have a son in the ministry.

Wednesday 26. We came to Hugh Porter's, at the New Design. Here we called a meeting in the evening; brother Whatcoat spoke—I spoke after him.

Thursday 27. Sick and weary, we arrived at Daniel Baugh's, whither we were conducted by Mr. Hennington, having lost our way in the woods.

Friday 28. At Butler's meeting-house, fifteen miles—no notice; we therefore pushed on to Capt. Carter's; here the girls hasted to call the people to meeting. Brother Whatcoat preached upon Ezek. xxxiii. 2. In this neighbourhood the sad apostacy of two professed preachers, and of one or two private members, hath brought reproach on the cause of God and Methodism.

GEORGIA.—Saturday 29. Came twelve miles through deep sands to Augusta. We have travelled nearly one hundred miles since last Sabbath day; my soul hath been kept in great peace; but I feel the effects of riding a wild, open, falling horse, with a sore back, and my saddle is old and worn.

We have a foundation and a frame prepared for erecting, in a day or two, a house for public worship, two stories high, sixty by forty feet: for this we are indebted to the favour of Heaven, and the agency of Stith Mead; and what is better, here is a small society.

Augusta is decidedly one of the most level and beautiful spots for a town I have yet seen: it is of ample extent in its plan, well begun, and when their intention shall be fulfilled of building a court-house, a college, episcopal churches for Methodists and others, it will do credit to its founders and inhabitants.

Sabbath day 30. Brother Whatcoat preached a most excellent sermon at Mr. Fury's dwelling-house upon Ephraim's lamentation. In the afternoon I preached in the church; we thought to have joined the congregations together, but others thought differently; we had the honour of the priest's company, and few of his people attended.

Monday, December 1. We came to Thomas Haynes's, upon Uchee-Creek, Columbia county. Brother Whatcoat preached upon Gal. ii. 20.; I came off with a close exhortation.

On the following Tuesday and Wednesday we held a quarterly meeting at White-Oak. Brother Whatcoat first officiated: I followed him; we had very cold weather, an open house, and few hearers. We then rode to Joseph Scott's, eight miles, through damp, rainy weather. Our host, his children, and grand children will, we hope, if they continue faithful, receive the crown of life.

Thursday 4. I rode, my mind cloudy, and my body cold, to Thomas Grant's, twenty-four miles.

Friday 5. I humbled my soul before God. To-day I have been occupied in correcting a transcript of my Journal, that one had copied for me, who did not well understand my short-hand: the original was written in my great illness, very imperfectly; but when I reflect on my situation at that time, I wonder that it is as well as it is.

Sabbath day 7. Yesterday and to-day we have quarterly meeting at Coke's chapel, near Washington. Brother Whatcoat preached the first day from Hebr. vi. 4—6. I, in my place, gave some account of the work of God as it had been reported to me during this year. [illegible] we had a [illegible] season at the sacrament; my subject was Heb. xii. 25. "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." By introduction—The likeness between Christ and Moses in their persons, offices, ministry, and punishment of the disobedient. In Doctrine—1st. How Christ, speaking by his Gospel, his ministers, Spirit, and [illegible] of grace. 2nd. That sinners, seekers, saints, and backsliders, ought to see to it, that they "refuse not him that speaketh:" Lastly. The awful consequences of refusing. Brother Whatcoat and H. Hull exhorted; the latter began to feel like his former self: upon the whole, it was a good meeting, and we humbly hope that good was done. After meeting we were obliged to ride six miles, through the cold, to Thomas Grant's.

Monday 8. We crossed Little-River, and went forward twelve miles, to Thomas Fountain's, in Warren county. We have rode about ninety miles since Monday week.

Tuesday 9. We came to Abraham Heath's meeting-house upon Long-Creek, Warren county; we arrived during the sitting of the court, and had but a small congregation. Brother Whatcoat being unwell, I filled his place; my subject was Hebr. x. 31. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." First. The character of those people who expose themselves to the danger of "falling into the hands of the living God"—such as are described in verses 26 and 29 of the same chapter. Secondly. The character of those, the contrast of the former, who will escape his avenging hand: these do not as the others do; they also attend to the precepts contained in verses 25, 32, 35, 36, and 39. Thirdly. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God;" that is, to fear and feel the wrath of God for ever; having no interest in Christ, and no advocate with the Father; but exposed to infinite justice, and all the threatened wrath of the Almighty.

We crossed Ogechee at Thweat's bridge, and came to Powellton, a new establishment, in which there is a Baptist meeting-house, *formerly* occupied by Silas Mercer: he is now gone to eternity; but his son filleth his place.

Wednesday 10. We came to *Edmund* Butler's, in Hancock county: the people had thrown down the old, but had not yet finished their new meeting-house; I was therefore under the necessity of standing bareheaded in the open woods, on a very cold day: as I travelled so much, this was thought a light thing for a man like me. Moses Black, after this, brought the people to the [illegible]. We rode home with Alexander King, a brother to the preacher who [illegible] but [illegible] his life in the ministry of the Gospel.

Thursday 11. We were at [illegible] meeting-house, after which we came dropping to A. Gilmore's; here brother Whatcoat preached, after which I gave a few words of exhortation, and we then pushed on to William Greene's. We have lately crossed the chief branches of the Ogeechee and Little rivers.

Friday 12. Cold as it was, we rode as far as Thomas Dozier's; [illegible] I gave a short discourse on 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7. We left Dozier's in haste, and continued on twelve miles farther to the Judge Hill's, on Long Creek. These last appointments were in Oglethorpe county. They will be the best judges of the severity of the cold, who have rode seventeen miles before dinner. I met brother Milligan, at brother Dunn's, and should have been pleased to stay there with him, but the situation of his wife subjected us to the risk of being disturbed and driven from our warm lodging at midnight. We have rode about sixty miles in four days.

Saturday 13. We came to Kark's meeting-house; brother Whatcoat filled the pulpit.

Sunday 14. We had sacrament and sermon: my subject was Matt. xvii. 5. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." Introduction—These words were in part spoken at his baptism—see Matt. iii. 17. Mark i. 11. Luke iii. 22.—that there were three witnesses present to hear, and four had recorded it; to wit, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and Peter. First, The Divine Father acknowledged the sacred and mysterious union—"This is my beloved Son;" a relation infinitely above that of angels, of Adam in his primeval standing, and the souls of any regenerated, sanctified, or glorified soul, on earth, or in heaven—co-equal, co-eternal, and co-essential with the Father. "Well pleased;"—that is, in the whole of man's redemption by this "beloved Son;" "well pleased"—in his preaching, living, dying—in every part of his official character. "Hear ye him"—Mark and Luke have omitted ye. Secondly, The particular characters who should hear him in his word, Spirit, and operations. His ministers should hear him—this was designed in the text, by ye: hear him all his sanctified souls; hear him all who are justified; hear him all ye seekers; hear him all ye sinners—hear his awful warnings: all ye backsliders, hear him as Peter heard him, and repent, and turn to him; hear him ye apostates, as Judas, and despair.

We were nearly [illegible] to the bone [illegible] and fatigue; [illegible] had yet to cross Broad-River, and steered through the woods, [illegible] and go in the by-paths—wind round the plantations—strip across the newly cleared ground by climbing over trees, boughs, and fence-rails: thus we made out [illegible] miles to Charles Tait's, in Elbert county.

Monday 15. We got over Savannah [illegible] at Robert [illegible] ferry, a few miles above Petersburg: here I called to see a family I had often visited in Virginia: I found the parents both very old, and that they had lost some of their children.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—We came onward into Abbeville county, and lodged at John Brannon's, near the court-house; making a ride of thirty miles for the day.

Tuesday 16. We proceeded to Silvador's Purchase, twelve miles, to hold quarterly meeting for Bush-River district, at a meeting house near George Connor's.

Wednesday 17. I attended quarterly meeting. My subject was Philip. i. 22. We spent four hours in the private and public meeting; a number of white and black children were to be baptized, and probably there were who thought it would be better done by a bishop. After meeting we had a fifteen miles' ride, part of it in the night, crossing Saluda at Child's ferry, wishing to get to John Meek's, in Lauren's county. Abbeville is a large county, stretching from river to river, and holds better lands than any other in the state: although Bush-River circuit extends through it, there are few Methodists; the most populous settlements being composed of Presbyterians.

Thursday 18. At John Meeks's, brother Whatcoat sermonized upon Gal. vi. 15.

Friday 19. It rained: after it had holden up, we rode thirty miles to Benjamin Herndon's, upon the waters of Enoree.

Saturday 20, and Sunday 21. Held quarterly meeting. Brother Whatcoat spoke from 1 Thess. iii. 8: a very profitable improvement. On Sabbath day my choice was Acts iii. 22, 23. We continued about six hours at Bethel. I saw one of the members of the General Assembly of South Carolina, who informed me that our address from the general conference had been read and reprobated; and furthermore, that it had been the occasion of producing a law which prohibited a minister's attempting to instruct any number of blacks with the doors shut; and authorizing a peace-officer to break upon the heart in such [illegible] and [illegible] as to [illegible] the affections—but many of the last class I see it.

Monday 22. We rode to Thomas Shaw's, at the forks of Tyger and Enoree rivers—[illegible] miles.

Tuesday 23. At Bethel meeting-house, brother Whatcoat preached upon [illegible]. We went forward twelve miles to [illegible] at Broad-River.

I have had [illegible] sorrow for the church of God in Philadelphia. [illegible] city upon our continent hath been more oppressed by [illegible] situation, where the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, German and English; Quakers, Baptists, Scotch Presbyterians, Roman Catholics—and now the Methodists. I have written on this subject to those official characters.

Wednesday 24. I gave a sermon upon 2 Peter i. [illegible] at [illegible] chapel, near Broad-River: we had an open season and many hearers. At [illegible] Flat, Chester county, [illegible] meeting-house we kept our Christmas. Brother Whatcoat preached on "The Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil."

My subject was, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good will towards men."

We lodged at Robert Walker's, eighty years of age, awakened under Mr. Whitefield at Fogg's Manor—re-awakened at Pipe-Creek, and a member of the first Methodist Society in Maryland; he is now living upon Sandy-River, South-Carolina.

Friday 26. We travelled a devious path, and came to Alexander Carter's, upon Fishing Creek—a journey of about thirty miles, without food for man or beast, and the weather severe to great excess: after our arrival, we had a night meeting.

Saturday 27. After waiting the leisure of the boatmen, we crossed Catawba at Wade's ferry, and came three miles to a meeting-house at Camp-Creek, to attend quarterly meeting for [illegible] and Catawba circuits. We lodged at John Graham's, a Methodist, and originally from Ireland.

Sabbath day 28. Damp morning. I gave a discourse on Ephes. vi. 10. Our lodging was at Johnson's.

Monday 29. We stopped at [illegible], at [illegible]'s. Brother Whatcoat preached upon "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is staid on thee; because he trusteth in thee." We made eighteen miles progress this day, and put up with John [illegible] upon Hanging Rock-River.

Tuesday 30. Came to Camden. I have received several letters from the north: they bring small consolation—"While he was yet speaking there came also another"—accusation—complaint of partiality—and with this I may comfort myself in the midst of accumulated and hard travelling and labour. I was presented with a petition from about eighty male members of the society in the city of *Brotherly love*, entreating me not to do what I had no intention of doing—that was, to remove brother [illegible] from the city: how indeed was this to be done? He and they had represented [illegible] of all the charges brought against him, and [illegible] [illegible]; the presiding elder had also ventured to affirm that [illegible] four elders who had been put out for [illegible] and [illegible], and had ejected the elder stationed in the city, and had filled his place by another—and they had great congregations, great [illegible]; and God was with them, and nearly one hundred had joined society. To all this what can we do but say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and courage! Poor bishop! no mercy for my experience. I am afflicted, my life threatened on the one hand; my brethren discontented on the other; [illegible] I received from them a petition dipped in oil and honey; and if I approve, all will be well: but if not, drawn swords may be found.

Thursday, January 1, 1801. We began our conference with the new year. Sat from nine to twelve o'clock in the forenoon; and two hours in the afternoon; the lovefeast was held between the hours of seven and eight. A clerk for the conference was appointed, and another to keep the journal. We admitted four probationers; readmitted two deacons to their standing in the travelling connexion, who had left it to locate; located three, to wit, [illegible], Cole, and [illegible]; and [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], and West, who had all located themselves in the course of the last year. We had great union: it is true, some talked loud; but I [illegible] not any thing was any improper heat. Our sitting continued five days, and we rested one Sabbath. We were kindly accommodated at Smith's and Carpenter's, and two other houses. We only failed forty-eight dollars in paying all the preachers their demands.

Thursday 8. Yesterday and to-day I have been busy writing many long letters to my correspondents in the north.

Friday 9. We came on thirteen miles to [illegible]'s quarterly meeting, and lodged at Anthony [illegible]'s.

Saturday 10. I gave a short discourse upon [illegible] Peter iv. [illegible] and afterward rode up eight miles to the Hanging-Rock.

Sunday 11. At Horton's meeting-house I spoke on Heb. viii. 10, 11.

Monday 12. On this day we rested, and were busily employed in looking over our books and papers.

I felt deeply affected for the rising generation. Having resolved to catechise the children myself, I procured a Scripture catechism, and began with brother Horton's; to this duty I purpose to attend in every house [illegible] leisure and opportunity may permit.

Wednesday 14. We left Hanging-Rock, and came to Little Lynch's and Flat Creeks, crossing the great branch at M'Manus's ford: this last is called a creek; but it rises near the Waxhaws, and flows about one hundred and fifty miles, mingling its waters with the great Pee-Dee below Port's ferry. We had an exceedingly warm day for the season; the horses and their riders were both fatigued much in riding forty miles in ten hours. Seated upon the sand-hills, we dined, at the root of a pine, upon a morsel of bread and bacon; and then remounted and pushed on to Anson in North Carolina; we sheltered ourselves for the night at Thomas Shaw's, upon Little Thompson's creek.

North Carolina.—Thursday 15. We are still at Thomas Shaw's. What kind of folks am I among?—unhappy people! One aged man told me that the Methodists, when about to marry a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]—their [illegible] may get into Heaven. Ah! what Christians! [illegible] [illegible] when will these people be [illegible] and be truly [illegible].

On Friday we attended at Jackson's meeting-house; it was a gracious season. Bishop Whatcoat spoke on Heb. xii. 2. We lodged at Stephen Pace's, upon Brown-Creek.

Saturday 17. We had a meeting at John Mills's; he came from Maryland, his wife from Virginia; the children are coming to Christ. This neighbourhood is visited with a revival of religion.

Sabbath day 18. We came to Wadesborough after a court-week. We held our meeting underneath the court-house, within the arches: we had a most delightful day. Bishop Whatcoat spoke with great ingenuity and authority upon "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life." My subject was Luke xviii. 27. We lodged at I. Cook's.

Monday 19. We came to Webb's ferry: the rain drove us under the roof of the widow Williams, where we remained until the storm was over, and then pushed on to James Pickett's, in Richmond county.

Tuesday 20. I gave a discourse on Amos vi. 1. "Wo to them that are at ease in Zion!" I felt some openings.

I have had airy and great exercises of mind respecting men and things, but my soul enjoys great resignation: I take the bitters of life as things which medicine my soul, producing caution, humiliation, and recollection.

Wednesday 21. We rode ten miles to the Presbyterian meeting-house: many attended at a short warning. My subject was Hebrews vii. 25. We had a quickening season. After meeting we rode three miles to Rockingham, the seat of justice for the county of the same name. We had been appointed at twelve o'clock, yet with this circumstance, and that of court time to boot, we had but few hearers. Meeting was held in the academy, a very commodious house for divine service. Rockingham stands upon a beautiful eminence, and hath some valuable houses; about twenty families make the inhabitants. We were kindly and elegantly entertained at the house of one who had been one of us, but now is of and in the world.

Thursday 22. We came to Mark's-Creek. I spoke on Hebr. iii. 12—15. We had a good season. We lodged with Solomon Pye.

South Carolina.—We now descended into South Carolina. Marlborough county presents many interesting characteristic features; the solitary, lofty, long-leafed pines; and the land, though it is barren, is of the most beautiful kind, and for range for cattle and for timber is very valuable. It was my lot to be speaker; brother Whatcoat had taken so deep a cold he could do nothing. I preached from the parable of the sower.

We continued our journey down Naked-Creek, by Robinson's branch, mills, and stills, and brought up at Turbet Cunningham's, at the Beauty-Spot. Notwithstanding all that Methodists, Baptists, and three meeting-houses have done, the people are still far from beautiful in a spiritual sense. We had no opportunity to send forward, we had therefore no appointment.

Saturday 24. We hasted to James Spears's, at the Three-Creeks, where we dined, talked, and commended ourselves to God. That we might make our own appointments at Harris's meeting-house we came on to James Harris's, upon Muddy-Creek. Brother Spears spread the tidings for us far and wide.

This is an unhappy country: it is thinly settled, and many are moving away to Georgia and the Natchez; our societies are small, and the prospect low. Too often, when any rise in their circumstances; they seek for offices, or become storekeepers, and much too great to be Methodists.

We have rode since the commencement of the year one hundred and eighty miles in the Peninsula.

Monday 26. We rode twenty miles to Samuel Flemming's—the men were from home, but the women gave notice of a meeting for the inmates of the adjoining houses. After our meeting, about one o'clock, we set off and travelled down to G. Sewell's, Robeson county; we sent our host to call a congregation for Thursday. We now had time to read and write.

I find reasons enough in my own mind to justify myself against the low insinuations of partiality in which some have indulged. We are impartial. We spend as much time in the Peninsula. We know not Maryland or Delaware, *after the flesh*, more than Kentucky, Cumberland, Georgia, or the Carolinas. It is our duty to save the health of preachers where we can; to make particular appointments for some important charges; and it is our duty to embrace all parts of the continent and union after the example of primitive times, and the first and faithful preachers in America.

Thursday 29. At Sewell's chapel I preached on Rev. xxii. 14, 15. The order—1. The city. 2. The citizens. 3. Their [illegible]. 4. The characters shut out *from the city*. I felt light and liberty.

Friday 30. We came to the Rev. Paul's school-house, where we had a decent, attentive congregation. I preached on John vii. 16, 17. Introduction—It was observed that the dispute of the Jews with our Lord about the Messiah, was not if he should be the eternal Son of God, and the adopted son of right, but whether Jesus was that person whom Moses foretold that church and nation should come, and what manner of person he should be, fifteen hundred years before. The Jews knew where Christ was to be born from Micah v. 2. See also Matt. ii.

Mr. Shackleford gave us a pressing invitation to dine with him, and treated us with friendship and hospitality. We rode in the evening to Port's ferry.

Thomas Humphries had been very sick, but was recovering from a peripneumony: it was reported he would die; but I did not feel as if he would die at this time.

Sure nothing could so effectually alarm and arm the citizens of South Carolina against the Methodists as the *Address of the General Conference*. The rich among the people never thought us worthy to preach to them as they did [illegible] give their slaves liberty to hear and join our church; but now it appears the poor Africans will no longer have this privilege. Perhaps we shall soon be thought unfit for the company of their dogs. But who will mourn the loss of the friendship of a world that hath so hated our Lord and Master Jesus Christ!

We have [illegible] away this month, and have rode but about two hundred miles.

Saturday 31. We rested; wrote, and read; upon the [illegible] healthy banks of Pee-Dee, in sight of the lofty [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]. My soul is in peace; Jesus, Jesus is my all: my soul is love to God, to Christ, his church, and all souls.

Sabbath-day, February 1. We rode six miles to [illegible]-Neck meeting-house, where I preached on Luke xix. 10. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." What characters were lost—and in a state of [illegible]; open, profane sinners; those who had attained very considerable [illegible]; backsliders; such as were seeking salvation by works; [illegible] habits. It was observed, that many were lost to [illegible] and [illegible] like [illegible] themselves, and were perverted by others.

We came to William Williams's, near Little Pee-Dee. On Monday we were [illegible] by the rain the greater part of the day; in the afternoon we visited Richard Woodberry, a great man, weighing upwards of three hundred pounds, and as kind as weighty.

Tuesday 3. We had preaching at William Williams's; there were few people.

Wednesday 4. We crossed Little Pee-Dee at the Potato-Bed ferry. Extraordinary roads, branches, lofty pines, pinetum swamps, with intermingled gums and cypress, variegated by evergreens of bay and laurel, and twining jessamine flinging its odours far and wide around; [illegible] and [illegible]—such is the country, and such the charming scenes through which we have frequently passed in our late rides. We brought up at Richard Green's, near Kingston.

Thursday 5. Counsel and conversation with the presiding elders; several long letters to the north and south, and reading, furnished occupation for the day. I received the compilation of N. Snethen, intended as an answer to James O'Kelly: it is well done, and very correctly done, except in a few cases. There was no disagreement at all upon my side with Doctor Coke at Charleston respecting the proposed general conference, which was afterward held (in 1792:) I was fully convinced that nothing else would [illegible] the unhappy business with O'Kelly[illegible] that [illegible] finish it.

Friday 6. Occupied in reading and writing. The preachers had not yet made out any plan for a forward move. One Sabbath-day yet at Kingston, and then we bring along towards the lovely north.

Saturday 7. I rode to Robert Anderson's, in the [illegible], and met about fifty souls, to whom I spoke on Ephes. ii. 8—10. Returned to Richard Green's.

Sabbath day 8. At Kingston. A lovely day; but few people—perhaps not more than one hundred, including the coloured folks. My subject was Luke ix. 24. Brother Whatcoat spoke on John iii. 16. It is now sixteen years since I rode, solitary and unknown, through this part of the land; there was scarcely a house to receive me, and no Methodist to bid me welcome; but God hath given us many friends, of some of those whose houses I lodged in; witness the children of Mr. Clark, and of Durant—and their widows also.

We have been obliged to rest on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sabbath day, and Monday 9, with Richard Green. Mr. Rogers will not give us an invitation; his kindness towards the Methodists is at an end.

Tuesday 10. We rode sixteen miles to Kellam's meeting-house: it was a cold day, and coming after such warm weather, its severity was the more sensibly felt; [illegible] [illegible] powerfully. My subject was Heb. ii. 1. After meeting we rode to father Kellam's, an old Maryland man, from Dorset county. Here I met Benjamin Sellers, a local preacher, and a faithful servant of God.

Wednesday 11. We went forward to William Norton's, at the Iron-Run; a distance of twelve miles, through swampy ground. Brother Whatcoat preached, and ordained brother Sellers a deacon. I spoke from Gal. iv. 19. It was a disagreeable time; the people were trembling with cold.

Thursday 13. We rode twenty miles to Frinks's.

Friday 14. At Ebenezer:—the house was unfinished, and the day windy and uncomfortable. Brother Whatcoat and myself held the people nearly three hours. My text was Gal. vi. 14, 15, 16.

A Solomon Reeves let me know that he had seen the Address, signed by me; and was quite confident there were no arguments to prove that slavery was repugnant to the spirit of the Gospel:

what absurdities will not men defend!—If the Gospel will tolerate slavery, what will it not authorize!—I am strangely mistaken if this said Mr. Reeves has more grace than is necessary, or more of sense than the same. We lodged for the night at William Gore's.

From this neighbourhood we came to Abraham Bessent's, Brunswick county, North Carolina, fording the Seven-mile Creek, and crossing the Waccamaw-River at Lowrey's Flat.

North Carolina.—We have rode at least five hundred and fifty, if not six hundred miles, over the hills, barrens, swamps, savannahs, rivers, and creeks of South Carolina.

At Gause's Manor, or more properly town, we were pleasantly situated. I had a most solemn visit to the sea-beach, which to me was a most instructive sight: the sea reminded me of its great Maker, "who stayeth the proud waves thereof;" its innumerable productions; the diversified features of its shores—the sand-hills; the marsh; the pines, tall and slender; the sheep and goats frisking in the shade or browsing in the sun: or the eye, directed to the waters, beholds the rolling porpoise; the sea-gulls lifting and letting fall from high the clam, which breaking, furnishes them with food; the eagles with hovering wing watching for their prey; the white sail of the solitary vessel tossed upon the distant wave—how interesting a picture do all these objects make!

We preached at William Gause's, the patriarch of the place: his son stood for scribe, and assisted me in making extracts of letters to add to my manuscript.

We visited Charlotte meeting-house, named after the River, vulgarly and improperly called *Shalotte*. On our return I prepared a few long letters for the north.

My mind is in great peace. I lament that I have no access to the poor: our way is strangely closed up at present in consequence of the *Address*. I made my last visit to the sea. I thought upon my friends on the other side the great waters; my voyage to this country; the little probability there was of my ever again seeing my dear mother, or my native land.

We have had preaching in three or four places; to wit, at Bessent's, in Brunswick county, and at the Manor.

Sunday 22. We attended a meeting at Lockwood's Folly. I gave a sermon upon 2 Cor. iv. 5. 1. What the apostles of our Lord did not preach. 2. What they did preach. 3. The relation of ministers to Christ and to souls. The principles of their service. They sought not their own honour, ease, or interest—they did not make disciples for themselves—they had not wisdom, righteousness, redemption for souls; nor grace to convict, convert, or regenerate. They preached Christ in his prophetic, priestly, and kingly offices—in his Gospel—in the sacrifice, once offered, of himself—in his divinity. "Ourselves your servants for Christ's sake,"—his saved, his qualified—his commissioned servants (not slaves)—bound by his word, his grace, his love—not for any worldly consideration; but "for Christ's sake:" warning sinners, hypocrites, Pharisees, and backsliders;—comforting mourners; strengthening believers, and urging and inciting to holiness of heart and life. I observed, "servants," yet their rulers; according to Scripture testimony—see Hebr. xiii. 17.; 1 Peter v. 2.

We were kindly entertained at Mr. Bellon's: the whole family came to the house of public entertainment, eight miles from their dwelling, to make us comfortable.

Monday 23. Rode to Edward Sullivan's, at Town-Creek—eighteen miles.

Tuesday 24. I preached: my subject was Luke iv. 18. We had a full house. I baptized three adults, and as many children.

Wednesday 25. We dined with General Smith—there was abundance and hospitality. We came into town. Jeremiah Norman gave us a sermon. Our tabernacle is crowded again: the minds of the people are strangely changed; and the indignation excited against us is overpast: the people see and confess that the slaves are made better by religion; and wonder to hear the poor Africans pray and exhort.

Thursday 26. I preached, for the first time, in our house, and for the second in Wilmington: my text was found in Acts xxvi. 17, 18. At eleven o'clock we were crowded; and I felt uncommon enlargement. One of the respectables came in the name of some of the *reputables* to request that I would preach in the ancient, venerable brick church: I was weak—had spoken long and loud, and was more than ordinarily unwell; but brother Whatcoat was unwell and not able to go out. At four o'clock we had a large and decent congregation—I lectured upon Romans x. 1—4. In the evening, numbers, both white and black, came again to the tabernacle. After John Norman had preached, I read, and commented upon two letters respecting the work of God in Delaware, and Cumberland, in the West.

Friday 27. We came off early and travelled on to Nixon's, through deeps, damps, and rain—a great part of the way weary, pained and sleepy for want of rest. I gave a discourse on Matt. xi. 28—30.

Saturday 28. About sunrise we hasted away and came to Lot Ballard's, at the Rich-Lands, New-River, about forty miles: we stopped not on the way. I unfortunately left my famous spectacles behind: I had laid them by, overwhelmed with drowsiness, and failed to take them up to read a chapter, as is my custom, except upon such over-doing journeys. We walked our horses at the rate of four miles an hour: my poor bay limped. I thought it was owing to the bad state of his shoes, when, behold, a large oyster shell had wedged itself in the hollow of his hoof, near the heel.

Sunday, March 1. At New-River I preached on Luke [illegible]. We had a very serious but unaffected congregation.

Joseph Ballard, and his wife Mary Ballard, are gone to rest, after a respectable profession of religion amongst the Methodists, for seventeen or eighteen years. John Perry, a pious soul, formerly of the Baptists, and an official character amongst them, is also gone to his reward. He had backslidden; but was restored among the Methodists, and became a preacher and deacon: he died upon the road, going to an appointment: neither he nor Ballard were slaveholders—hail, happy souls!

Monday 2. We had to march down upon Trent, eighteen miles. The appointed meeting had been transferred to Frederick [illegible]'s, occasioned by the death of his venerable mother, the respectable wife of General Frederick Argate, who had been suddenly called away. This lady justly deserved the great and good character she had for forty years preserved, as a wife, a mother, a mistress, and a friend: to relieve the poor, and to solace the afflicted, gave her pleasure and occupation almost uninterrupted. Thursday week she was at meeting—the following, she was a corpse. My subject on this solemn funeral occasion was 1 Cor. xv. 22. "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." First, Our union with Adam, and the unhappy consequences. Secondly, Our union with Christ, and the happy consequences. We have already rode eighty miles from Wilmington.

Tuesday 3. We came to Jones court-house: we had many hearers, but few ears: my text was 1 Cor. vii. 29, 30, 31. I suppose I shall not soon prophesy there again—for good reasons.

We went not to see our wealthy friends, but came down to Thomas Lee's, where we held a meeting on Wednesday and

Thursday. My text was Acts xx. 32. Brother Whatcoat spoke from Isaiah lvii. 1.—a portion of Scripture very seasonably chosen.

I began to review for this year the preachers and stations: we may perhaps find one preacher for a circuit in the Virginia conference. I am shocked to see how lightly the preachers esteem, and how readily they leave the travelling plan—O Lord, by whom shall Jacob arise!

Friday 6. Came to Newbern. Brother Whatcoat preached in the evening.

Sabbath day 8. We had a sacrament in the morning, and brother Whatcoat preached; in the afternoon I made an improvement upon Matt. xviii. 3. I have been rather clouded in mind, and have had no pleasure in my administrations to-day.

Monday 9. We rode thirty-seven miles to Washington: in our way we crossed Neuse, swiftly and safely, at West's ferry. At twenty-one miles we stopped to feed—high price, and poor fare. We have rode six hundred and fifty miles towards the fourth thousand since Carolina conference. Here Ralph Potts, a Northumbrian, (old England,) but American-made-Methodist, received us as the angels of God.

Tuesday 10. I gave a serious talk to more persons than I expected on [illegible] subject well fitted to the state of the people of Washington.

Ralph Potts hath begun a handsome chapel, thirty feet square, and, by the blessing of God, he will finish it without any man's help.

Wednesday 11. We came twelve miles to Josiah Little's.—We called upon brother Floyd by the way: he is sickly—I bless God that this family standeth by us yet. I also called at brother Norris's. At Little's we had many people. Two of our friend Little's brothers are gone from our society. Oh! the slave-trade—when will it be no more!

Thursday 12. A dreary ridd of thirty miles, without food for man or beast, brought us to Joseph Pippin's: here we were kindly entertained. Our friend Pippin hath been settled in the Conecto Swamps for twenty years: he hath six children, and about fifteen slaves, and never has had a death in his family:—mercy and miracle!—may they praise the Lord!

Friday 13. At Toole's meeting-house, near Tarborough, brother Whatcoat addressed the congregation upon Zechariah ix. 12. My choice was Isaiah i. 9. I spoke with great heat and rapidity about half an hour: my text was well chosen, if the comment was not well executed. We lodged at Mr. Toole's.

Saturday 14. Fifteen miles to Prospect chapel—open to all societies. Brother Whatcoat gave a short discourse upon *justification by faith*. My subject was, The love of God, and the love of the world contrasted with, and subversive of each other: according to the degrees, as the effects and fruits of these opposing systems.

Having fourteen miles to Henry Bradford's, we had no time to dine; we took to horse, and came in with the shadows of evening: this morning we breakfasted at seven o'clock, and we now supped at seven—hard preaching, and hard riding occupied the intermediate hours.

We have passed rapidly through Edgecombe into Halifax county. Oh, the awful state *of* religion in this circuit!

Sabbath day 15. At Bradford's meeting-house, near Fishing-Creek, my portion of the word was from Psalm i. 2, 3. I discovered some solemnity and a few tears. Brother Whatcoat preached on John iii. 17. We rested this Sabbath. We have rode one hundred and twenty miles in a few days of the past week.

Monday 16. We were under the necessity of moving to Northampton. It was very warm: we started, and crossed Roanoke-River at Pollock's ferry, and arrived at B. Whitfield's—twenty miles. I was taken very ill with a billious affection. I had a high fever, and my head and back furnished symptoms of a lowland intermittent. I could not eat, and thought of staying in the house; I changed my mind, and went to Rehoboth chapel. I read the letters giving the accounts of the work of God in the state of Delaware, and in Cumberland. At brother Grant's I took a little water-gruel, and rode on eight miles farther, making twelve miles this day. We lodged at Joseph Pinner's.

Wednesday 18. We had timely intimation of rain: we started nevertheless, and had the rain, more or less, to Winton, a distance of twenty-five miles: here we were glad to stop to dry and dine—and no more—ride we must: Gates court-house brought us up in the evening.—Our ride to-day is little short of forty miles. I preached in the court-house on Titus ii. 11, 12.

Friday 20. We went forward to Isaac Hunter's, twelve miles,—alas, for this place!—Five souls of the whites—some poor Africans are seeking the Lord.

Saturday 21. We came to Newland-Creek, twenty-two miles, and lodged at James Spence's. This is a most awful place, and Satwo triumphs. Sabbath day was cloudy, and myself very unwell; but God enabled me to speak with uncommon unction from John iii. 19, 20, 21. "The darkness of the world"—in birth, education, superstition, practice—the contrary light of Revelation; the inspiration of the Spirit; the experience and practice of God's people and ministers:—they come to the light to try thoroughly their conviction, conversion, and sanctification; and as the touchstone of their justice, mercy, truth, and love. "Condemnation"—those condemned by the word of God, their own consciences, and the people of God—they shall be found guilty in the day of judgment, and be condemned—according to the Gospel privileges and light they have lived under and rejected; and they shall condemn themselves for ever in hell.

We came to M'Bride's. I had a dumb chill, and a sick night.

Monday 23. We made twenty-two miles to Samuel Simmons's. Our flight has carried us through Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck counties, in North Carolina, which we shall leave to-day. My horse enslaves his rider. I suffer under severe bodily affliction—I am sorrowful—yet without sinning.

Tuesday 24. At Currituck, William's meeting-house, brother Whatcoat preached: I gave a short exhortation; after which we proceeded on to James Wilson's. We have done with North Carolina for the present.

VIRGINIA.—Wednesday 25. Cold and snow. I spoke on Isaiah li. 3. 1. The cause of Zion's mourning. "Waste places"—such as had been improved but forsaken. "Wilderness"—never cultivated: the one representing the Jewish nation; the other, heathen lands. "Joy and gladness"—yea, the shouts of the millions of the redeemed of the earth.

Thursday 26. Brother Whatcoat preached at Cutherall's, near the great bridge. We came through the rain to Hospital-Point, and crossed over to Portsmouth. I answered several letters.

Friday 27. We had an open time at Portsmouth.

Sabbath 29. Unwell: my horse also. Preached in Norfolk: my subject, Gal. vi. 9. returned in the horse-boat through the rain. At three o'clock I spoke on "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." The gracious state of heart and the gracious practice which was manifested by the *righteous* in their doing all from a principle of love to Christ; and the blessed consequences—"eternal life." Of the wicked—their opposite characters and practices, and the effects produced—"everlasting punishment!"

Monday 30. We came to Jolliff's: it was not my day to preach, nor indeed was I well able.

Tuesday 31. We came in haste to Suffolk. It was my lot to preach in the court-house at twelve o'clock: my foundation was 1 Tim. iv. 9, 10. It was with great labour I went through: my cold, loss of voice, and a pain in my breast, were greatly afflictive. We have one good-hearted Methodist, and two very affectionate friends here; and the inhabitants, generally, are very civil: they desire to build a house for us. This town has one good street, about one hundred houses, and is well situated for trade in lumber, turpentine, tar, and pork, collected from Carolina and parts of this state. We lodged at Richard Yarborough's, an ancient friend of mine from Dinwiddie. He and his wife were the disciples of Mr. Jarratt. The old prophet, I hear, is dead: he was a man of genius, possessed a great deal of natural oratory, was an excellent reader, and a good writer: from 1763 to 1801 (I think) he was minister of the parish of Bath, in Dinwiddie county, in this state. I have reason to presume that he was instrumentally successful in awakening hundreds of souls to some sense of religion in that dark day and time: how he died, I shall probably hear and record hereafter.

Wednesday, April 1. We came to Jethro Haskett's, near Somerton; the people were lively, and prayed, and praised, and exhorted. I felt the soreness in my breast, and was silent. After meeting, we came on to Knotty-Pine—to the house of mourning for a favourite son. Marmaduke Baker was this day to have gone to Princeton college to finish his education—we hope he is gone to the college of saints and the society of heaven. We have rode twenty-four miles—faint and feeble.

Thursday 2. I gave, perhaps, my last talk in Knotty-Pine chapel on 1 Peter iv. 17. We hasted to Winton; benighted in the swamp, which for two miles was overflowed with water. We arrived late at Dr. Laroque's, where we lodged. From Portsmouth hither, we make sixty-five miles. At eleven o'clock brother Whatcoat preached in the court-house from John iii. 16. After preaching we hasted to Murfreesborough, twelve miles.—I preached at N. Fisher's: my text was John iii. 17.—Where I laboured I lodged.

Saturday 4. We came to Edward Ivey's, in Northampton county, (N.C.) and hasted along towards Sterling Depree's, twenty-eight miles.

Sabbath day 5. I preached at Concord meeting-house, and lodged with Thomas Depree, a descendant of a Huguenot who fell a martyr to persecution. I felt dejection of spirits and awful feelings for the state of the people. I preached on Heb. ii. 3. I again preached on "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" to these exercises were added a sacrament, and the baptism of children.—We had a solemn season.

I recollect having read, some years since, Ostervald's Christian Theology; having a wish to transcribe a few sentiments of the work, I met with it, and extracted from Chap. ii. page 319, what follows: "Yet it cannot be denied that in the primitive church there was always a president who presided over others, who were in a state of equality with himself: this is clearly proved from the catalogues of bishops to be found in Eusebius and others; in them we may see the names of the bishops belonging to the principal churches, many of whom were ordained whilst the apostles, (but especially John) were still living." So far Mr. Ostervald, who, I presume, was a Presbyterian. In Cave's Lives of the Fathers, and in the writings of the ancients it will appear that the churches of Alexandria, and elsewhere, had large congregations—many elders—that the apostles might appoint and ordain bishops. Mr. Ostervald, who, it appears, is a candid and well-informed man, has gone as far as might be expected for a Presbyterian. For myself, I see but a hair's breadth difference between the sentiments of the respectable and learned author of Christian Theology, and the practice of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There is not, nor indeed, in my mind, can there be a perfect equality between a constant president, and those over whom he always presides.

Monday 6. At Malone's chapel I preached on Luke xxiv. 44—49. We lodged at brother Reeple's.

Tuesday 7. Leaving Jones's, we proceeded on, through heavy rain, to Dromgoold's.

Wednesday 8. Dromgoold chapel had been repaired and enlarged for the conference. Thursday, Friday, and Monday in conference. We had a press of business, but were peaceable and expeditious. Brother Lee preached on Saturday: I held forth on Sunday morning to an unwieldy congregation in doors, whilst William Ormond preached out of doors, and the poor blacks had their devotions behind the house. My subject was Rom. i. 16. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The transcendent excellence of the Gospel of Christ in three cases. 1. As a revelation from God, by ancient, well-established, and sure prophecy. 2. As it proclaimeth salvation to all the world who will give it that attention and that credence which it [illegible] to the [illegible] and to the heathens of the world. The spiritual and experimental salvation of the Gospel. The power of God displayed upon the rich, the poor, the worldly minded, the worldly wise, and worldly ignorant, and sinners of the deepest die. Modern ministers, and the people of God of the present day should not be ashamed to believe and profess the experience and obey the precepts of the Gospel—not ashamed to suffer for it and support it—not ashamed to claim all its promises; contend for the truth of its doctrines, and the necessity and efficacy of its divinely appointed ordinances.

Monday 13. We finished our conference, and next day I recommenced my northern march, preaching at Drumgoold's, (now Ellis's) chapel, whither we had returned. Doctor Smith, on whom I called, took a wart, cancerous in appearance, which had troubled me three months, from my foot.

Thursday 16. At Mabry's chapel. I paid a visit to an old mother in Israel. I have fevers and feebleness, but a soul generally swallowed up in God. I preached on Titus i. 16. The characters of those who profess to know God by his works of nature, his providence—yet there are of those who reject his word—who imitate him not in his attributes and perfections, forgetting that we might as well suppose a man without bodily powers and mental apprehensions, as a God without justice, mercy, truth, love, and holiness. Some profess to know God by revelation, yet in works deny him; others profess to know God by revelation and inspiration, yet, like the others, neither fear God, trust in, or love him, having deceived their own souls: others have fallen from the experimental and saving knowledge of God, yet profess to know God. Lastly, How excellent the character of those who know God, and prove it by their works, and uniformity of tempers and actions, living always in the fear of God, and in an unshaken confidence in his mercy and his truth.

Friday 17. Ten miles brought us to Sappony-Creek. We lodged at the house of Richard Graves's widow. The husband is gone home, having departed in perfect love, after twenty years' pro-

Session: he wrote and felt a blessed experience a few hours before his death.

Saturday 18. For thirty years past I have occasionally preached at Stony-Creek. I held forth at the chapel on Psalm lxxxiv. 5, 6, 7. After preaching we hastened on to B. Malone's to dine, and thence to Petersburg, thirty miles.

Sabbath 19. There had been put forth a printed appointment for me to preach the funeral sermon of the late Rev. Devereux Jarratt; who had lately returned to his rest.

My subject was Matt. xxv. 21. "His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things: I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." It was observed, 1st. That a good servant was only good by the relation which his practice and his experience bore to the example and the precepts of his divine Master; that his was Christian goodness—a goodness altogether founded in grace. 2d. "Faithful servant"—*faithful* to his ministerial character—he hath a high and just sense of the authority of his divine Master in the person of God the Father and God the Son; he hath a just respect for the people he is to serve of all characters: the service he is to perform—1st. The preaching of the word. 2d. The administration of the sacrament and ordinances. 3d. Ruling the church of God. The "talents," the gift of prayer, preaching, expounding of the Scriptures; and social advice. "Faithful in a few things" and to be ruler over many things" in the glory of God. The "joy" of Jesus—the joy of his redemption and salvation of souls socially, and personally, felt and experienced—and lastly, the hearty welcome into glory.

Mr. Devereaux Jarratt was settled in Bath parish, Dinwiddie county, Virginia, in the year 1763, and continued until February, 1801. He was a *faithful* and successful preacher—He had witnessed four or five periodical revivals of religion in his parish. When he began his labours, there was no other, that he knew of, evangelical minister in all the province! He travelled into several counties, and there were very few parish churches within fifty miles of his own, in which he had not preached; to which labours of love and zeal were added, preaching the word of life on solitary plantations and meeting-houses. He was the first who received our despised preachers—when strangers and unfriended, he took them to his house, and had societies formed in his parish.—Some of his people became travelling and local preachers amongst us. I have already observed that the ministry of Mr. Jarratt was successful—I verily believe that hundreds were awakened by his labours; they are dispersed—some are gone to the Carolinas, to Georgia, to the western country—some perhaps are in heaven; and some, it may be, in hell.

The day after, we rode through a cold day to Chesterfield court-house, and the next day we came on, stopping at Richmond about four o'clock; lame as I was, I walked to the new house, where I spoke to a small congregation from Matt. v. 16.

Wednesday 22. Although it was excessively cold, occasioned by a fall of snow on the mountains, we took the road, and came as far as Lynn's, in Caroline, about thirty-five miles.

Thursday 23. By taking the road over Dick's bridge, we crossed Mattapony without difficulty. On our route I saw that beautiful spot, the Bowling Green, improved into a neat village at Caroline court-house. We dined at Todd's, and came on to Fredericksburg: here I completely failed, and went to bed, after ordaining William Hughes a deacon. Brother Whatcoat spoke in the new house, which I could only behold with my eyes at a distance. Some years ago Doctor Coke and myself wished to preach, but there was no place; now, the people desired to hear me and could not.

Friday 24. Was a day of rain. Onward we went—Potomac run was passable—Aquia, full enough to catch my dipping feet—hills, and clay, and another swelling stream still between us and Dumfries—arrived at last, we borrowed a widow's house and held a meeting; my subject was Luke xix. 10. We were kindly entertained at Cook's.

Saturday 25. We came on to Alexandria.—O the day! O the insufferable roads!

Sunday 26. I gave a discourse upon Zeph. i. 12.

I received two letters sent after me, requesting the substance or heads of the sermon preached on the occasion of the late Rev. Devereux Jarratt: I sat down, and as well as I could collect and remember them, hastily arranged my thoughts upon paper, and left the manuscript with Nicholas Snethen to copy.

Maryland.—We had some difficulty next day at the ferry, being obliged to wait an hour, which made us too late for preaching in George-Town.

I visited Captain Lloyd Beall. I also visited Ezekiel King, son of my most dear friend, father King, in Stroud. Can a son of so many prayers be lost? heavy strokes of providence have affected his minds, he leads—he guides—Oh! that I may yet see him converted—he desired I would pray in the family.

Tuesday 28. We came to Montgomery court-house, eleven miles, where I found a decent, attentive congregation, in a house as well contrived and fitted for religious worship as any I have seen: my subject was Luke xxiv. 46—48.

Jehovah is at work—We have new converts added. We dined at E. [illegible]'s, and came on to Joshua Pigman's, twenty-five miles.

Wednesday 29. We had a large assembly at Goshen meeting-house: Brother Whatcoat preached. We came on that evening to Levin Warfield's.

Thursday 30. We arrived to dine at Alexander Warfield's, on Sam's Creek, and pushed on to Henry Willis's, on Pipe-Creek, where it had been our intention to open conference.

We had about forty members present, and sat on Friday, Saturday, and Monday: on Tuesday morning we rose. We had great peace; and good news, from several circuits, of revivals of religion. I was greatly supported in mind and body. On Sabbath day I preached from Matt. xxviii. 18, 19, 20. 1. The authority of Christ—his natural, and his divine right as the co-eternal Son—his right by redemption—his right by family compact, and the delegation of the whole Trinity, to the work of redemption and salvation. 2. The branches of duty appointed to his ministers:—to preach the Gospel in all its essential points—to administer the ordinances; and to rule the church of Christ. 3. "I am with you"—at all times, and in all places, to support and to give you success as Christians and as ministers. We had six elders present; to wit, William Watters, John Phillips, Solomon Harris, Joseph Stone, John Collison, and Alexander M'Caine. There was preaching every day and every night. Our own people, and our friends in the settlement were equally kind; and we had rich entertainment. This settlement of Pipe-Creek is the richest in the state: here Mr. Strawbridge formed the first society in Maryland—and America.

Wednesday 6. The clouds are gone and we must move. The weather has lately been unpleasant. I changed my old horse for a younger and a better. We came to Baltimore in a great storm, but I was not much damped: I sat in George Roberts's house, and received my old friends and all who called to see me.

Sunday 10. I had an opportunity of speaking in Light street church, upon Romans i. 16, 17, 18. We had an open time and an attentive congregation: I felt that the Lord was amongst the people. In the afternoon, at the Old-Town church, I spoke on Romans viii. 5. In the evening I read the Duck-Creek and Cumberland account of the work of God: it would not have been greater labour to have preached. We went to bed at eleven o'clock, slept at twelve, waked at four, and at five mounted and hasted away to Perry-Hall to preach at eleven o'clock: my text was Mark ix. 14—29.

Tuesday 12. At Gunpowder-Neck I spoke on Psalm cii. 13; at five o'clock we had a meeting at Abingdon: there is a revival of religion in this circuit. The day is excessively warm: my feet sore—and a high fever. We lodge at William Smith's. Sarah Dallam's eldest daughter, Eliza Stump, professeth conversion, and her daughter Sarah, and little Philip her youngest son also.

Wednesday 13. I preached once more at Josias W. Dallam's—I could speak with more faith than usual upon Acts ii. 37. for behold! Hillary Watters's son, many years insensible to the things of God, was converted! When we parted with Godfrey, he looked after us with wishful, willing eyes and heart:—that the dear soul should sit nearly thirty years under the Gospel, unconverted and almost unconcerned—how strange! and should be at last visited and converted—how merciful!

Thursday 14. Crossed Susquehannah ferry, and came in to meeting at half past eleven o'clock: the people were waiting; and I gave a short discourse upon Hebr. ii. 3. We dined and rode on to Bohemia Manor.

Friday 15. Brother Whatcoat preached; I gave a short exhortation. We hope that nearly three thousand souls have been added since last conference in the peninsula of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia.

Saturday 16. We rode rapidly to the brick meeting-house in Kent, a distance not less than twenty-two miles: I was unwell: brother Whatcoat preached upon, "Now we live, if ye stand fast in the faith."

Sunday 17. We had a love-feast for the whites and blacks: there might have been fifteen hundred people. My subject was Psalms cxlvii. 3, 4, 5. this was a trying exercise, but I humbly hope it was not all in vain.

We came away, and returned to New-Town, Chester, fifteen miles, through dust and heat, to keep an appointment made for the night, which held us until after nine o'clock. Fatigue and fever prevented my sleeping.

Monday 18. We rose at five o'clock, and came off at six, bending our course to Centreville, seventeen miles.—Ah! heavily moves this clay.—I came in weary and unwell: I spoke on Rom. x. 21. I was greatly outdone in mind and body. After meeting I rode to brother Pinard's, where I was glad to lay myself down to rest.

Tuesday 19. We came off, cool and calm, to Easton. Brother Whatcoat preached; I gave an exhortation. We take a county and a circuit in a day. I can only say, I am kept from murmuring and sinning: but Ah! it is like pressing out life with labour: such extraordinary exertions call for great divine support for mind and body.—O how sweet will be eternal rest to labouring souls! Our prospects are pleasing in Kent, Queen Ann's, and Talbot circuits: souls are added to the church and to Christ: prejudices fall before the force of truth and power of God.

Wednesday 20. We came to Bolingbroke: my subject here was Hebr. x. 38, 39. We dined at William Brown's: one of his sons hath found the Lord. A calm and safe passage brought us over Choptank at Ennal's ferry.

Thursday 21. In Cambridge we held a meeting in the court-house, and had a large, well-behaved congregation to hear: brother Whatcoat spoke on "To you is the word of this salvation sent." I made the application, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Friday 22. We had a long ride to William Frazier's through dust and excessive heat.

Saturday 23. I preached upon Peter's fall. It was hard to leave loving souls; so we tarried until morning.

I formed a plan for another year, allowing only about twenty days to visit every circuit but Carolina, by one appointment in a circuit and county.

Sunday 24. We came to Choptank, and found that the people had attended the day before, of which we were ignorant, and that no appointment had been made for the Sabbath. It was not light labour to make thirty miles by eleven o'clock; and, worn as I was, I should have failed had not Thomas Forster lent me his carriage.

Monday 25. Arrived in Dover, we found the people collected at the meeting-house so numerous that they could not be well ac-

accommodated, we therefore adjourned to the state-house, where I spoke to them from Haggai ii. 6—9. Brother Whatcoat preached at the chapel, and I gave an exhortation—and so ended the great meeting in Dover with us. My mind was somewhat taken up with getting another horse, and he did not please me. I went to Doctor Cook's to see Thomas White's only surviving daughter, and Sarah Cook. I preached at Duck-Creek Cross Roads upon 1 Thess. i. 7—12. I am under some dejection of spirits; yet I know of no cause except bodily infirmity, produced by excessive labour, and speaking long and intensely loud to large congregations. My foot, and my fears are troublesome to me. In the afternoon I must needs go to attend an examination of the children of a school partly under the Methodist direction: I could not have thought the scholars would so greatly improve in so short a time: their improvement reflects honour upon their teacher, a Mr. Hughes, a Methodist from Ireland.—The master had provided a medal, but the committee judged it proper to keep it for a future examination. Indeed the master himself was best entitled to an honorary reward; and this being the general sentiment, a subscription was undertaken for money, to furnish the children each with a small silver piece, and so make them equal—in a free country.

Thursday 27. At Dickenson's meeting-house I preached upon Matt. xxv. 46. We rode home with Benjamin Hersey, of Noxen-town mill.

Friday 28. We were righteous overmuch in riding in such haste and heat, thirty miles, without refreshment; but we had fears for the Philadelphia society. At six o'clock I gave a discourse at Wilmington on 1 Pet. v. 7. "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." First, We should have no care, as ministers, or as Christians, but what is proper—such care as may, with humble confidence, be cast upon the Lord. Second. How we should cast the whole upon the Lord—by faith, by prayer, by patience and resignation. "That the Lord careth for us" as a God.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Saturday 29. Most excessive heat, through which we rode to conference in Philadelphia.

Sabbath 30. I preached in Fourth-Street on John iii. 19. I was very lame. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, I attended the session of conference, but on Saturday, I remained in my lodgings, and ministered to my sore foot. Our conference was a gracious one. It appeared as if the preachers were unwilling to elevate their voices lest there should be an appearance of heat or anger, yet with the greatest pleasure would they differ from each other, calmly, and in love.

Sabbath, June 3. I took up my cross, and stayed quietly in the house with a blister to my foot. We shall see if another operation will be necessary. Ministers and laymen took up my attention. We elected and ordained eight deacons, and the same number of elders—in consequence of my lameness it was done at my lodgings. We were well satisfied in the stationing of the preachers; we received one from Canada, and sent three thither. My soul hath great peace; and although there has been a formidable division threatened, we humbly hope God will overrule it all to his glory.

Wednesday 10. Doctor Physick applied a caustic to my foot.

I wrote to Dr. Coke. My mind is greatly supported under my own troubles, and the afflictions of the church; nevertheless the Lord appears glorious upon our continent, and my soul exults in Zion's prosperity. From the 7th to the 16th no regular journal. Our conference meets this day in New-York; and here am I in Philadelphia, and here must I remain in patience and in pain.

30. No journal kept. I have had caustic after caustic applied—now I have hope of a cure on my foot.

Sabbath, July 8. I attended at Fourth-Street: sermon and sacrament. I spoke from 1 Cor. xi. 27, 28, 29. I stood upon one knee and one foot, about an hour and a half. I was much assisted, and great solemnity appeared in the congregation. I have little interesting for insertion in a journal. Letters received from the Carolinas advise of a revival of religion.

On Wednesday last my foot began to feel better. Dr. Physick, who hath so kindly attended me, gives his decided opinion that my sore is a sinew strain; a dead part of the sinew must still come away.

Sabbath 15. I preached in Fourth-Street on Luke ix. 13: there were some flowings of life to myself and to the assembly. In the afternoon I spoke at Ebenezer on Isai. iv. 6, 7.

July 22. At George's church, Fourth-Street, I spoke on the parable of the sower; my congregation was small. In the afternoon, at the Academy, my subject was James i. 12.

Why should I continue my journal while here; what would it be but a tale of woe—the society divided, and I, perforce, shut up in [illegible], without any communication with the connexion at large.

Sabbath 29. At St. George's, I spoke on 1 Peter iv. 12. At Bethel, my text was 1 Peter iv. 18.

I have been reading my papers for a second volume of a journal. June and July of this year are almost blanks with me. I have had my own bodily and soul sufferings; and some Methodists have lately divided the body of Christ in the city of Philadelphia—but God will answer for it in this, and the world to come.

Friday 31. After a serious confinement in Philadelphia of two months of trouble and affliction, I took my departure and rode to the Wheatsheaf, where we breakfasted, and thence proceeded to Wilmington, Delaware; I stopped with Allen M'Lane, and found Mr. Worrel very ill, and addressed him seriously on the concerns of his soul, commending him to God in prayer. After supper we went to John Miller's, in Newport.

DELAWARE.—August 1. I called upon Mr. M'Intyre; we talked, we prayed and rejoiced together in the work of God. I could not pass my old friend Isaac Hersey, without calling. We could with gratitude review the past, and dwell upon the present dealings of the Lord with us as a people, and say—what hath God wrought!

MARYLAND.—Within two miles of North East, the heavens grew big and black with wind and rain: happily for us brother George's house was at hand: there we talked, prayed, and sheltered. Sister Howell is very low and languid. I lodged at Daniel Sheredine's. He had never lost sight of God for twenty-nine years, and now he is united to us.

Sunday 2. I preached at the chapel opposite the church, so called: my text was Luke vii. 22, 23.; we had a living season.

Monday 3. We came off at six o'clock, and after riding twenty miles, stopped to take refreshment at Mr. Stump's, in Bush. I spoke a word of consolation to a true daughter of that excellent woman, Sally Dallam, now with Christ; it was a time of great family affliction, but the mourner enjoys divine love for her support.

I came on to Perry-Hall. Here were things to arrest my attention—out of sixty or seventy servants, many shouting and praising God. My dear Mr. Gough was somewhat unwell. Mrs. Carroll seriously ill, and her mother absent in attendance on old Mrs. Carroll, at the Mount.

I continued at Perry-Hall, from August 3d, to Saturday the 16th. An intermitted fever came upon me every morning, and indisposed my stomach: it was with difficulty I could attend to the performance of family and closet duties, being much unfitted for reading or writing. I got through a part of Doddridge's Rise and

Progress, and some of Young's Night Thoughts. The great experience of the African part of the family was delightfully pleasing: though nobody professed to find the Lord, and one or two more of the family appear to be earnestly seeking him. I preached, read, prayed, exhorted, and exercised; but it was not much I could do. Our family, when at the chapel, make a respectable congregation.

Sunday 16. I spent this day in Baltimore. My indisposition of body was amply compensated by the consolation I felt whilst holding forth upon Matt. v. 8. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—

I. The character of those, who by justification, are, in a special manner, called to be pure in heart; called by promise, by privilege, by duty.

II. The purity of the Gospel in authority, in example, precept and spirit; in its operative influence on the understanding, conscience, intentions, will, hopes, fears, joys, sorrows and affections, producing the sanctification of the soul in a deliverance from all sin.

III. The vision; in what manner the pure in heart should see God; they shall see him in his perfections, in his providence, in his works of nature, and the operations of his grace; and they shall see him in his glory!

I had a desire to preach in the market-house upon Howard's Hill. I spoke to hundreds, perhaps thousands, upon Luke xiv. 21. "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." I thought it my duty, and I felt it a delight to sanction what the preachers do in preaching abroad: I wished to do it in Philadelphia, and had appointed it, but some of my brethren made strong objections, and it was abandoned. We have peace, health, and union in Baltimore.

Wednesday 19. I came from Baltimore to Robert Carnan's, near the Stone chapel. This was a day of great and good news. I heard that eight souls professed to find the Lord at a prayer-meeting in the city; twelve souls at Cullison's, in the Barrens, about fifteen days past; and by letters from Thomas Wilkerson, and advices from William M'Kendree, forty souls were happily made subjects of converting grace at a late meeting held in Cumberland. The sacramental meeting continued from Saturday until Monday, and there was then no prospect of its concluding soon:

the elder was under the necessity of coming away to attend to his other appointments.

I made two visits to a beautiful country seat belonging to Captain Yellott: here is a charming house, fine gardens, and well improved grounds—but on what lease! Ah, how uncertain are all our earthly enjoyments! my business was with the sick. Oh, may sweet Sophia find spiritual wisdom—gold tried in the fire; that she may be rich in every virtue and every grace that can adorn the woman, the wife, the mother, the daughter, and the Christian!

Thursday 20. I preached at the Stone chapel at a short notice, to a few serious, respectable people, on 1 John iv. 15, 16, 17. I spoke next day at Ryster's-Town on Isaiah xxxv. 3-6. although the warning was short, it was a day of liberty to me. We dined at Weis's public house, and proceeded on to Henry Willis's, at Pipe-Creek: we had the company of Jesse Hollingsworth and James M'Cannon: we felt the heat and feared the rain, but happily arrived before it fell, at a pleasant shelter and a Christian family. Next day we visited the Sulphur Springs, and rested the body a little.

Sunday 23. I preached at the Stone chapel on Hebr. xii. 25: it was a gracious season. On Monday we rested.

Tuesday 25. We rode to Alexander Warfield's, on Sam's Creek. My mind is variously exercised in my infirm state; but I plainly perceive that I must be made perfect through labour, temptation, and many sufferings in the flesh and spirit.

Wednesday 26. We visited John Norris's family: here I saw the aged mother of ninety years: she reminded me of my own. I dined with the household of Eli Dorsey—the children of my once dear friend Sarah Dorsey, now no more. At James L. Higgins's I gave a discourse upon 2 Cor. vi. 2.

Thursday 27. We rode up to Stephen Shelmerdine's.

Friday 28. At Fredericktown I spoke on Matt. xi. 5, 6. Here I met with Bishop Whatcoat and Sylvester Hutchinson; we formed a plan for our future journeys and labours. They, to visit Maryland by the way of Baltimore and Annapolis, and thence on to Richmond and the towns on the route to Camden in South Carolina, and southward to Georgia: I, in company with Nicholas Snethen, go out to the western conference in Holstein, then afterward come over to the South.

Saturday 29. The evening brought us to Thomas Keys's, upon Shenandoah. We went by the way of Samuel Phillips's, to see his dear, afflicted old disciple, perhaps for the last time in this world: God is still gracious to this family. We also saw Harper's Ferry, and the [illegible] scenery; the good public buildings erected there by the United States.

Saturday 30. At Charlestown I preached under the shady oaks to perhaps fifteen hundred people, upon Hebrews xii. 1: it was a gracious season: there had been an awakening in these parts. We administered the sacrament. I ordained to the office of deacons John W. Fleming and Thomas Littleton. I rode home with John Davenport.

Sunday 31. I reached Winchester. Since I left Baltimore, I suppose I have rode, by crooked courses and straight lines, three hundred and thirty miles. My mind is graciously and constantly stayed upon God.

Wednesday, September 2. We spent this day at Elijah Phelps's —the old place, and it was like old times.

I received an address from the most respectable citizens of Winchester, praying the continuance of Mr. Snethen to officiate in the ministry amongst them; but it could not be: he was appointed at Baltimore to travel with me, and I could not get another at this time and place to answer as well.

Thursday 3. We rode through heat and drought to Woodstock. N. Snethen preached upon, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." I spoke in the evening on Luke xix. 10; the house was full, and there were people in the street. We lodged at [illegible].

Friday 4. The weather as yesterday, we nevertheless rode thirty miles to Jacob [illegible].

Saturday and Sabbath day were spent at Rockingham quarterly meeting, held in Harrisonburg; the brethren were ready for the sacramental meeting. They came from far, although the heat was very great. N. Snethen preached on Saturday upon Rom. xiv. 17. and Sabbath day, Rom. xii. 1. My subject was 1 Pet. iv. 17. The house could not at all contain the people, we therefore took to the woods; but we failed to obtain shade, and felt some inconvenience in the sun.

Monday 7. I was very unwell; but I rode. The route led through a fine glade, sixteen miles as computed, but really twenty miles, to William Young's, formerly an elder in the Presbyterian church. We had a gracious season. N. Snethen preached on

John iii. 17. I believe the Lord will work in Augusta county amongst the Presbyterians.

Tuesday 8. At [illegible] meeting-house, [illegible] spoke from Gen. vi. 1, 2. My subject was 1 Pet. v. 7. The heat, [illegible] by the long drought, was very oppressive to the [illegible]; we were very unwell.

Wednesday 9. At [illegible], [illegible] preached on the [illegible]. I preached from Acts ii. [illegible]. Ministers [illegible], [illegible], and [illegible] were present. [illegible] and [illegible] held night meeting—hard! hard!

Thursday 10. We passed Greenville, Fairfield, and came to Lexington to lodge at [illegible]; we got here [illegible] the way—good entertainment.

Friday 11. We rode by the Rockbridge and Springfield to Pattonsburg, and thence on to James Thompson's; I was hungry and unwell, having taken cold by exposure in the [illegible].

Saturday 12. We came to Fincastle. We have ridden, I presume, one hundred and twenty miles this week; and some rough roads. I have felt suffering faith, and fervent love to God and souls.

Sunday 13. I preached from 1 John i. 5, 6, 7. I had taken cold, attended with a great attack in respiration, which made my bodily feelings very uncomfortable.

Monday 14. We visited Mr. Phillips, a Baptist minister, who received and kindly entertained us; from the [illegible] we proceeded to Thomas Roberts's, making thirty three miles for the day. [illegible], and much [illegible] at last.

Tuesday 15. We preached at Roberts's, brother [illegible] and myself, to a very attentive people. I had to excuse my non-attendance at this place last year: the failure was occasioned, first, by my not knowing the distance; secondly, because I was persuaded to take the route by English's ferry, as being the better road for a chaise. After meeting we took up our journey across the Allegany mountain, but finding after we had rode nearly ten miles that it was growing late, we turned up towards the [illegible], and tarried for the night, with John M'Daniel, upon Tom's Creek. My soul is kept in great peace; and I have grace to [illegible] and [illegible]; my spirit is calm and pure.

Wednesday 16. We came to Pepper's ferry—behold we were on New-River!

[illegible]

Tuesday 22. We had a meeting at [illegible]

[illegible]

Wednesday 23. We rode to [illegible] the goodness of the Lord to this western country [illegible]

Thursday 24. We rode to Charles [illegible] preached upon [illegible]

Friday 25. [illegible] meeting [illegible] freshing our horses with a bite, we pushed on to Hickman-Creek,

[illegible]

Monday, [illegible] We parted in great love; our company made twelve miles to Isaiah Harrison's, and next day reached the Warm Springs upon French Broad-River.

Wednesday 7. We came to a point for Buncombe court-house: a stony and [illegible] all the mighty hills. I shall calculate from Baltimore to this place one hundred and twenty miles; from Philadelphia, eight hundred and twenty miles.

Friday 9. Yesterday and to-day we rest at George Swain's.

Sabbath day 11. Yesterday and to-day held quarterly meeting at Daniel Killian's, near Buncombe court-house. I spoke from Isai. lvii. 6, 8, and 1 Cor. vii. 1. We had some quickenings.

Monday 12. We came to Murrough's, upon Mud-Creek: here we had a sermon from N. Snethen on Acts xiv. 15. Myself and James Douthet gave an exhortation. We had very warm weather and a long ride. At Major Britain's, near the mouth of Mills-river, we found a lodging.

Tuesday 13. We came in haste up to elder Davidson's, refreshed man and horse, commended the family to God, and then struck into the mountain. The want of sleep, and other inconveniences, made me unwell. We came down Saluda-River near Saluda-Mountain: it tried my lame feet and old feeble joints. French-Broad, in its meanderings, is nearly two hundred miles long; the line of its course is semicircular; its waters are pure, rapid, and its bed generally rocky: except the Blue Ridge; it passes through all the western mountains. We continued at John Douthet's on Wednesday, and Thursday furnished a meeting. N. Snethen spoke upon 1 John v. 10. I spoke also; my subject was Hosea x. 12.

Friday 16. We reached Sam. Burdine's, sixteen miles. N. Snethen spoke from 1 John v. 4, 5. I followed from Titus ii. 11, 12.

South-Carolina.—Sabbath 18. Yesterday and to-day we attended quarterly meeting at Salem, near Staunton's ferry, upon Saluda-River. N. Snethen's subject was Psalm cxix. 59, 60. I came off with reading a letter containing an account of the revival of religion amongst the Presbyterians and Methodists in Cumberland. On the Sabbath N. Snethen spoke upon Luke xiv. 26; the ground I took was John iii. 19, 20. After a shower on Saturday it cleared up cold, with the wind from the north-west. The house would not contain our Sabbath congregation; they stood in front of the cabin, under whose projecting roof we found shelter from the sun. Our situation was eligible, because the voice was thrown forward, and because we were protected from the wind whilst speaking. James Jenkins followed with a call to backsliders. The people were serious, but I heard of no conversions. We lodged at Henry Ferran's, on the Grove.

Monday 20. At John Douthat's, Greenville. Afterwards we rode to Thomas Terry's, upon Reedy River.

Tuesday 21. Thanks be to God for our mighty success! I calculate that we have rode eighty miles since we left John Douthat's. O Lord! thou preservest man and beast. We attended a meeting at a Presbyterian vacant house. N. Snethen preached upon Isa. lv. 6. I read James M'Gready's narrative of the work of God in Logan county, Kentucky.

Wednesday 21. We rode sixteen miles to the widow Bramlett's meeting-house. N. Snethen spoke on Matt. v. 8. I followed from 2 Pet. i. 4. We rode four miles to Daniel M'Kee's, where we held a meeting in the evening.

Thursday 22. We came twenty miles to Casey's, late and last, and arrived while Coleman Carlisle was holding forth. I only read a letter and gave an exhortation. This family (the Caseys) entertained us when we were few in number in these parts.

Friday 23. We rode ten miles to Bigg's meeting-house and held a meeting. N. Snethen preached from 1 Tim. i. 5; I only exhorted—the wind all the while blowing freely upon my naked head. We kept on ten miles to Davis's; here we held an evening meeting: N. Snethen preached, and I exhorted.

Saturday 24. We had to attend a meeting appointed at Broad-River circuit. N. Snethen spoke from 2 Tim. ii. 2. I only exhorted, and read a letter giving an account of the work of God in Kentucky.

We have been working this week from Saluda to Reedy River, down the Enoree, crossing and recrossing through Pendleton, Greenville, Laurens, Spartanburgh, and Newberry district counties in South Carolina. I cannot record great things upon religion in this quarter; but cotton sells high. I fear there is more gold than grace—more of silver than of "that wisdom that cometh from above."

Monday 26. At Bramlett's meeting-house N. Snethen preached from James i. 5; there was some breathing of the life. We lodged at Mr. [illegible]'s.

Tuesday 27. At Bethel N. Snethen preached on Hebr. ii. 3. I afterward gave a discourse. We next day attended a meeting at the widow Coxe's, in the Bush-River circuit. N. Snethen spoke on Matt. v. 20. I gave a few words on Luke viii. 18. We had an open season; and were made happy at John Myers's, the steward of the circuit.

Thursday 29. We had a long ride to Edgefield court-house, and were kindly entertained at Doctor Fuller's: the town was in great disorder, it being court time.

Friday 30. We came in haste to Daniel Baugh's: here we met Bishop Whatcoat, and Sylvester Hutchinson, who had come along rapidly. At the meeting-house, where we spent about three hours, we were joined by Stith Mead, John Garven, and Lewis Myers. Now we formed a plan for future labours and travel: it was concluded that Bishop Whatcoat should go from the centre, east to Savannah and St. Mary's; whilst I go west, in Georgia.

GEORGIA.—Saturday 31. We came to Augusta. On the Sabbath day N. Snethen preached; after which I gave a few thoughts upon "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all people;" N. Snethen spoke again, in the afternoon, on *the choice of Moses*. Bishop Whatcoat held forth at night. We have a very large and most elegant house in this place, for which we are indebted, chiefly, to the generosity of the inhabitants. Our congregations are most respectable, and very attentive; but I heard of no conversions—the time for this is not yet come.

We have travelled this week one hundred and twenty miles. The season is exceedingly dry. I was made glad to find one who had departed from God for fifteen years, happily restored to the Lord and to myself; his own dear wife and child, and a family of one hundred souls, are also in the enjoyment of religion. Maryland appears as if it would feel the millennium in a few years.

Monday, November 2. We rested in Augusta. In the evening we rode to Mr. Lacey's, and next day travelled on to Columbia, twenty miles, and stopped with brother Allen, a local preacher. We had our brothers Hutchinson and Mead with us.

Wednesday 4. At Scott's meeting-house, upon Little River, N. Snethen spoke on the Pharisee and publican. We came home with Mr. Gaterel. Here we parted with Bishop Whatcoat and his assistant, they directing their course south-west, across the state, and by a circle to Savannah and St. Mary's.

Thursday 5. We came an hour too late to the *Cross-Roads*: N. Snethen spoke from 1 Tim. iv. 8. I followed from Isai. lxi. 1, 2, 3. By riding a little in the rain and evening damps, we arrived at Richard Easter's in Petersburg, at the junction of the rivers, on which are the towns of Lisbon and Vienna in South-Carolina.—Petersburg is beautifully situated, has about eighty houses, well constructed for stores, and about one hundred buildings in all; they are generally one story in height, well [illegible], with convenient shed attached. At noon we held a meeting; the day was cold, and the house open. At night I preached in Richard [illegible]'s house on Isa. xl. 31.; the people were very attentive.

Saturday 8. At Thompson's meeting-house N. Snethen preached from Matt. xviii. 19, 20. We also held meeting on the Sabbath.

I suppose we have now travelled twelve hundred miles since leaving Philadelphia. I often have it whispered in my ear, what certain folks are pleased to say of my being an Englishman. How can I help that; I am not ashamed of it.—But I am seeking souls, and Zion's glory; heaven is my country.

> "There is my house and portion fair,
> My treasure, and my heart is there,
> And my abiding home;
> For me my elder brethren stay,
> And angels beckon me away,
> And Jesus bids me come."

Monday 9. At Pellum's we had many people, to whom N. Snethen spoke upon Matt. v. 8. We lodged at Captain Blackman's.

Tuesday 10. N. Snethen spoke at Coldwater on Matt. xi. 28, 29. and next day, at Oliver's chapel, again upon Psalm lxxxv. 8.; I followed with a few words upon 1 John i. 6, 7. We lodged at Stinchecomb's: here I found Maryland people who heard me when children.

Thursday 12. We came to Redwine's. Here some have been awakened amongst the Methodists, and have joined the Baptists; thus we have laboured, and others reap the fruit.

Friday 13. At Carroll's meeting-house N. Snethen preached from Titus ii. 14. I spoke from Acts xx. 16, 17, 18. We have had large, lively meetings. We lodged at Mr. Allen's. Here N. Snethen left me to go and spend five or six weeks in Augusta, at the desire of the citizens; he could be the better spared now, as we are near the frontiers, and the congregations are small, and brother Blanton is with me.

Saturday 14. We came to Park's meeting-house. Brother Blanton spoke on John xii 35.; my subject was Hebr. vi. 11, 12. We have travelled about one hundred miles since our entrance into Georgia, passing through parts of Richmond, Columbia, Lincoln, Elbert, and Franklin counties. The evenings and mornings have been cold; the people, however, are extremely kind. I have experienced great sensible enjoyment of God—our cabins are courts, when Jesus is there. In my ministry I have been greatly assisted, but unless I am more temperate in my talk, in tone, and time, I shall not be able to manage more than every other day.

In a special conference with Bishop Whatcoat, N. Snethen, Lyle, Hutchinson, and myself, it plainly appeared, that the best way in future would be to meet at the Virginia conference, and thence continue together to the New-York conference; after which, one might go to the east, and the other to the western conference: the bishop who went east, would then visit the eastern states, and the lake country, and thence onward to Pittsburg, and the Virginia districts: the bishop who goeth west, will visit over the Blue-Ridge, Holston, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, South, and North-Carolina, to the conferences in the centre of the work; where both will meet again:—in this we all agreed.—It was also determined, that each bishop should always have an elder as a travelling companion.

Sabbath 15. I spoke on Psalm cxlvii. 2, 3, 4. Brother Blanton spoke upon *redeeming the time*. We lodged at Henry Park's. Several persons of the Presbyterian society, upon hearing read Mr. Hodges's letter to me, communed with us.

Monday 16. We rode to George Christian's. Here we made a stand *at an Ephrata in the woods*, where the logs were laid for a meeting-house. My subject was Psalm cxlv. 18, 19, 20. On Tuesday my foundation was laid upon Zech. xii. 10. It was the voice of the Lord Jesus. 1st. *How* he was pierced by the house of David, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem—how he is *now* pierced by open sinners, formal and false professors and backsliders. 2d. The effects of the out-pouring of the Spirit—prayers and sorrows. We lodged at Mr. Walker's, formerly a Presbyterian: his father wishes a more intimate acquaintance with the Methodists, whom he has now heard for the first time. We could not finish our meeting in the woods the second day, being prevented by a storm of wind and rain.

Wednesday 18. We rode with haste into Jackson—a proper frontier county. We halted at Prosser Horton's. I was very unwell, but spoke, after brother Blanton, upon Luke iv. 18, 19.—The house and yard held the people. In returning from an upper room, whither I had retired, being slip-shod, I lost my feet, and went from step to step, until the turn stopped me—my back suffered in my fall.

Thursday 19. We found at Tidwell's a very open house in the woods.—I spoke from Acts iii. 26. At Freeman's, next day, we had another open house lately put up, where brother Blanton held forth, upon "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." My subject was Isaiah xxxv. 3—6. We started, hungry and cold, crossing at Malone's mill a branch of Oconee, and came to Henry Pope's, in Oglethorpe. We have rode about eighty miles this week of short and cold days. Why should a living man complain?—but to be three months together upon the frontiers, where, generally, you have but one room and fire-place, and half a dozen folks about you, strangers perhaps, and their family certainly (and they are not usually small in these plentiful new countries,) making a crowd—and this is not all; for here you *may* meditate if you can, and here you *must* preach, read, write, pray, sing, talk, eat, drink, and sleep—or fly into the woods—Well! I have pains in my body, particularly my hip, which are very afflictive when I ride; but I cheer myself as well as I may with songs in the night—with Wesley's, Watt's, and Stennett's sight of Canaan, in four hymns. In this country are seen evident traces of a great population, which has some time existed before the present discoverers and settlers of America.

Saturday 21. Quarterly meeting was held at Pope's meeting-house. We had some rain. My text was Matt. xi. 28, 29, 30. It was an open time. We lodged at Henry Pope's. Hope Hull came in dripping in the evening, to meet the Lord and his brethren.

Sunday 22. We had about one thousand people to hear. I came forward again upon Titus ii. 15. Hope Hull and Stith Mead held forth after me. It was an open season. I baptised some adults and infants.

Monday 23. We went forward to the widow Stuart's, upon the branches of Little-River, in Oglethorpe county: we had a cold day, but a blessed meeting which held eight hours; several were converted, and a society was formed, consisting of fifteen souls. I lodged at General John Stuart's.

Tuesday 24. We had a long ride on a cold day, and arrived at an open house: my subject was, "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked." Our meeting continued three hours, and four souls professed converting grace. I have rode thirty miles to-day to Wyatt's, hungry and cold. We frequently breakfast at seven o'clock, and dine at six o'clock in the evening.

Wednesday 25. At Liberty I spoke on Matt. v. 8. I lodged with Joshua Moore: in this family I have served three generations, in Delaware and in Georgia. In Liberty there is life—many souls have been brought to God—even children.

Thursday 26. My subject at Butler's, was Rev. xxii. 14. a cold day this. At Chesnut-level, a beautiful spot, we housed with Mr. Bush: this is an agreeable family, for whom God has worked—and will yet work.

Friday 27. We came to a new house, in Warren county, called Rehoboth, built by the zeal of brothers Fontaine and Randall. I felt enlargement upon 1 Peter v. 7.

Saturday 28. At Heath's I spoke from Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6. we had an open time. In our crowded house were many brethren and sisters from far. The power of God was present at our night meeting. Georgia promises something great, under the presidentship of Stith Mead; as does also Maryland (west) under that of Wilson Lee. It is of great consequence to have men in the spirit of the work, as president elders of districts.

Sunday 29. I spoke in the woods at a small distance from the chapel, which the society held in possession: their love-feast began at nine o'clock, and held until three o'clock: eight souls are believed to have found peace with God; among whom was a little daughter of Mr. Bush's, about nine years of age. My subject was Isaiah lxii. 6, 7. I was often interrupted by singing and shouting. I was comfortably provided with lodging, at the house of Lawyer Stith's, whither I had been affectionately invited—may my friends find grace here and glory hereafter!

Monday 30. I called, after fervent and frequent application, upon Mr. Nosworthy: he was once in the possession of religion, and in the exercise of the ministry; but changes and worldly prosperity have wrought an unfavourable change upon him: when in distress he calleth upon God, and wisheth to have the prayers of the servants of God. Lord, save him and his family! We found Smyrna meeting-house deserted, by removals to other neighbourhoods; but I had an open season upon 1 Cor. vi. 2. I lodged with James Thweatt.

Tuesday, December 1. At Sparta, after various excercises of mind, I fixed upon 2 Peter iii. 17, 18. Here I saw several acquaintances from Virginia—Jarrattites from Dinwiddie county, amongst whom I was kindly entertained at the house of Mr. Lucas. Whilst I was reading Mr. M'Gready's letter, a Presbyterian-Methodist woman shouted and warned the Spartans to flee from the wrath to come. I lodged with Henry Moss, an old disciple from Virginia.

Wednesday 2. At Hathorne's, many attended: my subject was Titus ii. 11, 12. We came to Henry Harris's that night.

Thursday 3. At Harris's meeting-house I spoke from Psalm cxlvi. 5—9.

Friday 4. At new chapel, Williams's swamp, my ground work was John iii. 16. We were indebted for lodging to D. Davis. Next day we went onward to New-Hope, to hold our quarterly meeting. At the close of the week I feel that I fail; the heat of the weather and the want of water—*good water*, I presume to be the cause. We had a noise and a shaking under brother Mead's preaching; but I was unwell and dispirited. We have been travelling in Hancock and Washington counties, and have made about ninety miles this week. I lodged at Richard Burney's; he has a wife and ten living children, the mother of whom appears to be as active as any of the family.

Our love-feast began at nine o'clock, and held until three o'clock in the afternoon. Notwithstanding the wind was at north-west, myself and the congregation had to seek an open place in the woods: my improvement was upon Matt. xi. 5, 6. Three souls professed to be converted: they were baptised, and joined the society. I lodged at Jesse Jordan's.

Monday 7. We came to Father Brett's.

Tuesday 8. We crossed the stream of Williamson's swamp, the Central Stream, and Rocky-Comfort; these three streams are the principal branches of the Ogeechee, and make their junction near the seat of government. I preached in the state-house: it was an easterly, cold, damp day: my subject was 2 Cor. v. 19, 20. I dined with Doctor Powell, and housed for the night with Colonel John Lewis.

Wednesday 9. I preached to a few people in a solitary place amongst the pines, on Luke xi. 13. We dined at Mr. Pollitt's, and came on to Colonel Johnson's.

Thursday 10. We came to Coxe's meeting-house in Burke county—it was an open house, a cold day, and a cold people in the fullest sense of the word.

We came on across Brier and M'Vean's Creek to the widow Brack's: here I preached a funeral discourse on the occasion of the death of her late husband: my subject was 1 Cor. xv. 56, 57.

Saturday 12. We came to Augusta, and arrived whilst N. Snethen was preaching. Riding in the cold, and writing in the night has occasioned a weakness in my eye.

Sabbath 13. Ordaining brothers Joshua Moore and Gilmore to the offices of deacons, and assisting at the sacrament made all my labours for this day. We had an excellent discourse from N. Snethen on Rev. ii. 4, 5. The Lord hath made windows in heaven, and he can do it again, and souls may be converted in Augusta. Here I leave the state of Georgia.

South Carolina.—Monday 14. I found Weatherly meeting-house much neater than I expected: my subject here was 2 Cor. iv. 14. "For the love of Christ constraineth us."—I know not what beside should move a Christian minister to travel and labour in this country.

Tuesday 15. Through the rain to Chester's. Next day to Trotter's, where we had damp weather, an open house, and few people. I lodged at Mr. Trotter's.

Thursday 17. At Jacob Barr's, upon Edisto, I spoke from 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.—few people. In Georgia "I groaned, being burdened;" but my congregations were considerably larger, my rides shorter, and the people abundantly more feeling and fervent than they are here. I have rode eighty sand-hill miles: the weather is very changeable; I feel my old age and infirmities; my eyes and feet are feeble; but, glory to God! I have strong faith for myself and for the prosperity of Zion.—Glory, glory, glory to God! Amen!

Saturday 19. At Cattle-Creek my text was Hebr. vi. 11, 12. After speaking I read the letters narrative of the work of God. I lodged at Sebastian Funchesse's, and was entertained like a president.

Sabbath 20. I attended love-feast and sacrament, and preached on Matt. xi. 28, 29, 30. the people were very still—a few tears were the only signs of feeling which we saw. I lodged with Thomas Simpson.

Monday 21. At the Indian Fields, I spoke from Hebr. x. 38. the preachers attended with me and bore their parts in the religious exercises of the meeting.

Tuesday 22. We rode in a damp morning to the Cypress, within thirty miles of Charleston: I spoke here on 2 Cor. vi. 1, 2. I felt some opening. Next day I returned to John Moore's and gave a discourse on Hebr. ii. 3.

Thursday 24. The Four Holes is a name given to a river because there are four sinks or holes upon the banks: here, at the White meeting-house, I preached on 2 Pet. iii. 18. "But grow in grace."—1. We should have grace planted or sown in our souls. 2. Grow in the habits and exercises of grace. 3. Rules by which we should grow in grace. 4. By what rules we may judge of our growth in grace. I lodged at Jacob Dutzler's.

The Four Holes and Wassamasaw are about eighty miles long; the former, the north, the latter, the central branch of the Edisto River: this settlement was originally peopled by the Dutch Presbyterians: they have declined in language and in religion: the last is reviving in the present rising generations, many of whom have joined the Methodists.

Saturday 26. We came to Westone's meeting-house to hold our quarterly meeting: many people attended at noon and at night. I have made a proper visit through Edisto, which I had not before done. I find the truth of an observation made by dear John Wesley to Doctor Coke, upon his going to Nova Scotia: the Doctor said he did not think highly of the place—"That is because you have never been there," replied Wesley: "When you are there you will think and feel for the people." I have now rode about seventeen hundred miles upon this tour. I have had close communion with God, and enlargement in preaching the word of life to saints, seekers, and sinners.

Sabbath 27. Sylvester Hutchinson preached; I only exhorted. As we had seven preachers present, who were on their way to conference; we employed the day and the night in the work. On Monday we crossed the Congaree at Hart's ferry, and came to Pickering's; and next day continued on to Camden, crossing Wateree, at English ferry; parts of our route led over deep sands, and all through was barren. I wrote answers to letters.

Friday, January 1, 1802. We opened conference. I gave a discourse upon Isai. lxvi. 1. 2, 3. We conducted our business in great peace, and upon the Sabbath day were ready for the ordination of seven elders, and seven deacons. The members of our conference, with a few others, made up our congregations, to whom we preached at noon and at night each day. N. Snethen spoke on "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased;" and also on the hidden *leaven*. Our finances were low: the married and the single preachers were paid up; but there was no surplus for the children. On Tuesday the 5th, we concluded our labours in the greatest harmony. It was thought best to divide South Carolina into two districts; one called Saluda, the other Camden; they were placed under the presiding eldership of two natives of the state, James Jenkins, and George Dougherty.

Wednesday 6. We rode through heavy damps and dews, twenty miles, to Father Rembert's.

Thursday 7. We made a heavy stretch to Pedee Swamp; but there was no admittance for us at a certain house which shall be nameless; we were as kindly entertained as heart could wish at Mr. [illegible]'s: I believe the providence of God led us hither, that preaching might be brought to, and a society formed at this house.

Friday 8. We had rain, and came dripping by Kings-Tree, and by the lower bridge upon Black-River: we were made comfortable, and very welcome at Mr. Miller's.

Saturday 9. We reached Georgetown. I shall put our pleasures and our pains in a small compass. We were but four days riding one hundred and twenty miles; the weather is like April. I have now made one thousand nine hundred miles. My soul hath been surprisingly stayed upon, and devoted to Jehovah. What South Carolina was, as to Methodism, when I came first to Georgetown, I know; and what it is now I know:—but what may it be thirty years hence?

Sabbath 10. At Georgetown N. Snethen spoke upon Philippians ii. 1, 2.; in the afternoon I spoke upon Galatians vi. 9.: at night, N. Snethen again held forth upon "O that they were wise," &c.

Monday 11. We took the path; dined on the fare we brought with us; and lodged with Mr. Rogers, in Kingston; having made the distance forty-two miles by going somewhat out of the way.

Tuesday 12. We had between forty and fifty people to hear us in an open house. We lodged at Mr. Wilson's. Next day we crossed Waccamaw at Kingston, came on to Little-River, fed at M. Hankin's, and reached Abraham Bessant's, where we housed for the night.

North Carolina.—Thursday 14. N. Snethen came forward in the name of his Master: I followed upon "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest you be wearied and faint in your minds." After preaching, we rode on to the house of my once dear friend William Gause, senior; but death had stolen a march upon me; the body of my friend was in the dust, his soul is, I hope and trust, with God.

Friday 15. I [illegible] ; upon my return I made out a plan for fourteen months' travelling.

Saturday 16. We attended a meeting at Charlotteville meeting house: N. Snethen spoke upon "Faith, hope, and charity;" I followed on "Let us come therefore boldly to the throne of grace." We have rode a solitary, sandy way, about a hundred and ten miles; and in three meetings there were not many more than one hundred souls. O Lord, can these dry bones live! I have been kept in a dependent, praying state of mind. We have the most delightful weather, kind friends, and good entertainment for man and horse. I trust the seed sown in the hearts of some will live and grow to the glory of God, and the good of generations to come to the end of time. I have now filled up two thousand miles of the three thousand I had calculated to be the distance from and back again to Philadelphia; hitherto I have been mightily helped. Glory, glory, glory to the Eternal Trinity in eternal unity! We lodged at John Gause's; our host is a local minister, and, I trust, a dear child of God: I hope he never may entail the system of slaveholding upon his posterity.

Sabbath 17. At Lockwood's Folly meeting-house N. Snethen spoke upon a portion of Psalm cxix. I followed from the epistle general of John iii. 1, 2. It was an exceedingly cold day, and few people. As there were some difficulties in our way, we came off to Town-Creek, and lodged with Charles Gause: we made our Sabbath day's journey thirty miles, and yet had time to dine in the woods.

Monday 18. Hearing of an appointment for the circuit preachers, we would not lose time, but rode down to New-Hope. We both spoke, and then went on to Rolke's, where we lodged for the night.

Tuesday 19. Could we have crossed the creek to Edward Sullivan's, we should have saved ourselves a ride of seven miles round it. N. Snethen went forward upon "Take heed, and beware of covetousness:" after him I followed with a warning voice, "Wherefore, as the Holy Ghost saith, To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

Wednesday 20. At Wilmington I found not matters altogether as I could wish, neither temporally nor spiritually—in both these relations had the African church been willed to my care; another relation is preserved by the appointment of African stewards. N. Snethen preached on 2 Cor. i. 3, 4. I gave a discourse upon "He that walk as children of the light. [illegible] to walk," &c. N. Snethen spoke boldly forth; his subject [illegible] 4.

Friday 22. We came to Topsail, and dined with Mrs. Campbell, a gracious soul, and so also is her daughter. Thence we went forward to the widow Spicer's, and arrived there at late in the night. The roads were heavy, and our horses began to fail greatly.

Saturday 23. We rode up to New-River, where we found Lot Ballard out among the woods; with his own and his father's old meeting-house moved together. Want of stable, rest, and food, had almost done over my little mare.

Sabbath 24. N. Snethen spoke upon Rom. viii. 6, 7. I gave an exhortation upon John v. 39, 40. It was not at all agreeable to me to see nearly a hundred slaves standing outside, and peeping in at the door, whilst the house was half empty: they were not worthy to come in because they were black! Farewell, farewell to that house for ever!

I have close communion with God. If we spare our lungs, yet must we work our bones and our flesh with riding. We lodged at B. Wilder's. Next day we came along through the rain to Mr. Hargate's, near the head of Trent-River.

Tuesday 26. We arrived in Newbern. Our evening lecture by N. Snethen was upon Psalm li. "Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." He again spoke on Thursday, and on Friday evening also: I concluded each meeting with prayer. We were crowded every night. I judged it needful to make some temporal and spiritual arrangements for the society in Newbern; that a traveling preacher shall attend every Sabbath in one. Newbern is a trading, growing town; there are seven hundred or a thousand houses already built, and the number is yearly increased by less or greater additions, among which are some respectable brick edifices; the new court-house, truly so; neat and elegant; another famous house, said to be designed for the masonic and theatrical gentlemen: it might make a most excellent church. The population of the town, citizens, and transient persons, may amount to three thousand five hundred or four thousand souls.

Sabbath day 31. Cold and cloudy. I gave a sermon [illegible] ii. 7, 8. N. Snethen spoke from Hebr. xii. 10, and in the [illegible] ing on 1 John iv. 10, 11. We made a public collection [illegible] amounted to nearly sixty dollars; and parted from our [illegible], whom we left full of good resolutions to finish the house [illegible] the African Methodists also were about to build a place of [illegible]

Truly we are encouraged; our own people are blessed, and judges, counsellors, doctors, and ministers attended our preaching, and appeared to be pleased: may they be graciously and finally saved!

We had a severe ride to Washington, thirty-five miles, crossing Neuse and Tar-Rivers: near the end of our ride the rain quickened our pace, and drove us in about five o'clock to the hospitable shelter of Ralph Potts, (of Alnwick, Northumberland) where we had all things richly to enjoy.

Tuesday, February 2. Considering the inclemency of the day, we had a very respectable congregation to hear us: who can tell what God will do for these people!—At our evening meeting many attended: the subject spoken from was Luke xix. 10.

Wednesday 3. We came up to ———'s, and stopped awhile, and then pushed on to brother Perry's: it was a solitary ride. Our host is one of our local ministry in Pitt county. I judged it highly expedient that Roanoke and Pamlico circuits should be divided, and that Washington should have Sabbath preaching every week: it is a growing town of one hundred houses, and there is here a good house for public worship.

Thursday 4. We came to Garrett Toole's plantation; but the bird was flown—our old friend had removed to Franklin county for his health: we stayed with Mr. Davidson, the steward of his estate.

Friday 5. At Tarborough we held our meeting in the neat new chapel: N. Snethen spoke upon "This day is salvation come to this house;" the ground-work of my discourse was "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all people:" I said but few words. We dined with Mr. Guion, and lodged with Mr. Bellamy. We rejoiced in hope that Tarborough and Halifax will yet hear and receive the Gospel: H. Bradford hath been preaching in the latter, and brother Bellamy in the former with some success. We attended at Prospect-Hill. It was an exceedingly cold day, as need be. I only exhorted after N. Snethen had described the new creature in Christ *Jesus*. We fed our horses, and ourselves ate in the woods, and then went forward to Henry Bradford's. My soul is continually stayed upon, and comforted in God: but it is not needful to tell all my outward difficulties and inward sufferings: heaven will make up for all—and then we shall know all we wish and want to know.

Sabbath 7. Was a very cold and cloudy day: we held our meeting at the meeting-house, and filled both rooms. N. Snethen spoke on 2 Tim. ii. 11, 12, 13. My text was 2 Pet. iii. 17, 18.

Monday 8. We crossed Roanoke at Pollock's ferry, and came to Richard Whitaker's. We had no appointment at Rehoboth, but on Tuesday we called a meeting;—N. Snethen spoke on Philip. ii. 5; I followed from Matt. v. 8. At Anthony Moore's we called a meeting, where each of us delivered our testimony, and then rode on to Mr. People's; here the presiding elder made an appointment, by including it with others, but of this there was no notice given except by our coming into the neighbourhood the evening before: we would not neglect our duty, but at Malone's we faithfully, according to the grace and time given, discharged our task and rode on.

Virginia.—Brunswick county. We had a cold damp ride to Matthew Myrick's. On Friday we preached at Drumgoold's new meeting-house: N. Snethen spoke, and I followed; at Wesley meeting-house N. Snethen preached; I only exhorted. I called upon Doctor Sims's, who cut a small wart from my head and applied the caustic: my right foot was also wounded, by a splinter of lightwood perhaps.

Sunday 13. We attended at Hicksford, alias Bellfield: in the academy we had a large congregation of the rich and the poor, to whom N. Snethen preached from Deut. xxxii. 29. I also spoke on Luke xix. 10. We lodged at Miss Jenny Fisher's.

N. Snethen preached; I only exhorted at Peter Pelham's: of the children of this family I could say many favourable things—but Ah! they are not converted!

Tuesday 15. At Hobb's meeting-house N. Snethen spoke on Rom. viii. 12, 13: my portion of the word was Heb. ii. 3. At Merritt's chapel, N. Snethen spoke on "Recompense to no man evil for evil." I followed on Heb. xi. 11, 12. We rode home with John Easter, and made our ride thirty miles—nearly a day's journey. The inflammation, from the operation on my head, was attended with pain: I kept it down by bread and milk poultices; and applied spirits of turpentine to assuage the effects of the caustic. We have been received with great affection by our local brethren, Drumgoold, J. Ellis, H. Saunders, A. Brown, J. Easter, and B. Merritt: but the travelling preachers and presiding elders labour at their work; we seldom see them as we travel two and two. My soul is very solemn.

On Thursday, at John Easter's, we had many people for the day and place. N. Snethen always speaks first: my text was Heb. xii. 25.

Friday 19. Was a cold day, at Peter Robinson's, Dinwiddie county, yet many attended. I saw my old friend, the weeping widow Jarratt. My text was James i. 21. Henry Reese, John Easter, John Jones, and Samuel S. Stuart, preachers, were present.—We had a gracious season.

Saturday 20. At Mayo's meeting-house, Brunswick county, I preached from Acts ii. 42. The day was unpleasant. We came back to P. Robinson's.

Sunday 21. It began to rain as we set out; we went into Brunswick again to John Rogers's: he is an old Jerusalem Methodist; a few attended in the dwelling-house, to whom N. Snethen first spoke on the common salvation; I followed on Heb. ii. 3. We had rapid, mountain-like rain and a hard lodging, but a warm house and a good bed—fit for a president: it rained freely in the night—our house leaked, but did not feel it.

On Monday we had a snow storm; yet with a few hours' notice, several came out to Thomas Jordan's—I hope not in vain: my subject was Heb. iv. 15, 16. By computation, we have filled up two thousand five hundred miles to Thomas Jordan's. On Tuesday we rested: my head was inflamed, and the weather was cold.

Wednesday 24. At Mayo's we found a small appointment had been made for the circuit preacher: I spoke upon Matt. xi. 28—30. I sent for Doctor Asa Benson, who probed the wound in my head, and prepared a medicated plaister, which brought on a discharge in twenty-four hours: I give him credit for his skill and friendship.

On our route to Charles Ogburne's on Thursday, we crossed Meherrin on a low bridge, whilst the water in places flowed over the planks. Next day I spoke on "Faith, hope, and charity;" and on Saturday, at Zion Chapel, on "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith."

Sunday 28. At Salem.

Monday, March 1. We began and held close conference four days; and had preaching each day: Bruce, Lee, Jackson, and Snethen, were our speakers; and there was a shaking among the people. Seven deacons and one elder were ordained. I was well pleased with the stations, as far as they went; but Portsmouth, Bertie, Roanoke, Haw-River, Guilford, and Salisbury, should could have had an additional preacher, if we had had them: Petersburg, Hanover, Williamsburg, and Richmond also; but the Lord hath not sent them, and how can we make them? There was great plainness observable in the examination of the preachers' characters: some were reproved before the conference for their lightness and other follies.

Friday 5. We rode to Peter Whyche's, and next day called upon Jesse Phillips on our way to Jones's.

Sabbath 7. At Jones's chapel I preached on Psalm cxxv. 1, 2. And where is the Lord God of Elijah—the God who once answered him with power—with fire!

Monday 8. At Pennington's N. Snethen preached; I only exhorted. We came in haste to Brigg's, to see the children; the dear parents had both died in the space of one week. At Lane's chapel, next day, N. Snethen and myself both preached: my subject was Psalm xlii. 5.: it is remarkable that these words are repeated thrice, like Peter's vision.

Wednesday 10. We came to Joseph Moody's, Isle of Wight county: our appointment had not reached this place. Next day we proceeded to Suffolk, and arrived in the evening at the house of our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Yerbury, who received us with great affection. The house was small, and we had a dripping evening, which kept some back: my subject was Exodus xx. 24. Since my last visit they have collected money and materials to build a chapel, which will be shortly raised.

Friday 12. We rode down, through wet woods and a damp day, to Portsmouth, resting and refreshing on our route at David M'Kenny's, on the Middle Ground: in the evening, N. Snethen preached on "For we walk by faith and not by sight." On Saturday evening it was my turn; I spoke on James i. 22.

Sabbath 14. As the wind was high, I thought N. Snethen might as well speak at Norfolk in the morning, and myself at Portsmouth; my text in the forenoon was Matt. v. 8. in the afternoon, "For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." I confined myself to experience, and there was a melting among the people.

Monday 15. We came to brother Dunbigh's, to early dinner, thence proceeded to Suffolk, where I stopped five hours, and continued on our way to Charles Murphy's to lodge. I felt that I had injured myself by laying by one of my coats too soon.

Tuesday 16. We called at Michael Murphy's and proceeded on to Ellis's chapel: N. Snethen gave a discourse upon [illegible] [illegible]; I only exhorted, and added a narrative of the work of God. We have made up two thousand six hundred and [illegible] miles. My mind hath been sweetly stayed upon God at all times and in all places.

Wednesday 17. We came, sixteen miles, to Doctor Bailey's, in Surry county. N. Snethen's horse was taken with a violent cholic, and rolled upon the ground in great agony; he was relieved, however, by drenching with sturgeon's oil and [illegible]. I left the man and horse, and came on to William [illegible].

Thursday 18. I dined at friend Nixon's, where I was kindly entertained; I left my [illegible] here, and came on to Petersburg.

Next day, by appointment, I preached John Lee's funeral sermon, my text was Philippians ii. 22. "But ye know the proof of him, that as a son with the father, hath he served with me in the Gospel."

I. The excellency of the Gospel. II. The service of the Gospel. III. The proof of Timothy—his pious parents; his education, conviction, conversion, call, and ordination; his ministry; his discharge as a son with a father—in mutual love, in mutual confidence; and mutual services. I showed the excellency of a patriarchal or fatherly government in the church. I paralleled John Lee's character with Timothy's, in his manner of living, labouring, and death. N. Snethen came up and preached at night. On Saturday we arrived in Richmond, and next day N. Snethen preached upon the epistle to the church of Ephesus. I spoke in the afternoon upon Philip. ii. 12, 13. I had a great crowd of the most respectable, spiritually impolite hearers I have seen for many months: so much for the capital of Virginia.

Tuesday 25. We reached Caroline, and the next day, Fredericksburg; here N. Snethen gave a discourse upon the work of righteousness—peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance for ever. I spoke upon "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." We started next day for [illegible]; and the day after reached William Watters's; here we rejoiced in God together. On Wednesday evening there was a thunder storm, which, clearing up, brought an excessively cold wind on Thursday. On Friday it snowed most of the day; nevertheless I rode on seven miles to Henry Foxall's, in Georgetown, where I found a shelter from the storm. I have had sore temptations, succeeded by great consolations.—The want of good sleep has been a cause of suffering.

Maryland.—Saturday, 27. I made a [illegible] [illegible], and a [illegible] ride to Baltimore. On the Sabbath I called to see the widow [illegible], whom I found rejoicing in the Lord. I feel a depression of spirits; it is now of a longer date than formerly.

Wednesday, 31. I had uncomfortable feelings, occasioned by a cold I had taken. Upon my watch-night in Light-street, I read and [illegible] a [illegible] of [illegible] v. 19, 20. I strove, and prayed until Thursday the 1st day of April, when our yearly conference commenced. We went on with our business [illegible] and regularly, with [illegible] preaching each morning and evening in every Methodist house for public worship in the city.

Sabbath, 4. I administered the word in Light-street from Matt. v. 13; at the new chapel at Fells-Point on Sunday night. [illegible] the meeting houses, within and without, that we have in Baltimore. Alexandria [illegible] [illegible] have been very [illegible] to the temporal and spiritual [illegible] of the house and society.

Monday, 5. We had a day of fasting and humiliation for the sinful state, the continent, and the church of God; I improved the occasion, and spoke from Acts xiv. 22. I was presented with a new impression of my journal; it is very incorrect; had I had an opportunity before it was put to press, I should have altered and expunged many things; the inaccuracies of grammar, and impropriety of composition incident to the hasty entries of a manuscript journal are preserved in the printed copy. On Monday evening the conference rose: all the demands of the preachers were answered; money was advanced towards the purchase of horses; to those who had distant circuits and far to go, donations were made: and ninety-five hundred dollars very liberally sent to the Monmouth conference, which is to meet in July next. Within the circling lines of this conference, we suppose to have [illegible] an addition to the society of three thousand souls and upwards, besides those who may have died within the last eleven months. John Fenwick's letters, and fifty copies of a volume of [illegible] [illegible] solely to family life, and other letters, concerning the work of God, I read to my brethren. Whilst in Baltimore, I received an account of the death of my mother, which I fear is true. And here I may speak safely concerning my very dear mother: her character to me is well known. Her paternal descent was Welsh; from a family ancient and respectable, of the name of Rogers. She lived a woman of the world until the death of her first and only daughter, Sarah Asbury; how would the be-

[illegible] mother weep and tell of the beauties and excellencies of her lost and lovely child! pondering on the past in the silent sullenness of hopeless grief. This affective providence graciously terminated in the mother's conversion. When she saw herself a lost and wretched sinner, she sought religious people, but "in the times of this ignorance" few were "awakened to the danger," or "[illegible] by the grace given;" many were the days she spent chiefly in reading and prayer; at length she found justifying grace and pardoning mercy. So dim was the light of truth around her, from the assurance she found, she was at times inclined to believe in the final perseverance of the saints. For fifty years her hands, her house, her heart, were open to receive the people of God and ministers of Christ; and thus a lamp was lighted up in a dark place called Great Barre, in Great Britain. She was an afflicted, yet much-active woman; of quick bodily powers, and masculine understanding; nevertheless, "so kindly all the elements were mixed in her," her strong mind quickly felt the subduing influences of that Christian sympathy which "weeps with those who weep," and "rejoices with those who do rejoice." As a woman and a wife she was chaste, modest, blameless;—as a mother (above all the women in the world would I claim her for my own) ardently affectionate; as a "mother in Israel" few of her sex have done more by a holy walk to live, and by personal labour to support the Gospel, and to wash the saints' feet; as a friend, she was generous, true, and constant. Elizabeth Asbury died January 6th, 1802, aged eighty-seven or eighty-eight years. There is now, after fifty years, a chapel within five or three hundred yards of her dwelling. I am now often drawn out in thankfulness to God, who hath saved a mother of mine, and, I trust, a father also, who are already in glory, where I hope to meet them both, after time, and cares, and sorrows, shall have ceased with me; and where glory shall not only beam, but open in my soul for ever. Amen.

Wednesday 7. I came to Perry-Hall. We cannot spend more time with the rich than with the poor; so being warned by a very fine day, we started, stopped to dine with the widow [illegible], at Bush, and in the evening reached North-East. Next day was stormy; but we were safely housed with Mr. [illegible].

Saturday 10. We rode to Back-Creek; and on the Sabbath day, as we were visited with a gracious rain, I improved on the subject from Isai. lv. 10, 11. At the Manor chapel brother Whatcoat preached in the afternoon from Rev. xxi. 6.

Sunday 11. There were two appointments—one at the new chapel, Cross-Roads, and the other at the brick meeting-house. Bishop [illegible] we separated, I taking the former, and brother Whatcoat the latter. As it was the first time of preaching in the new house, I chose Isa. lxvi. 1, 2. When evening came I came on to Chester-Town, the third at [illegible]—cold and damp.

Tuesday 13. We had a rainy day, but we attended the house of God noon and night. Our brethren in this town are about to build: by a train of strange persons, providences, and things, they have a place in the public square, where the market-house stood: the chapel will be in a line with the Episcopal church; its size, forty by forty-eight.

Wednesday 14. The morning was very damp; I was not at all prepared for speaking: my subject was Tit. ii. 2. After preaching we rode rapidly down to Dr. Allen's; we found the Doctor rapidly declining.

Thursday 15. At Easton I spoke on 1 Peter i. 3, 4, 5.; bishop Whatcoat preached at night.

Friday 16. We were at Bolingbroke chapel: it was an exceedingly cold day for the season; I read a little, and added a short exhortation; after which we hasted to Wm. Brown's to dine, and the wind having lulled, crossed Choptank, at Kendall's Ferry. The severity of the weather caused uncomfortable feelings; nevertheless, we greatly rejoiced in the Lord, because of his glorious work, which is spreading along this [illegible].

Saturday 17. At Henry Ennall's I spoke on Psal. cxiv. 8, 9, 10. I have now rode, I suppose, three thousand miles since my departure from Philadelphia on the last of July, 1801.

Sunday 18. We had a full house at Cambridge. Our new chapel is two stories high; well planned, and neatly finished. After exhortations and sacrament, bishop Whatcoat preached. Meeting ended, we rode fourteen miles through the rain to [illegible] Ennall's.

Monday 19. Rain coming on, we were detained a little; but afterward we rode within two miles of Quantico, arriving too late. We dined at Fletcher's, and rode on to Salisbury, making thirty miles this day. Bishop Whatcoat preached in the evening.

Tuesday 20. Was *fair time*; yet many attended, and we had a gracious season. My subject was Matt. xxiv. 6.

Wednesday 21. We had a long ride to Annamessex chapel, nearly thirty miles, and dark before we came to our lodgings at Samuel Smith's.

Thursday, [illegible]. We rode twenty miles to [illegible] meeting-house, in Accomack county: I spoke upon Psal. [illegible]. It was a gracious season. We find only here, and in [illegible] rode afterward about twenty miles to Captain [illegible]'s, weary and hungry, as we had had little rest and nothing [illegible].

VIRGINIA.—*Eastern Shore.* Friday, [illegible]. Brother Whatcoat preached at the meeting-house in [illegible] to a [illegible] congregation. That evening we had to ride twenty miles to Mr. [illegible], upon Chingoteague; but the Lord was in the family, and blessed the people. We have a most pleasing prospect: by accounts, a general revival is going through the country. Next day we had a heavy ride to Snow-Hill; our [illegible] being finished, I preached in the court-house to many serious people upon Phil. i. 6. After worship we rode up to [illegible] fifteen miles, and lodged at Mr. [illegible]'s plantation, now in the possession of Mr. White.

MARYLAND.—*Eastern Shore.* Sunday [illegible]. We had a great time at [illegible]'s chapel; there were present about one thousand souls, to whom brother Whatcoat preached: I read a letter and gave an exhortation. We came on nine miles to [illegible]'s that evening.

DELAWARE.—On Monday we had to ride to the [illegible] church, where we found a large congregation: the prospect of religion here is good. In the evening we reached Mr. [illegible]'s, near the head of Indian-River, making here about [illegible] thirty miles for our day's ride.

On Tuesday, brother Whatcoat went to Lewistown; while I [illegible] and preached at Milford.

Wednesday 27. I preached at Dover, on Ephes. v. 1, 2. thence I [illegible] to Duck-Creek Cross-Roads, where I spoke in the evening.

Thursday 28. We had a blessed [illegible]—we rode through [illegible] to Wilmington, to [illegible]'s [illegible]: I was sick, with [illegible] vomiting and fever, and a disordered stomach. I lodged for the night with Allen M'Lane—my fever [illegible].

PENNSYLVANIA.—Saturday 30. On my way to Philadelphia, I called [illegible] upon my old friend Mary Withy. In the city, I found many things I [illegible]—some pleasing and some painful.

Our conference opened on the first of May. We had an increase of preachers. In two sittings we did not get through the first question—Who are admitted upon trial? We appointed a [illegible]

[illegible] a day of fasting and prayer to be observed on the fourth of May, for this conference, the church in general, and the continent at large. By a hasty calculation, I find I have rode three thousand miles [illegible], and returning to Philadelphia. We had a happy conference. George Roberts and John McClaskey were [illegible] and moved that the brethren of this city who had bought the Academy, should have the offer of a preacher. The conference at once agreed that the superintendents [illegible] of the United States should make them an overture upon the best terms—there was but one dissenting voice.

We had great peace throughout the sitting, although there were many things to occupy our thoughts: my mind was taken up in ordering the stations, and in making needful changes. After voting the next sitting of our conference at Duck-Creek, we rose on Thursday the sixth inst.

Sunday 9. I preached at St. George's upon Rom. xiv. 17; at Ebenezer upon Philip. ii. 12—16; and at Bethel, among the Africans, on Titus ii. 11, 12.

Monday 10. I had a sudden thought that I would be sent to [illegible] at Gloucester; we did so, and had a [illegible] passage, in a [illegible] boat, to the Jersey shore—we [illegible] over in eight or ten minutes.

New-Jersey.—We came on to Clement's, dined at Robert Newell's, and attended our appointment at [illegible] church. Brother Whatcoat made an improvement upon Isaiah xxvi. 20, 21. My mind was in an unexpected manner led to John ii. 15. I [illegible] myself; I had probably lost [illegible] in the city.

Tuesday 11. We rode to Henry Firth's and dined; after which we attended our appointment at Salem. My mind here was [illegible] on my subject—I made a [illegible] while I was singing a hymn, of 1 Cor. vii. 29—31. We had many serious people at the [illegible]. We returned to Henry Firth's, and lodged there.

Pennsylvania.—Wednesday 12. We had a [illegible] ride, but [illegible] to ride through to Humphrey's [illegible] grove. Bishop Whatcoat preached upon the abundant entrance; I only exhorted upon the covenant—natural and spiritual, and read Mr. [illegible]'s sermon. We lodged at Joseph Hawkins's.

Thursday 13. We came to Bristol, and I spoke on, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The rain fell upon us as we rode to Daniel [illegible].

Friday 14. We rode to [illegible]-Town, and held a meeting at Hugh

Hankinson's. Brother Whatcoat spoke upon, "The kingdom of God is not in word but in power;" it was late, and I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] light [illegible] Gospel.

Saturday 15. On our route to New-Mills, through [illegible] [illegible] the bottom, we found the road greatly improved. I have ridden [illegible] towards the four thousand miles—sadly [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] place. After thirty-one years' acquaintance, William Budd and myself [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] live for God, and to his glory.

Sabbath 16. At New-Mills I preached upon Philipp. ii. 12—16. We had an open season; the people [illegible] being [illegible], and souls are coming home to God.

Monday 17. Through heavy, continued rain, we came up to Dover-Works. We dined with Mr. Lovell; and after drying our cloth, about two o'clock went to the meeting-house. Here we found a fire and a stove, and warmth and comfort:—how different this from sitting on open forms in the woods, with wind and rain beating upon you, and sitting in your damp dress and a damp house for three hours, after which, you are to ride five or ten miles to a bad lodging, where you are to dry yourself and your garments if you can!

Tuesday 18. At Ealey's I spoke on Hebr. xii. 1, 2.; after preaching we rode to Captain Connell's, an old English Methodist [illegible].

Wednesday 19. At Milford—a cold day and few people. We visited [illegible] Hutchinson, in an afflicted and low state of body.

Thursday 20. We had a weary ride to Brunswick: my subject here was Rev. xxii. 14. Next day we came to Drake's: bishop Whatcoat preached to the preachers present—Totten, Hills, Clark, to which I add the family, and three others.

Saturday 22. We came upon Staten-Island at the old Blazing-Star. I called at the mansion of Justice Wright, where I had been entertained, and where I had preached almost thirty-one years past. I was thankful to find Mrs. Wright happy in God, although afflicted in body. Here I saw the third generation rising into accountability: we prayed, and were comforted together. We lodged for the night with Joseph Totten upon the south side.

Sabbath 23. N. Snethen, who had been on a visit home, came up with us to-day. I had an opportunity of reading his answer to Mr. O'Kelly's *Rejoinder* to Rev. N. Snethen's *Reply*.

While at [illegible], I read the inscription on the gravestone of [illegible] Hendrickson, her maiden name was Thompson; she was born upon Long-Island and married in the county of Middlesex, State of New-Jersey. She was the mother of thirteen children, and the grand, great grandmother of upwards of three hundred children; she died aged a hundred and one years, nine months, and [illegible] days, in January 1802. About eighty, she was a great [illegible], but her sight, almost totally, is returned; her hair changed [illegible] from white to a dark brown. I [illegible] conversed with her; [illegible] upon the [illegible] by the [illegible] of the [illegible].

My soul hath been [illegible] it may be there, that I should not be lifted up at the prosperity of the church, and increase of members and members. I have plenty of letters, conveying the pleasing intelligence of the work of God in every state, district, and in most of the circuits in the Union. Ride on, blessed Redeemer, until all the states and nations of the earth are subdued unto thy sceptred sway!

Sunday 23. At the meeting house upon Staten-Island, at the old Blazing-Star, my subject was Matt. [illegible]. The rain probably deprived us of half our congregation. After administering the sacrament, we rode to the [illegible] at Nicholas Crosenbury's, at the west end; my text here was Acts [illegible]. Several came forward and joined the society. I have visited upon the island for thirty-one years; and I am pleased to find there is a revival of religion.

Monday 24. I came to Elizabethtown [illegible] appointed as I had been on the Sabbath evening, and deprived of rest, I was expected to preach at eight o'clock; my subject was [illegible]. Weather still severe cold.—Nothing would satisfy, but I must marry Thomas Morrell to a young woman; [illegible] I remember his [illegible] father Whatcoat, sixty-six—Francis Asbury, fifty-seven [illegible] ceremony performed, solemnly, at the solemn hour of ten at night.

New-York.—Tuesday 25. We came to New-York; and took up our lodging at Mr. Suckley's.

We advance towards the completion of four thousand miles for the present year. I have had great exercises in going through rain and continual labours; but have been blest with great peace by my good and gracious God.

[illegible]

[illegible] public [illegible] the very [illegible] by the [illegible] of friends.

Friday 23. I spoke at [illegible] from 1 Thess. [illegible]

Sunday 25. After [illegible] preached, I [illegible] the great revival of religion [illegible] of the Bowery church, in the afternoon. The [illegible] New-York [illegible] under the ministry of the Gospel above thirty years, the saint, as I was informed by her [illegible] very happy in God.

Tuesday, June [illegible]. We opened our yearly conference in [illegible] meeting house; and concluded our labours in great peace and union. We had a large number of preachers [illegible] at this conference there are [illegible]; and in the [illegible] thirty-three.

[illegible]. We had a day of solemn fasting and prayer for the [illegible], and for the [illegible]; upon the [illegible] of which, I preached from 2 Cor. ii. 14, 15, with great [illegible] through the [illegible] preached [illegible] Joel ii. 15 [illegible]

Sunday 7. We had a lovefeast at eight o'clock, [illegible] of the [illegible] at twelve o'clock. [illegible] very [illegible]. The [illegible] I [illegible] of the Bowery church, where [illegible] was also made. At [illegible] in the [illegible] church on Luke xi. 13, and [illegible] in the city. But instead of a page, it would require a volume to tell [illegible] I have had [illegible] I leave [illegible] preachers and people, [illegible] I have been appointed [illegible] New-York, once more, farewell!

Monday 7. We had a very warm, dusty ride to the widow Sherwood's; where we held meeting in their school.

As it appeared to be the wish and will of this conference that I should sit at that of Massachusetts, I desired N. Snethen to go upon my appointments.

How sweet to me are all the moving and still-life scenes which now surround me on every side! The quiet country-houses; the fields and orchards, bearing the promise of the fruitful year; the flocks and herds, the hills and vales, and dewy meads; the gliding streams and murmuring brooks: and thou, too, solitude—with thy attendants, silence and meditation—how dost thou soothe my pensive mind after the tempest of fear, and care, and tumult, and talk experienced in the noisy, bustling city! "—where will they send me?—to Hampshire—to Rhode-Island—to Connecticut—to Canada?" One preacher wishes to go where another dreads to be sent, and smiles at the fears of his timid brother. "But," say the citizens, "how shall we be supplied?—such an one will be too strict, and may put us out of order; another will not keep the congregation together; and our collections will not be made—a third will not please; because he is not a lively preacher; and we want a revival of religion." Ah! the half is not told of the [illegible], parties, hopes and fears amongst this host of [illegible], through ignorance and mistake. This, at least, may be said of the Methodists of New-York—they are [illegible] [illegible] in their kindness to their friends.

Tuesday 8. I preached at New-Rochelle meeting-house on Psalm cxlv. 8—11. We dined at [illegible] [illegible]'s.

CONNECTICUT.—Wednesday 9. We came to [illegible] [illegible]'s, Byram-River: Bishop Whatcoat preached; I only exhorted, and read a letter. Next day I preached at the Old Well, at [illegible] Bay's, near Norwalk, upon Acts iii. 26. I had to walk out at eight o'clock in the night, to a crowded school-house. There had been a small stir here; and now, amongst Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and Methodists, it is quite dull. Brother Whatcoat was very ill with a bilious fever: I was afraid of pushing him too [illegible].

Friday 11. After a few hours' sleep in the night, we moved off early for [illegible] [illegible], in Fairfield: here we dined, prayed, and parted, continuing on through Bridgeport, (formerly Stratfield) where we saw an elegant Episcopal meeting-house, which some would call a church: in Stratford we stopped at Brother Wheeler's, where our weary bodies and spirits were refreshed.

Next morning we moved off in earnest, expecting to reach North Bristol, but at the ferry our courage was somewhat damped—the boat was fast aground, and the tide was low: nevertheless, the boat from the other side came to our relief, and handed us across Housatonic in six minutes. With the kind family of Mr. Jocelin we rested two hours in New-Haven. I was pleased to hear that the students of Yale College, as many as ninety or one hundred, had been under gracious impressions. They would come to hear the Methodists, and like other very genteel people, mock and deride; but God struck some of the vilest of them by the ministry of Samuel Merwin; this may be denied; but it is known to God, and to their own consciences. At North Guildford we stopped at Mr. Tolman's, fed, and continued on to Josiah Coan's, where we housed for the night, weak and weary.

Sunday 12. At West Haddam I preached to a few; there had been no notice. Bishop Whatcoat, feeble as he was, spoke in the afternoon. I read some letters, giving an account of the prosperity of the work of God, south and west. This has been a trying week to body, soul, and spirit: I have made out four hundred and twenty miles, exceedingly rocky and rude. Should I live to be as old as Mr. Wesley, and travel as long as he did, yet shall I never see a Maryland in Connecticut. In West Haddam our people have nearly finished their meeting-house: it has a most excellent pulpit, and a neat sanctuary round it, simply enclosed. We lodged with John Wilcox; he is faint, yet faithful; and waiting for the consolation of Israel, in holiness and glory. My soul is like a weaned child, to do and to suffer, to make rest more desirable in pursuit, and more abundantly satisfying in the enjoyment: to say not a word about earthly things, my spirit has been greatly assaulted, and divinely supported in grace, in God, in Christ, in the hope of rest, rest, rest, eternal rest.

Monday 14. We crossed to Connecticut River, and came to Middle Haddam, lodging at Elisha Day's; but it is night in this place:—a little meeting-house, a little society, and little religion.

Tuesday 15. I preached upon Acts viii. 5. "And Philip went down to the city of *Samaria*, and preached Christ unto them." I inquired how the apostles "preached Christ." To ensure the atonement; to be apprehended by faith, preceded by repentance: in holiness the "hope of glory." It was observed—it appeared, according to the divine attributes of justice, mercy, truth, and love, that there must be a general provision for all; such as are in that grace it must be so. "Preached Christ" as the anointed of God; a prophet, priest, and king, generally and personally, in his operations of grace. The people were attentive. After preaching, I ordained Jeremiah Stocking a deacon.

Wednesday 16. We dined at Lyme, and rode on to New-London. Brother Whatcoat preached on 2 Cor. vi. 5. the house was crowded, and the young men and boys very disorderly. We lodged at Richard Douglass's.

Thursday 17. We had a pleasant ride to Norwich—behold! the temple hath been burnt down, and more elegantly rebuilt since I was here. Thus have they made a benefit of a calamity. Bishop Whatcoat preached upon *Christ's love for the church*: I read a letter and prayed.

On Tuesday we came to Nathan Herrick's, at North-Preston; I read some letters, and then preached upon Titus ii. 11, 12.: we had an open time. I made two simple propositions—

I. The operations of grace upon sinners; and

II. The operations of grace upon believers, by which they live in self-denial of all evil; and bear the cross, enjoy the life of God, and exercise themselves in Christian temperance, justice, and holiness.

RHODE-ISLAND.—Saturday 19. To General Lippet's, at Cranston, twenty-eight miles.

Sunday 20. I opened the meeting at half past ten o'clock; then followed the ordination, then the sacrament; after which brother Whatcoat preached upon Eph. iii. 8. My subject was 2 Cor. iii. 11, 12. In my improvement I showed the character and offices of Moses compared with Christ: the glory of Moses and the superior glory of Christ: the letter and spirit of the law, the letter and spirit of the Gospel; and I dwelt largely upon the latter. Plainness of speech, simple and searching; pointed to every case and character. My work was imperfect: I had not time, and perhaps, not skill to finish and properly apply so great a subject. We had four exhortations; and concluded about four o'clock.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Monday 21. We dined at Mr. Turpin's in Providence, and came on to Joseph Guild's in Attleborough; making a journey of about twenty-six miles. Next day, after a heavy, hungry, weary, dusty ride, we reached Boston. I closed the labours of the day by a sermon from 1 Peter, and had two Baptist and three Methodist preachers to hear me. It was an open time.

Wednesday 23. At Lynn I spoke on Hosea x. 12.

Thursday 24. We reached Marble-Head. Brother Whatcout preached; I gave an exhortation: our audience, chiefly females, nearly filled the room. Mr. Boller is our good friend, (but not a brother) in lending his own house, and assisting us largely in building ours for the worship of God.

Friday 25. We rode round the tomb of that old prophet of the Lord, George Whitefield. We stopped at the sisters Eaton's, in Salisbury, and allow ourselves to have made six hundred and twenty miles.

New-Hampshire.—In Newburyport are great improvements, and beautiful houses in and around: as in Boston, every thing thrives but religion.

Saturday 26. At Salisbury brother Whatcoat gave us a lecture on 1 John v. 4.

Sunday 27. We had a love-feast at Jemima Eaton's; a sermon at the meeting-house, and administered the sacrament. I spoke on Zech. xii. 10. Brother Whatcoat in the afternoon from 2 Cor. v. 20. Joshua Taylor preached in the evening. It was hard labour, and by no means agreeable to me to preach in other people's houses; to which I may add, that I was under bodily and spiritual infirmity. It is our duty to suffer and to serve: and it is true that we submit to the one, and will, by grace, do the other. We feel the prejudices of the people. They may think we wish to invade their rights; but indeed they are mistaken, for I would rather preach under a tree.

Monday 28. We came away in haste to Greenland, breakfasted, resumed our journey, passing through Berwick, and brought up at Deacon Clarke's, in Wells: and thus one day's ride of fifty-one miles brought us across the state of New-Hampshire.

District of Maine.—Tuesday 29. We stopped at Falmouth in the District of Maine; and within sight of Portland. Although we rode thirty miles I was obliged to preach—my subject was 2 Tim. iv. 7.

Wednesday 30. We had a racking ride of about forty-five miles to Monmouth; our breakfast we took at Gray; and dined with Mr. Bradbury at New Gloucester.

Thursday, July 1. Our conference continued three days. We held it in the upper room of Sewall Prescott's house. We had fifteen members, and nine probationers; the married preachers who came deficient to our conference received about one hundred and twenty dollars; the single brethren about sixty-two dollars; and the probationers a small donation of two dollars each, which came from far. We had three sermons. The whole of my doing was to read two letters, exhort a little, and examine the deacons, Samuel Hillman, John Gove, Gilman Moody, and Joseph Baker, whom brother Whatcoat ordained. The business of our conference was conducted in great peace and order. I can rejoice that by supplies from Baltimore and New-York conferences, added to those of the District of Maine and of Boston, we have a goodly number of faithful, zealous young men: in seven conferences we have taken upon trial sixty-seven probationers.

Sunday 4. We concluded with a love-feast, sacrament, and the ordination of five elders, to wit: Comfort Smith, Epaphras Kibby, Daniel Webb, Asa Heath, and Reuben Hubbard: they kneeled outside at the door of the house, and received the imposition of hands from myself and the elders present: may they open the door of the church of God in discipline, and the way to heaven, by preaching the Gospel! Five sermons were preached through the day: the women chiefly occupied the inside, whilst the men stood without; it was an open time, and some felt the word: of the multitude congregated on the occasion, (allowed to be between two and three thousand) we hope many went away profited.

Monday 5. We came off early and in haste; breakfasted at Mr. Herrick's, in Lewistown; crossed Androscoggin River at the Falls; dined at Mr. Ramsdale's, in Gray, and brought up at Mr. Baker's, in Falmouth; having made forty-five miles.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—Tuesday 6. We passed through Scarborough, Saco, Kennebunk, Wells, Berwick, and Somersworth, which last is in New-Hampshire: thence onward through Dover, Madbury, Lee, and Epping.

Thursday 8. We held a meeting at Captain Fogg's, in Epping; my subject was Tit. ii. 2. George Pickering spoke in the evening from 1 Cor. xv. 34. After preaching we rode twelve miles to Hawke. On our route next day to Waltham we passed through Kingston, Plaisto, Haverhill, Andover, Wilmington, Woburn, Lexington and Lincoln, nearly completing another thousand miles. We shall have a great opening in New-Hampshire; and a district formed there in a few years.

MASSACHUSETTS.—I crossed New-Hampshire from [illegible] to Berwick, a distance of thirty miles, and recrossed from Berwick to Plaisto, a distance of forty miles. The native products of the soil are the spruce, pine, cedar, birch, oak, oak—it is a rich lumber country, well watered, with fine streams for saw mills. The face of the earth is not pleasing; but it is well improved: the prespects for Indian corn are good, the clover-fields luxuriant, and the meadows beautiful: the dwellings are handsome, and the meeting-houses stand within sight of each other.

Haverhill bridge engaged my attention. It is thrown across the Merrimack River by three arches; a distance of probably sixteen hundred feet. I also saw the grand canal, designed, principally, to float lumber from the Merrimack to Boston. For about twenty-seven miles they have rocks, and swamps, and hills to wind and labour through; nevertheless, they can draw a raft of great length along, after passing the locks, which admit about seventy feet at a time; they link the disparted fragments together again, and move forward. This navigation will be a vast source of wealth to the country, as well as a great convenience in the passage outward and inward of domestic and foreign products of every species—and it will, doubtless, also be profitable to the company.

Saturday 10. I rested, fasted, and wrote a little. I have passed so rapidly along, that lately I have had time only for ordinary and common exercises.

Mr. Bemis's family is singularly blessed in four successive generations: elder Pickering's two children, a son called Francis Asbury, and a daughter named Maria, make the fourth.

Sabbath 11. I spent the Sabbath at Waltham. I preached on Matt. vii. 14. and again on Gal. i. 3, 4. My sensations were not very pleasant, and the young people seemed very wild; there was an old drunkard too, who stood up and spoke once and again: perhaps they will behave better the next Sabbath I give them.

I feel that fasting at my time of life, if only once a month, brings on such a dejection of spirits I can hardly bear up under it. I have had lately two official cordials, ironically speaking. They know how to come at me although four or five hundred miles distant.—Lord, help me to do and suffer all I ought to do and suffer for Thee, thy church, and ministers!

Wednesday 12. We came through Needham. George Pickering stopped to demand the church rates taken from the Methodists, amounting to one hundred dollars or upwards: this is to pay the Independent ministers, whose forefathers fled from Episcopal tyranny: yet, be it known unto all men, their children's children are risen up and glory in supporting the Gospel according to law. Happy the descendants who condemn not themselves by doing that which their ancestors disallowed! We lodged at Mr. Stearns's, at Milford.

Tuesday 13. We came upon the turnpike road through to Thompson. I was told Mr. Dow, an Independent minister, had relinquished his legal claim of salary, trusting to the willing minds of the public, who gave him more by voluntary subscription.

CONNECTICUT.—I had to preach at Nicoll's meeting-house, but being taken with a bilious headach, I said but little: my subject was Hebr. iv. 14, 15, 16.

Wednesday 14. I rode to Captain Lyon's, in Canterbury: after dinner I continued on over the rocks and hills to Windham. We had a meeting at Robinson's: I was able to preach upon Isaiah lv. 6, 7. Here God had wrought, and the people appeared to be very lively.

Thursday 15. We scaled the hills of rocks, passing through Lebanon, and stopped at Joseph Bass's. Here will be the beginning of a society.

We came to Hebron. Brother Burroughs attended me. The travelling preachers cannot leave their appointments. At four o'clock in the evening our new house in Hebron was consecrated: the subject on this occasion was chosen from Exod. xx. 24. It was an open time.

Friday 16. We rode to the city of Hartford, stopping at a brother's house upon Glastonbury hills, and at Mr. Spencer's, and at Squire Pitkin's: we talked and prayed, (it was all that we could do) and pushed on to Winstead. We lodged with Doctor Lynde.

Saturday 17. We came up the turnpike road to New-Hartford, upon the banks of Farmington River.

Saturday 17, and Sunday 18. We held quarterly meeting, Litchfield circuit. The Sabbath day congregation was small, owing to the rain after the great heat. I spoke from 2 Thess. iii. 1. We had feeling times and tongues, and a living love-feast. In heat and in haste, we rode on to Colonel Burrell's, in Canaan, and there lodged.

Monday 19. We came to brother Church's, near the Falls of Housatonic River. Our route led us through Salisbury and Sharon, across the line into the state of New-York.

NEW-YORK.—At Sharon and at Lewis's we called in. From the eastern to the western line of Connecticut, that is, from Thompson to Sharon, I calculate the distance to be one hundred and thirty miles—it cannot exceed one hundred and forty miles. At Rhinebeck I make up four thousand miles, and have one hundred in advance towards the fifth thousand I shall have made since the last of July, 1801. Of the little time we have, may be judged, by the length of our rides, day after day; yet, at this speed must I go to meet the conferences, and visit the principal societies. My soul is at times greatly drawn out in prayer.

Tuesday 20. We rested at Traveller's Rest, upon the solitary banks of Hudson, with my dear friends Freeborn Garrettson, and his prudent, pious wife. We have heat, heat, great heat.

Wednesday 21. I preached upon 2 Cor. iv. 7. It was an ordination sermon at the setting apart of Billy Hibbard to the office of an elder. It is exceeding warm; and the zenith of harvest: yet, we had a congregation.

Thursday 22. I had to tear myself away from those precious souls: I do believe God dwells in this house, (Traveller's Rest). We came on to Fishkill, and fed. A poor intoxicated creature had sense enough left to insult us, and curse the Methodists. After feeding at brother Warren's, we made another push over the hills of Peekskill, and came to Governor Van Courtlandt's. I have received great kindness from this family. We have made forty-eight miles this day.

Friday 23. I came gently along down, having an admirable view of the North-River—the indents and projections of its lofty and beautiful banks. I called on a brother Anderson, and was exceedingly well treated. For twenty-two miles we had excessive heat. I came to Captain Riqua's by surprise, but I was not therefore made the less welcome. Religion revives in New-Rochelle circuit: they have general prayer-meetings, and good seasons of grace; that is the way.

Saturday 24. I came into New-York about two o'clock and escaped heavy rain. My soul hath been sweetly stayed upon God whilst riding along. I have received a confirmation of the death of my mother, who died January 6, 1802. Of the particulars of her last moments I have received no certain account; but I learn that a certain Mr. Emery has taken all her property. I am comforted with good news from several quarters—persecution has ceased in Charleston, and the Africans are growing in grace: our society in Philadelphia becomes more united: and there are good appearances in Old Brunswick-circuit, Virginia.

Sabbath 25. In New-York I preached at the old church John-street, on Rev. iii. 17—20. at three o'clock, at the Bowery church on Isaiah lv. 6, 7. at the African church at six o'clock in the evening on 1 Thess. i. 5. It rained at times through the day, which prevented many from attending: it was a day of life to me.

Monday 26. I had to wait in the boat, tormented by heat and flies—still worse for my poor brute, who made an attempt to leap out into the bay; had she been loose, and myself at a distance, poor Jane would probably have been overboard. It came into my mind that we had preached, and should yet preach to little purpose in Newark: this I mentioned to Mr. Leacraft, with whom I dined in New-York, in company with parson Ogden: he had thought of building a house; and a small one parson Ogden thought he might well do himself—and then we might have a church.

New-Jersey.—I stopped at Mr. Crowell's, in Elizabethtown, and then came on to Mr. Platt's, Rahway.

Tuesday 27. I stopped in Brunswick at Drake's, and then pushed on, sultry as it was, and made it thirty-eight miles to Joseph Hutchinson's—with his new house, new wife: will he not by and by want a new lease of his life?

Wednesday 28. I stopped at Crosswick's. I felt proper sick; but I was soon relieved by vinegar and water. My friend Hewlet Hancock housed me for the night. I found my dear sister Hancock feeble and unwell, but she soon grew better, and at family prayer she praised the Lord with a loud voice.

Thursday 29. I stopped at Burlington; had a word or two with my friends, and we commended each other to God in prayer. I came on in haste and sickening heat to Mr. Manly's traveller's rest, arriving about twelve o'clock. The fever has re-appeared in Philadelphia. I hear great times have been known in Dover—above one hundred and fifty souls have felt the operations of divine grace, at the annual meeting upon the day of Pentecost; and great times also at the Milford quarterly meeting.

I thought to have remained with my friend Manly, and take a short breathing spell; other friends wished to have me in the city, and came to bring me in, but I thought there to be no stay until Sabbath morning.

On Sunday morning, according to appointment, I preached for the first time, in the college church (or Academy;) my subject was Exod. xx. 24.: after sermon we had sacrament: we had seriousness and attention. In the afternoon I preached at St. George's; a great came up, and few attended. In the evening I rode out to Mr. Manly's.

Monday, August 2. I took a serious leave, with fears for the health of the city, and a mind impressed with concern for the church. We were overtaken by rain before we reached Chester. After dinner with Mrs. Withy, I desired Mr. Manly, who had very kindly come with me thus far, to return. I proceeded on to Wilmington through the rain, and lodged with Allen M'Lane.

MARYLAND.—Tuesday 3. I resumed my journey south, came as far as Isaac Hersey's, dined with him, went on to brother George's, baited awhile, moved forward again, and brought up for the night with brother Howell, in Charlestown.

Wednesday 4. I crossed the Susquehannah, dined with Mr. Smith, and reached Perry-Hall in the evening. Here my creature-consolation was in part gone—Mr. and Mrs. Gough were absent at Bath. Nevertheless, Mrs. Carroll was here, and not less attentive than her mother. Last year my soul travailed for her health, and soul's salvation; she is brought to the experimental knowledge of God, and I rejoice over her.

I have one day I can call my own. I write, I read, I think, and refit for the mountains. My mind is in great peace, and has so been kept in all my labours; and my trials, which come from almost every point of the compass, shall be as various winds to waft me to the haven of rest.

Saturday 7. I came to Baltimore through excessive warmth, and lodged with Emanuel Kent. The wife of our brother Samuel Coates had a daughter born to her, whom I baptized, naming her Sophia.

Sabbath 8. I preached in Light-street chapel on Rev. ii. 1—5. As the weather was changeable, I had another appointment in the house; my subject was Philippians ii. 14, 15. "Do all things without murmurings or disputings: that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke." First, It was observed how Christians are brought into the relation of "sons of God." Second, The duties and privileges of that relation. Third, The purity and sincerity the subjects of this relation are called to experience. Fourth, That "murmurings" either towards God, or good or bad men, ought to be avoided; and perverse "disputings" cautiously guarded against; and in all duties, sufferings, and discipline, true Christian meekness and forbearance, should be manifested.

After a thunder gust, the evening cleared away, and became serene. I preached at the Hammond's Hill meeting-house at five o'clock, to multitudes of people from Isai. lv. 6, 7. And thus ended the duties of the day.

Monday 9. I rode to Robert Carnan's. Still intense heat! Next day I breakfasted at Charles Carnan's in company with Nelson Reed and wife, Joshua Wells, and James M'Cannon; the evening found me at Henry Willis's, Pipe Creek.

On Wednesday I made an improvement on Deut. x. 12. We only had what people could receive notice in the morning. One woman professed to find pardon and peace, and came forward to baptism, presenting her child also.

Thursday 12. I visited Alexander Warfield's family; and next day came on to James Higgins's, and preached there from 1 Tim. ii. 1—4. On Saturday morning I rode over to see Edward Owings's family, and was comforted in finding one of his children, Miranda Evans, professing to have found redemption; may this be a solid work, and an earnest for the whole family! In the evening I went up to Stephen Shelmerdine's. My mind hath been blessed with great consolation. I rejoiced to find the work of God spreading and growing in Frederick circuit, under the ministry of Curtis Williams and Fielding Parker.

Sabbath 15. At Frederick Town I once more spoke; my subject was 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. Here then, at last, after more than thirty years labour, we have a house of worship, and thirty souls, or upwards, in fellowship. In speaking this morning, I had some assistance, and I laboured. Some thoughts passed in my mind of going to the court-house steps at five o'clock; but I changed my mind, as there were three preachers in town, to wit, our brothers Williams, Higgins, and Mathews. I assigned them the duty, in the hope that their superior zeal and faith may be the means of converting some souls to God at the close of the Sabbath.

Monday 16. We held evening meeting at Samuel Philips's: I spoke from Philippians iv. 6. Sister Philips is gone: she was a daughter of affliction for many years, and died in peace about seven weeks ago: I thought when I saw her last I should see her no more in time. N. Snethen preached her funeral sermon: the text she herself had chosen.

On Tuesday we came through heat, and over hills, to Shepperd's Town, Virginia. I found Thomas Boydstone, and Benjamin Boydstone and his wife on the road to glory. After thirty years bonesional preaching in this place, we have a small society; and by the purchase of an old academy, a chapel—with two chambers in it.

Virginia.—Wednesday 18. I preached on Ephes. ii. 12. Daniel Hitt, and Edward Matthews held meeting yesterday evening and this evening. I have formed a plan to get next fall by the way of Chillicothe to Limestone; and so meet the western yearly conference, should it be held in Kentucky.

Thursday 19. At Charlestown I preached from 2 Cor. vi. 1; some souls felt the energy of the word. We dined at brother Eagleson's, and rode on to John Davenport's to lodge.

Friday 20. We called at John Millburn's. Next day, at Millburn's meeting-house, I spoke upon Hebr. x. 35, 36. We lodged at William Tyler's. On Sunday, in the meeting-house at Winchester, at eleven o'clock, I preached from Titus ii. 13, 14. We had the sacrament. Many felt, and gave glory to God. In the afternoon, under the shady trees, westward of the town, sat a few attended—rulers, and people; I read two letters, and preached from Psalms lvi. 10. Mr. O'Kelly having been taken ill in town, I sent two of our brethren, Reed and Walls, to see him, by whom I signified to him, that if he wished to see me, I would wait on him; he desired a visit, which I made him on Monday, August 23. We met in peace, asked of each other's welfare, talked of persons and things indifferently, prayed, and parted in peace. Not a word was said of the troubles of former times:—perhaps this is the last interview we shall have upon earth. At Elijah Phelps's we rested on Monday, and part of Tuesday. I have heard of the flight of thousands from the city of Philadelphia; and that all the churches, save the Episcopalian, the Quaker, and the Methodist, are shut up. George Roberts still continues in the city. O my God, keep him and his family alive in the day of pestilence!

Tuesday 24. At Stephensburg, at four o'clock, we held a meeting; my text was 1 John iii. 1—3.

Wednesday 25. Was a most remarkable day of heat; I walked to rest. *Sleep and appetite failed me.* Edward Matthews was intended for my companion to the Holston district; but one of the preachers had been sick, and the other was removed; and Frederick and Berkley circuits had been neglected at a time of the greatest prospect of good. We had a comfortable ride to Woodstock, twenty miles: there was a gentle rain, and the weather was pleasant. My mind is firmly stayed upon God—my guide in life and death. On Friday we rode thirty-three miles to brother

J. Hampton's; some rain fell on our way, but after we were housed, there came on an awful storm of wind, thunder, lightning and rain.

Saturday 28, Sunday 29, and Monday 30. At Rocktown. On Saturday I spoke in our house on 1 Pet. ii. 12. On Sunday, through the progress of the love-feast, there was great shaking, and shouting, and weeping, and praying: it was thought best not to stop these exercises by the more regular labour of preaching, as most of the persons present were engaged either as subjects or instruments. We accepted the offer of the Presbyterian house, a good shade not being near, and the ground damp, in which I spoke on Zeph. iii. 16, 17: there was great attention, and some tenderness.

Tuesday 31. The brethren having wish to continue the meeting another day, I preached on Gen. xxxii. 26, 27. By way of introduction, I made some observations on the peculiar and extraordinary features in the life and character of the patriarch—the blessings of a temporal nature so abundantly bestowed; and the spiritual blessings, rich, divine, and eternal, so freely given by the God-man Christ Jesus, with whom he wrestled and prevailed. Jacob is asked his name—he tells it; when he was justified his name and his nature were changed; his privileges were increased, and his power enlarged with God and man: he had power with man to stand against their temptations and to do them good—power with God to ask blessings for others, and to receive answers to prayer. It was thought, that in this three-days meeting, forty or fifty souls were converted or reclaimed, and quickened.

In the afternoon I rode to brother Young's, in Augusta; I was very unwell with a fever and headache, and had a restless night of it.

At brother Young's, on Monday, I spoke on Acts xiii. [illegible]; meeting began at three o'clock, and continued until seven o'clock; there was great praying and shouting. Sister Jones rose up and gave an exhortation; she spoke as if she were going home to glory—I [illegible]: the recollection of sister Jones and sister Taylor, those female, [illegible], and [illegible] martyrs for Jesus: one of them, I trust, has long been in glory; the other, I believe, is only waiting for her call to eternal rest. I found it was time for me to be off—preaching for four or five days together was enough: I felt weak in my breast.

Wednesday, September 1. We lodged at David M'Hare's; and next day came over the hills, crossing the branches of the Shenandark, to Brownsburg: night coming upon us, we turned aside to lodge at Andrew Weir's, and were kindly and comfortably entertained.

On Friday we passed through Lexington, and being so near, I was willing to gratify my curiosity by a view of the Natural Bridge. I walked down the hill to look at the arch thrown, in a regular ellipsis, about one hundred and sixty feet above a stream, which, in the rainy season, foams and roars beneath; the breadth of the bridge may be sixty feet, and the distance one hundred and sixty feet across. On one side of the road, at the south-east end, large trees are growing. Should I live two years longer I may preach under the arch. We dined at Mr. Huston's, and were honoured as men of the ministry.

Hearing that the circuit preacher was at Morris's, we turned aside and came up—purgatory. On Saturday we crossed James-River at Pattonsburg, dined at Mr. Lockhart's upon Back-Creek, and came on to Fincastle.

Sabbath-day 5. I preached upon Matt. xxv. 34—37. My meaning upon the text was, First, To show the blessedness of the people of God, as subjects of the kingdom of grace and glory. Secondly, The evidences of their being *blessed* to others, in *feeding* the hungry, clothing the naked, in a hospitable reception of the stranger, visiting prisoners and the sick; doing good to their souls as well as their bodies; and when the subjects of this love, and mercy, and benevolence, are pious, persecuted saints; the children of God would not hesitate to take them into their houses, or visit them in their distress, although this labour of love might subject themselves to persecution and death. It was observed, that it was not national fellow-feeling, the hospitality of politeness, nor family attachments; no, nor yet the more pure, though too partial affection which one religious society may feel for another, which may be the motive—it is because they are the suffering members of their common Lord—"Ye have done it unto me." The meeting continued four hours, and there was a moving among the people. I lodged at Edward Mitchell's. I drew a plan of a house forty feet long, thirty feet wide, and two stories high, of brick—to be built in Fincastle; two-thirds of the money must be collected before we begin. This, like many more of my good designs, may come to nought.

Monday 6. We rode to Van Lear's, upon Roanoke, thirty-six miles, and next day crossed New-River at Pepper's ferry; weary.

yet waiting and not past in close communion with God. We have good news from other districts—the work of God reviving in all the circuits.

The season is dry; the streams are consequently—but there is great plenty: Oh! good Providence—Oh! ungrateful people.

Wednesday 8. I preached at Page's meeting-house upon Ephes. ii. 10. After dinner at Edward Morgan's, I went on to brother Moorhead's: this family fed the Lord's prophets in Rockingham, and the door is still open in the west.

Thursday 9. We came along to Christiansburg, and fed, and then hasted through the town and housed for the night at Cattore's: the father was a native of Germany—a gracious soul; and his children will come into the fold of Christ.

Friday 10. We came to Charles Hardy's, upon Holston. I found the people praising God. A blessed revival had taken place. Fourteen or fifteen times have I toiled over the mighty mountains, and nearly twenty years have we laboured upon Holston; and lo! the rage of wild and Christian savages is tamed, and God hath glorified himself.

Saturday 11. I rode to the Salt Works—perhaps for the last time. Alas! there is little salt here, and when sister Russell is gone, will there be any left? But, a few miles from the works, up the middle ridge, they have built a meeting-house; and there is a revival of religion.

I make my calculation upon four thousand nine hundred miles, from July 30, 1801, to September 12, 1802. If a living man and a Christian might dare to complain ———.

Sabbath day 12. Sweet peace fills my mind; and glorious prospects of Zion's prosperity cheer my heart: we have not, shall not labour in vain. Not unto us, not unto us; but to Jehovah be all the glory on earth, and in heaven for ever!

Tennessee.—Monday 13. I rode alone to Edward Coxe's, near Shoat's ford, upon Holston.

On Tuesday and Wednesday we rested; and on Thursday we rode to Cable's, near Jonesborough, Tennessee.

Friday 16. I attended a camp-meeting which continued to be held four days: there may have been fifteen hundred souls present. I read an account of the work at the Dover yearly meeting; and of the work of God generally: my text I found in Haggai ii. 4, 5. We had a shaking, and some souls felt convicting and converting grace. The heat, the restless nights, the water, or it may be, all these continued with me [illegible]. I [illegible] at the fording place of [illegible], [illegible] who very kindly rode over with me, and held my hand. [illegible] was before me, I came safe over, and stopped with [illegible], making ninety miles this week. I take [illegible] medicine. I now feel quite resigned to end my days here; thereby, I shall avoid great labours and trials for the coming year.

Sunday 19. The house at Ebenezer would not hold the people: so, from my stand in the woods, I spoke from Genesis xviii. 22—29. I was very unwell, but I held out longer than I expected; I also felt that the word was given me, and applied to the hearts of the people.

Monday 20. I was weak and very unwell. We rode down to Greene, where I took a little breakfast. It was extraordinary, that a man who was quite a stranger to me appeared very uneasy when he found that we had paid the landlady, it being his wish to bear the expense, and have our money returned to us—his name is Carr. The day was excessively warm. We came on to Little Nolachuckie, and lodged at Edward Warren's. I had little rest by night or day.

Tuesday 21. At Bethel I spoke on Ephesians iv. 1—3. We had a close, sultry day, a small house, and a crowded congregation; an open time, and the triumph of truth.

Wednesday 22. We rode to M'Cleary's, upon French-Broad, below the mouth of Nolachuckie—between forty and fifty miles.

Thursday 23. We dined at Francis Ramsey's, and lodged at Knoxville with my old friend Mr. Greer.

Friday 24. I rode to the Grassy Valley, and next day preached at the quarterly meeting at Muddy Creek, Roan county; my subject was Col. i. 9, 10. On the Sabbath day we had sacrament and love-feast in the woods. At eleven o'clock I spoke upon John iii. 16. I was unwell; and the congregation were, to appearance, cold and not in the spirit of prayer as I could have wished. I dined with Mr. Ramsey, a Presbyterian minister, at his own house on Friday; and he with me to-day at my lodgings: we had quite a Christian interview.

Monday 27. We made towards West-Point, and lodged at Mr. Clark's for the night: in the morning we started in good spirits. We were somewhat shaken in going the old path down Spencer's hill: I walked, fearing every moment a fall for myself or my horse: it was a very noxious evening to me. It was late when we arrived at [illegible], and I imprudently lay too far from our encampment fire, and took a cold, which fixed upon my throat. Late the following evening we came into [illegible]'s, where we lay upon the floor. I was [illegible].

Thursday 29. We called at Prim's, and continued on to Doctor Tooley's. My throat worse and worse—I was unable to swallow. Next day we stopped awhile at Blackmar's, and proceeded on to James Douglass's. I had an awful night.

Saturday, October 2. We rode forward to Station Camp, and found the conference seated. By this time my stomach and speech were pretty well gone. I applied to Mr. William Hodge, and to Mr. William M'Gee, Presbyterian ministers, to supply my lack of public service, which they did with great fervency and fidelity; with great pleasure, and in great pain, I heard them both. I was able to ordain, by employing brother M'Kendree to examine those who were presented, and to station the preachers—I hope for the glory of God, the benefit of the people, and the advantage of the preachers. The conference adjourned on Tuesday.

Wednesday 6. I rested. After eight days' suffering of severely acute pain, the inflammation descended to my feet.

Friday 8. I rested at Shaw's, and bled for the third time, and applied bandages and sugar of lead to my feet.

At Doctor Tooley's I was attacked in the knee with a most torturing pain, attended with a swelling; the use of both my feet I had almost entirely lost before. On Saturday we rode fifteen miles to Prim's. I stopped to rest at Mr. Walton's, at the forks of Cumberland River; here I was treated with great attention and kindness. At Prim's brother M'Kendree preached; I also spoke—my subject was Hebr. iii. 7, 8.; some wept, and all were attentive. John Watson followed with a warm exhortation.

Monday 11. We took our departure at five o'clock, and rode to Shaw's, where we got corn in the ear at a dollar per bushel. We continued on until half past six o'clock, then stopped, struck a fire, and encamped under a heavy mountain dew, which, when the wind shook the trees, fell like rain upon us. Brother M'Kendree made me a tent of his own and John Watson's blankets, and happily saved me from taking cold whilst I slept about two hours under my grand marquee. Brother M'Kendree threw his cloak over the limb of a tree; and he and his companion took shelter underneath, and slept also. I will not be rash; I dare not be rash in my prosecutions against my country; but I think I will never more brave the wilderness without a tent.

On Tuesday, after riding fifty miles, a part of ninety-three miles in two days, we came about eight o'clock to Wash-Point. An accident, extraordinary in the manner, and desperate in the effect, happened to me. At a rocky run, in attempting to dismount, my horse gave a sudden turn, and swung me against the rocks in the stream—the rude shock to my tender feet made me roar bitterly. My horse was low before, tender-footed, and tired—the hills were steep and rugged, and I was sore by riding—these circumstances combined caused so much pain, that when we came on Wednesday to the Grassy Valley, I cast anchor, with a determination to give up Georgia, and go by a straight line to Camden conference, to be held *January* 1, 1803.

I sent word to James Douthat to explain to the elders of Georgia and South Carolina my situation. I also despatched John Watson to meet brother Snethen, and give him my plan to fulfil the appointments in Georgia—but behold, brother Snethen had had a fall from his horse, and was left lame upon the road! I have been sick for twenty-three days;—Ah! the tale of wo I might relate. My dear M'Kendree had to lift me up and down from my horse, like a helpless child. For my sickness and sufferings I conceive I am indebted to sleeping uncovered in the wilderness. I passed so quickly along that many people scarcely more than beheld me with their eyes; yet these were witness to my groans; and sometimes dumb, *I opened not my mouth.* I could not have slept but for the aid of laudanum; meantime, my spirits and patience were wonderfully preserved in general, although I was sometimes hardly restrained from crying, "Lord, let me die!"—for death had no terrors, and I could not but reflect upon my escape from the toil and sufferings of another year. I had no sad forebodings of the ills which might befall the church—it is the Lord's, not mine; nor was I anxious about father or mother—they, I trust are in the paradise of God; nor did I say to myself, what will become of wife and children; these I have not. But what am I to learn from these ills and aches—"these are counsellors that feelingly persuade me what I am." I am no longer young—I cannot go out as at other times: I must take the advice of *friends* who say, *spare thyself.* I have rode about five thousand five hundred miles; and in the midst of all I am comforted with the prospects of the western conference; we have added three thousand members this year; have formed Cumberland into a district, and have sent a missionary to the Natchez.

Sunday 24. For three days past I have been at John Winton's. By the aid of a chair on which to kneel, I preached at the meeting: my subject was Joshua xxiv. 15.

Monday 25. I rode through Knoxville, and came to Francis Ramsey's, and by losing ourselves, we increased the distance to thirty-two miles. Next day we gained Justus Huffacre's. I was happy to hear that my lame brother Snethen had gone limping on to attend my appointments in Georgia.

Saturday 30. We have been at our friend Huffacres, since Tuesday last.

Sunday 31. At Rehoboth upon French Broad, William M'Kendree stood up to speak upon "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." My text was 2 Tim. iii. 10—12. I ordained Justus Huffacre and James Sullivan deacons. Rain having fallen abundantly, the people had their difficulties in getting home from the meeting.

Monday, November 1. The snow being in the mountains, and the wind at west, we had a cold ride to Little Pigeon, Sevier county. At Mitchell Porter's, I spoke to a full house, on 1 Peter v. 10. William M'Kendree followed upon "Godliness is profitable," &c.

Tuesday 2. We rode through New-Port, the capital of Cock county, forded French-Broad at Shine's ferry, and came, cold, and without food for man or beast, to John Ohaven's—but Oh, the kindness of our open-hearted, open-handed friends.

Wednesday 3. We laboured over the Ridge and the Paint mountain: I held on awhile, but grew afraid and dismounted, and with the help of a pine sapling, worked my way down the steepest and roughest part. I could bless God for life and limbs. Eighteen miles this day contented us; and we stopped at William Nelson's, Warm Springs. About thirty travellers having dropped in; I expounded the Scriptures to them, as found in the third chapter of Romans, as equally applicable to nominal Christians, Indians, Jews, and Gentiles.

Thursday 4. We came off about the rising of the sun—cold enough. There were six or seven heights to pass over, at the rate of five, two, or one mile an hour—as the ascent or descent would permit: four hours brought us at the end of twelve miles to dinner, at Barnett's station; whence we pushed on to John Foster's, and after making twenty miles more, came in about the going down of the sun. On Friday and Saturday we visited from house to house.

Sunday 7. We had preaching at Killian's. William M'Kendree went forward, upon "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God:" my subject was Heb. iii. 12, 13. On Monday I parted from dear William M'Kendree. I made for Mr. Fletcher's, upon Mud-Creek: he received me with great attention, and the kind offer of every thing in the house necessary for the comfort of man and beast. We could not be prevailed on to tarry for the night, so we set off after dinner, and he accompanied us several miles. We housed for the night at the widow Johnson's. I was happy to find that in the space of two years, God had manifested his goodness and his power in the hearts of many upon the solitary banks and isolated glades of French Broad: some subjects of grace there were before, amongst Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists. On Tuesday I dined at Benjamin Davidson's, a house I had lodged and preached at two years ago. We laboured along eighteen mountain miles—eight ascent, on the west side, and as many on the east side of the mountain. The descent of Saluda exceeds all I know, from the Province of Maine, to Kentucky and Cumberland: I had dreaded it, fearing I should not be able to walk or ride such steeps; nevertheless, with time, patience, labour, two sticks, and above all, a good Providence, I came in about five o'clock, to ancient father John Douthat's, Greenville county, South Carolina. Here I found myself at home, amongst kind and attentive friends. On the Sabbath day I preached at my lodgings, upon Joshua xxiv. 15. Surely the people about here are not the worst in the settlement; and they will mend, and attend the ministration of the word better in future. I have heard of successful meetings which have been held by encampments upon the Catawba, at Morgantown, Swannino, Pendleton, Greenville—in North and South Carolina: ministers of the different denominations had attended: more circumstantial accounts I have not yet been able to obtain. Mr. Newton, a Presbyterian minister, in Buncombe county, appears to be greatly engaged in the spirit of the work. Since my being in this house, for five or six days past, I have been afflicted with painful flatulencies. Sit still I could not—to read and write I was unable—but I could wind, reel, and pluck out cotton, and thus I employed my fingers. I have now nearly completed the sixth thousand miles since the last of July of the last year.—Great and fiery trials—great succeeding consolations. I would here record, that James Lowry, an agreeable, pious youth, rode with me for the last seventy miles. I feel truly grateful to him and to his family:—may the same measure of kindness be always meted to him and his, and to all such affectionate young men, and feeling, attentive people!

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Tuesday 16. After resting a day, I lectured in the family, upon Luke xi. 13. and on Wednesday left this affectionate househould, directing my course to Solomon James's, in the neighbourhood of George's Creek, Pendleton county. I preached the funeral sermon of Polly James, the daughter of my host. Here I met with Major James Terrant, a local preacher, riding the circuit. We went on to Samuel Burdine's and lodged. I had vainly questioned in my mind the probable cause of the name of ninety-six—it was this, it seems: During an Indian war, in which there was an expedition against the Keowee towns, it was found by measurement that it was ninety-six miles from that spot to twelve-mile Creek.

Thursday 18. I rested and wrote.

Friday 19. I preached at Samuel Burdine's, on Hebr. vi. 12. and pretty fully explained the doctrine of Christian baptism, and Christian perfection.

Saturday 20. I gave a sermon at John Wilson's, in which I treated largely on the right of persons who were awakened to receive baptism; and also upon the claim of infants to this holy rite of the church.

Sunday 21. At Salem upon the Saluda, I preached upon Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. In the *first* general head of my discourse, it was considered *who* were to be taught—all, of all nations. *What* these were to be taught—to experience, to do and to suffer. In the second, *Who* were to be baptised—Men, women, children, and infants. The form of the rite—*in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost*:—the reasons why, it might be presumed, this form of words was given—because in this solemn exposition of the eternal Trinity in eternal unity, is shown the relations which the Godhead in the three persons bear to our creation, redemption and spiritual baptism, of which the rite is only the outward and visible sign. The claim of children, it was stated, arose out of the general love and benevolence of God, and the general and universal influences of the Spirit. Baptism, it was observed, was taken from the apostles, and practised in all the primitive, and in all the first reformed churches throughout the world. Under the third head I tried to explain the nature and the importance of the precious promise, "Lo I am with you always, even to the end of the world." I went home with James Turrent, a local preacher; my friend has, for two quarters, filled a travelling preacher's place, and a very acceptable servant he has proved to be.

Monday 21. I rode to Thomas Terry's, upon the forks of Reedy River.

Tuesday 22. My mind is occupied in reading, writing, and exercises in prayer, in which I have intimate communion with God. I now feel as if it were my duty to preach more particularly on the subjects of sanctification and baptism.

I have nearly finished my six thousand miles—to God be all the glory! But Ah! what small fruit of my labour, since August, 1801. How little do I speak of God and to precious souls. God be merciful to me a sinner!

Wednesday 22. At Thomas Terry's I gave an exhortation in the evening on 1 Cor. xv. 58. Next day I went to Nathan Bramblet's. I called to see Mrs. Price, oldest daughter of my once dear old friend, Alexander Leith, formerly of Baltimore. I feel much for these dear children, for whom I have been praying, some twenty, and others thirty years: I think the time long until they are converted. I was made as welcome by the children, I doubt not, as the parents would have made me had they been living and present. In the evening I returned to Mr. M'Kie's.

Sunday 27. At Bramblet's chapel I spoke on Acts ii. 37—39.

Monday 28. We had a cold, hungry ride of thirty miles to Henry Culver Davis's, a native of Maryland; and now of Newbury District, South Carolina. The first society we formed at this place declined, and so many removed, few were left; this year they repaired the meeting house; and the Lord poured out his Spirit, and nearly one hundred have been added. I found the labours of L. Myers and B. Wheeler had been greatly blest in Broad River circuit, South Carolina

On Tuesday we had a gracious rain, and cool weather followed. On Wednesday I preached at Odell's meeting-house on 2 Cor. xiii. 9. I rode home with Benjamin Herndon. On Thursday, at Bethel, I heard Lewis Myers preach on John xvii. 15.

December, Friday 3. I rested, and read, and wrote. I find that excessive riding, in some degree, incapacitates me for the duty of preaching. At Edward Finch's, George Douthat and myself were engaged to put Mount Bethel School in operation: I advised to finish the house for teaching below, and lodging above.

Sunday 5. At Bethel I spoke on Hebr. vi. 1, 2. On Monday I rested, and on Tuesday passed the day with George Clark, and preached there on 2 Tim. ii. 10—12.

Wednesday 8. We had the first snow. I was very unwell with a total privation of appetite, accompanied with a high fever.

Thursday 9. I crossed Tyger River, and came to Major Bird Beauforde's. I improved upon 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. I rode down to Nathan Glenn's, at Broad River: we had a severe season of cold weather, which occasioned very uncomfortable feelings.

Sunday 12. I was called upon by recommendation to ordain Stephen Shell, John Wallis, and David Owen, to the office of deacons. There were seven of us present who minister in holy things. My subject was 2 Tim. iv. 1, 2. "I charge thee therefore, before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom, preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." It was observed of St. Paul, that before finishing his course, he had adopted Timothy, ordained him and left this charge, a dying charge given by a dying, martyred apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ; and left on record for all who ordain, and all who shall be ordained to the ministry to the end of the world: a charge given as in the immediate presence of God, whose attributes and perfections are great and glorious; "and the Lord Jesus Christ," in his divine character; and in his important offices and relations to mankind; ministers being his servants, the people his flock, and the word his own eternal word of truth and salvation; who is now, and shall be hereafter, the Judge of all our actions. "Preach the word"—the word of repentance, of faith, of justification, of regeneration, and of sanctification. "Reprove;" there are special uses to be made of the word to convince sinners of all degrees, classes, characters, and modes of faith. "Rebuke," rebuke backsliders; rebuke errors in practice, and negligence in duty. "Exhort," exhort souls rebuked and convinced, to seek the restoring, persevering grace of God. It was shown how ministers should time their labours, regulating them as favourable or unfavourable seasons would seem to require; and the necessity of preserving the faith and meekness which might enable them to labour "with all long suffering and doctrine."

Monday 13. We crossed Broad River at James Glenn's ford; we called upon the aged people, prayed, and came to Benjamin Howell's, Chester District.

Tuesday 14. I preached at Robert Walker's upon Phil. ii. 12, 13. I inverted the order of the text.—

I. It is God who worketh in the hearts of sinners, seekers, and believers, "to will and to do of his own good pleasure," which is their personal, present, future, and eternal salvation. See Ezek. xxxiii. 2. Luke xii. 32. Hebr. x. 39.

II. That all who desire this salvation should be active in penitence, faith, and regeneration; using every means of grace, and performing every duty connected with holiness here, and preparatory to heaven hereafter.

Wednesday 15. We rode until evening, and lodged at Mr. Washington's, near the Wateree Creek, which gives the name to the river.

Thursday 16. Crossed at Chesnut's ferry, and came into Camden. It is but a trifle to ride in this country thirty miles without food for man or beast.

On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, we had excessively cold weather, and sleet and snow. We held our meeting in Isaac Smith's house, and I preached twice.

Monday 20. I rode down to James Rembert's upon the head of Black River: I came here that I might enjoy a little solitude, and find time to answer my northern letters. Until Friday evening I was pretty well occupied in writing.

Saturday 25. Christmas day. I preached at Rembert's chapel, and on Sunday James Patterson spoke on "Enoch walked with God." There is a great change in this settlement; many attend with seriousness and tears. Whenever our preachers gain the confidence of the lowland planters, (if indeed that time shall ever be) so that the masters will give us all the liberty we ought to have, there will be thousands of the poor slaves converted to God. The patient must be personally visited by the physician before advice and medicine will be proper; and so it is, and must ever be, with the sin-sick soul, and the spiritual physician. Letters from the north announce very pleasing intelligence of a great work of God in Maryland, and in parts of Virginia.

Tuesday 28. Yesterday and to-day I have been busy writing letters. My general experience is close communion with God;

holy fellowship with the Father and his *Son* Jesus Christ, a will resigned, frequent addresses to a throne of grace, a constant, serious care for the prosperity of Zion; forethought in the arrangements and appointments of the preachers, a soul drawn out in ardent prayer for the universal church, and the complete triumph of Christ over the whole earth. Amen, Amen, so be it! I have finished many letters, and adjusted some plans. For my amusement and edification, I was curious to read the first volume of my journals. I compared my former with my latter self. It was little I could do thirty years ago; and I do less now.

Thursday 30. Rode to Camden. On Friday I read in public some letters narrative of the work of God.

Thursday, January 6, 1803. I wrote three large letters to the north, and put myself in order for travelling. From Saturday until Wednesday the time was spent in conference, and in public exercises: we had preaching every noon and evening; seven elders and four deacons were ordained. Of preachers, two were admitted; one had located, none were dead, and none were expelled. We had great peace and union in our labours, two days of which were directed to the explanation and recommendation of discipline, as it respects the order of the church. We have added, in this conference, three thousand three hundred and seventy-one to our number.

Friday 7. A cold day. We came to Mr. Evans's, on Congaree, thirty miles.

Saturday 8. We crossed Congaree at Howell's ferry—almost abandoned. The flat was so small, that our horses, had they not been quiet, might have endangered us. It was well we chose this ferry, for we should have had a more round-about road, and more swamp. We reached John Whetstone's at the end of thirty-three miles, in good time, and were most kindly and comfortably entertained. At the meeting-house on the Sabbath day N. Snethen spoke on 1 Thess. v. 9, 10.; my subject was 2 Cor. xiii. 5. J. Smith exhorted, George Dougherty prayed, and so we concluded. The cold weather prevented many, yet the house was full, and on the sunny side, without, there were numbers.

Monday 9. We rode twelve miles to Dantzler's. I have been greatly supported under long rides, (by my computation making six thousand miles,) and cold, and wet, and sufferings, and privations. My soul is devoted to God. As there are many who preach upon the first principles of the oracles of the Gospel of

Christ, I feel it my duty to speak chiefly upon perfection—and above all, to strive to attain unto that which I preach. On Tuesday I spoke at the white meeting house on 2 Cor. vii. 1. We lodged at Mr. Winningham's. Next day N. Snethen preached at Cattle Creek. We lodged at Mr. Simpson's. On Thursday, at the Indian Fields, I spoke on 1 John iv. 16, 17. We lodged at Moore's; glory to God for a natural and spiritual birth in this family since my last visit! On Friday at the Cypress I only exhorted. Sister Hare is dying of a cancer; but she appears to rejoice exceedingly in God, day and night. On Saturday we rode into Charleston. On the Sabbath day I preached on Romans v. 20. I was blest in the administration of the word and ordinances. I live in the victory of the grace of God in purity of mind and uprightness of intention.

Tuesday 18, and Wednesday 19, were days made glorious by the visits of the poor Africans who came to visit me: we frequently prayed together.

Thursday 20. We came to Hadwells-Point; dined at Mr. Pritchard's, rode up to Wappetaw, and lodged at Mr. Jones's, where we were well entertained. Next day, it being very stormy and cold, we were compelled to stop at Santee lower ferry.

Saturday 22. We came to Georgetown—still cold. At the ferry we could scarcely get firewood to keep us warm: we had bad bedding; and I suffered in my body, but my mind was at peace.

Sabbath day 23. I preached at Georgetown, from 1 Tim. iv. 10. N. Snethen preached in the afternoon, and Jesse Mellard in the evening. I visited Miss Dick—ah! how changed every way: had I not expected to see her, I could not have known her: I administered the sacrament in her room.

Monday 24. At Black-River chapel I spoke on Matt. vi. 31, 32, 33. We crossed the river at Evans's ferry, and lodged at the widow M'Gintry's. Next day I preached at Jenkins's chapel, and after meeting rode up to Port's ferry. We lodged at Thomas Humphreys's.

Wednesday 26. I preached at the Bare-Ponds upon Hebr. viii. 10, 11. We dined at Mr. Shackleford's, and thence rode on to Gaspare Sweet's.

Thursday 27. N. Snethen preached at Rowell's meeting house: I added a few words on St. Paul's triumphant words in 2 Tim. iv. 7. We lodged at the widow Davis's, a daughter of Mr. Dunham, at whose house I had lodged some years back. I have lived to serve three generations in South Carolina.

Friday 28. At Wood's meeting-house N. Snethen preached: I only glanced a little upon 2 Cor. iv. 2. We lodged at old Mr. Wood's, Marion district.

Saturday 29. We rode to George Sheck's, Marlborough district, upon Great Pee-Dee. I have rode two hundred and sixty miles towards the seventh thousand. My mind hath been very calm; but we have had it so severely cold, and the meeting-houses are so open between this and Charleston, that I fear the congregations have profited little by the word.

Sabbath 30. At Harris's chapel, at the head of Catfish, I preached upon Ephes. ii. 8. We lodged with Captain Nevell; he and his wife appear to be seeking the Lord.

Monday 31. We rode a muddy path to Gibson's chapel—poor chapels—open as a sieve, and the weather very cold. N. Snethen preached upon Phil. iv. 6. I only added a few pointed, cutting shot in exhortation. I came off with a very slim breakfast, and then after meeting had to ride on to (north) Britain, Drake's, Robinson county, North Carolina. Here is a settlement of Scotch, originally: it began in the year 1771; since which time the descendants of these emigrants are chiefly in Cumberland, Richmond, and some in Anson, Robinson, and Bladen counties; and some are over the line south: there is a work of God amongst them, and some living young [illegible] have been raised up. Perhaps the rebellion of 45 [illegible] people averse to all opposition to the powers that [illegible] tories during the American revolution only because they remembered their former failures and sufferings, and those of their fathers. The open dwellings, only calculated for warm weather, occasion the people of [illegible] Carolina to suffer more, in cold spells, than those of [illegible] let those who doubt this make the trial for [illegible] I have felt great lowness of spirits, but a holy resignation [illegible] cold, hunger, thirst, labour, and temptations.

North Carolina.—Tuesday, February 1. I preached upon the glorious subject of Christian perfection: my text I found in Hebr. vi. 1. Next day, (Wednesday,) we had a rainy ride of fifteen miles to Lumberton, which I had not visited for some years.—I was grieved at its desolation and wickedness: there are now, I suppose, about twenty families, and a hundred buildings; an academy, which serves also as a church; a very good prison, and a court-house, it being the county town of Robinson. Its prosperity is much owing to the navigation of Drowning-Creek, down which lumber and other articles are conveyed to Georgetown, and thence frequently the merchandise is sent to Charleston. N. Snethen preached; I only exhorted: Presbyterian ministers, Brown and M'Nairs, attended; I had a Christian interview with them, and I learned, with pleasure, that their labours had been owned and blessed among the Scotch Presbyterians. We lodged at Robert Hailie's. We have a small society in this town. Drowning-Creek, (so called from the Drowning of some Indians) is the north-east branch of Pee-Dee-River; it rises in Cumberland county, North Carolina, is fed by Ten-Mile and Great-Swamp; passes through Robinson county, flowing about one hundred miles before it mingles with the waters of Pee-Dee; at Ford's bridge Little Pee-Dee unites with Great Pee-Dee, twelve miles below Britton's ferry: the north-west branch of the first-mentioned river flows about the same distance as Drowning-Creek, but its navigation is not so good.

Thursday 3. I preached at Riggins's chapel in a powerful gale of wind: my subject was Acts xi. 23. Daniel Brown gave an energetic exhortation. I ordained William Glover to the office of deacon. After dining at Joseph Riggins's, we went on to Frederick Miller's at Mine-Creek. I was very unwell to-day; I could not eat, yet I was compelled to labour under great mental dejection.

Friday 4. A change for colder weather. We had to ride ten miles to Gray's creek.

It was my day to preach on Saturday; and unwell as I was, I stood up and spoke on 1 Peter iii. 15, to a large congregation of Methodists, Baptists, and people of the world: it was a very cold day. I visited John Newberry, an afflicted man, and his wife, a pious woman.

Sunday 6. We came twelve miles to Fayetteville. It was not known whether we were to preach at our own meeting-house or in the state-house; so we ventured into a Presbyterian meeting-house: it was only free for me, as I had been told by Mr. Flinn, the minister, who had received his authority from the [illegible] eldership; but it was not my day, so James Jenkins and Nicholas Snethen went into the pulpit, and the latter spoke on 2 Cor. vi. [illegible] I came off without saying any thing—well for me, for I had nearly lost my breath in walking to the house. We were kindly and comfortably entertained at Mr. Lumsden's. The rain came on, but we rode on seven miles, and were compelled to ferry ourselves over Cape-Fear River, after being detained nearly half an hour in the rain.

Monday 7. We had about twenty-two miles to make to reach Purdy's chapel. I preached upon Titus ii. 11, 12. We lodged at Samuel Richardson's. I have had a day and night of temptation.

Tuesday 8. We came down the north side of the river to Elizabethtown: N. Snethen preached in the court-house; I was silent. After meeting we rode on fifteen miles to the widow Currie's. Leaving the Brown, next day we came to the White Marsh: I preached at Clark's on 1 Peter v. 10.; and afterward rode to the Lake of Waccamaw, and lodged at William Wilkinson's.

I sometimes smile at the simplicity of our friends—they would love us to death, in company and in labours too: they cannot do too much, it would seem, to express their kindness; and in return we are to be such immortal men as never to be weary, and never to complain. I feel for this circuit, having rode through it: they have need of three preachers at least. At the Lake chapel N. Snethen preached: we concluded with prayer. On Friday we had a long ride to Livingston Creek, crossing several swamps whose waters supply the lake. My subject at Union chapel was 1 Peter v. 8.: the day was cold; but we had a full house, and a feeling season. We lodged at Mr. Browning's. Next day we rode twelve miles to the ferry, crossing in a storm, and landing where we could on the deep marsh, over which my mare struggled with difficulty: at the town (Wilmington) another ferry, and another storm in crossing made our journey for the day unpleasant enough: we arrived however, at our own house in proper time. We found the church ceiled, and the dwelling improved. I met the people of colour, leaders and stewards; we have eight hundred and seventy-eight Africans and a few whites in fellowship. N. Snethen preached on Saturday night; I spoke on Sunday morning upon 1 Peter v. 7.; N. Snethen held forth at eleven o'clock; I preached again at half-past three o'clock on 2 Cor. xiii. 5.; and N. Snethen gave another discourse at night: thus ended the public labours of this day. The Africans hire their time of their masters, labour, and grow wealthy; they have built houses on the church lots. I hope to be able to establish a school for their children.

Monday 14. We were so cold we could hardly stand it. At Walter Nicoll's I preached a little upon [illegible] 11. We then rode on to the widow Campbell's, where we held an evening meeting. Next day we must needs ride home with the widow Spicer, living upon the Stump Sound; through hail and wind we went, and little Jane had a shoe on which clogged and made some difficulty. We have been highly favoured hitherto in attending our appointments, and being attended by congregations.

Wednesday 16. Hard necessity compelled us to rest with the widow and the fatherless: we had a mere storm of wind, and hail, and snow.

Thursday 17. We took a south-west course, through ice, and snow, and frost, and the wind in our faces; and arrived at Lot Ballard's half-past three o'clock; our appointment at the chapel was for twelve o'clock. I conclude I shall have no more appointments between Wilmington and Newbern; there is a description of people we must not preach to; the people of Onslow seem to resemble the ancient Jews—they *please not God, and are contrary to all men.*

Friday 18. *Finding* it was but forty-two miles to Newbern, we concluded to push for it. I rose early, ordained J. Wilder to the office of *deacon*, and started. I had had thoughts of calling at a certain house, but being fearful we had not the time to spare, we stopped and fed on the ground: soon after we met the master of the house, and dropped a hint of our intention of being his guests, had time permitted; he did not say, "Will you," or "Do call at my house"—farewell! farewell! Oh unhappy people of Jones, and Trent, and Onslow! With a little cake and cheese, and some corn for our horses, we came in good spirits to Newbern, about six o'clock. On Saturday I rested; and Nicholas Snethen preached upon, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Sabbath day 20. I preached at seven o'clock upon 2 Peter iii. 11; N. Snethen spoke at eleven o'clock; I held forth at three o'clock on 2 Cor. vi. 2.; we were exceedingly crowded. I am grieved for this society—there are more heads than agree well together—want of harmony and want of discipline are too evident; I felt as if I wanted to see them no more until affairs wore a more pleasing aspect.

We set out on Monday under some apprehensions that the late rains had swelled the rivers; but we found no difficulties, either at Neuse or Tar rivers. N. Snethen preached at Washington, Beaufort county, on 1 Thess. v. 19, 20.; the chapel was crowded. On Tuesday, at eleven o'clock, I spoke on Luke viii. 11—18.

The want of sleep and other things, made me unwell and unpleasant in my feelings. N. Snethen spoke at four o'clock in the evening on Luke xiii. 5.

Wednesday 23. We rode twenty-two miles, to Williamston, Martin county; I had not been at this place since January, [illegible]: I find here now about twenty families, and about forty buildings. My subject at the court-house was Titus; although greatly outdone by fatigue and heat, I had some openings of mind. I was somewhat surprised to see so many called together by twenty-four hours' notice; and I admired the patience of the people, many of whom were obliged to stand in the lobby of the court-house an hour and a half. We want a house of our own. John Watts, a local preacher, still keeps his ground as a minister and a Christian, although the Baptists are very numerous here. On Wednesday we rode through a very warm, weather-breeding day, twenty-two miles, to Tarborough, and came in about half-past two o'clock. Many came to the new church, and were attentive to hear, whilst N. Snethen preached upon 2 Cor. v. 18—20. I had strength to sit still to-day. We dined at Mr. Ryley's, and were kindly invited to lodge at the widow Tool's, the first which was opened to me in Tarborough. There are in this place about thirty-three families; the people have more trade than religion—more wealth than grace. We have about thirty Africans in fellowship; but no whites. I may notice the bridge; it is 640 feet long, and about thirty feet above the water.

Friday 25. It rained and hailed; and through the night snowed heavily, and continued to fall on us after we set out until we came to Prospect Hill: we fed, and went on to Henry Bradford's, twenty-five miles. The snow in places was from eight to twelve inches deep, and as my horse was newly shod, he slipped, and kept me in continual fear. On Saturday I preached at our host's from 2 Peter i. 4.

Sabbath day 27. We came to Halifax. The whites had the Gospel preached to them by N. Snethen, from 2 Cor. [illegible]; I had to speak a little, and then baptise the children. The respectable inhabitants were very attentive; in short, a more decently well-dressed congregation could not be. We dined at D. Fisher's, who treated us in a most courteous and friendly manner. By guess, I should say there were forty families in Halifax. We were impressed, as if by magic, that the river would rise rapidly; so we crossed at four o'clock, and rode twenty miles, to Seth Peeble's, whom we called from his downy bed to take in poor benighted travellers.

Saturday 5. Ended our most amicable conference, which began on Tuesday. We had preaching each day by M'Kain, Hull, Lee, Snethen, and myself on the last day. We ordained the travelling and local deacons upon Friday, and the elders upon Saturday.

Sabbath 6. N. Snethen preached upon 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.; and I followed with an exhortation; and brother Whatcoat after me. Our stand was in the woods—our congregation consisted of about two thousand souls. I was exceedingly pleased with our conference love-feast—with its order, solemnity, and life; the testimonies borne appeared to be all given under the immediate impulse of the Spirit of God both in ministers and members.

Bishop Whatcoat being ill, the burthen of the conference labours fell upon me.

Monday 7. At Concord meeting-house I spoke on 2 Cor. vii. 1. We lodged at Sterling Boykin's. I find the way of *holiness* very narrow to walk in or to preach; and although I do not consider sanctification—Christian *perfection*, common-place subjects, yet I make them the burden, and labour to make them the savour of every sermon. I *feel*—I *fear* for my dear lowland brethren—so much of this world's wealth—so much *fulness* of bread, and idleness, and strong drink.—Lord, help!

Tuesday 8. We rode in the evening to Edward Searcy's. The excessive rains in the morning prevented our attending our appointments, to the sad disappointment of our friends in Murfreesborough—brethren we have not, for we have no society there. Next day we had a race of a ride to Winton, twenty-five miles: brother Snethen preached in the court-house at twelve o'clock. We dined at Mr. Duffy's, and were generously entertained. Gates court-house, twenty miles further, brought us up for the night.

Thursday 10. At the court-house N. Snethen insisted upon the one thing needful. I ordained B. Harrell to the deacon's office: he is a man of good report, without slaves.

[illegible] we had two appointments for Friday, I preached at Deacon Harrell's, to many people, on 1 Pet. v. 10. We had a melting, gracious season. Brother Snethen preached at Suffolk. I was surprised to hear that some who had separated from us, should have reported that the new meeting-houses would belong to the bishops, and that they might sell them: these reports were offered by some, not of the connexion, as reasons which prevented their subscribing;

and our brethren have therefore determined to build without the aid of others—what our enemies accuse us of intending to do, they have already done in some cases, and attempted in others—Isle of Wight, Manning's chapel, Wells's chapel, and Major Day, in building the house within a small distance of the Methodist house, furnish sufficient proofs of their principles and their spirit.

Saturday 12. I preached at M'Kee's upon Ephes. v. 25, 26. We rode to Portsmouth, and I crossed over to Norfolk, where I had an interview with the official members, and ordained George Lee Green to the office of deacon.

Sabbath 13. I preached in the new house, (the best in Virginia belonging to our Society) the pulpit is high with a witness—like that awkward thing in Baltimore, calculated for the gallery, and too high for that. My subject was Titus ii. 13, 14. At Portsmouth, in the afternoon, I spoke on 2 Cor. vi. 2. N. Snethen preached at Denby's. We had a good passage over the river at Sleepy-Hole ferry, and came to Benjamin Powell's; the parents had gone to rest, but some of the children were yet up, and took us in. I felt solemn whilst I look upon this young race, who make the third generation whom I have served. I ordained their father to the office of deacon, and I have preached to their grandfathers, Pinner and Powell, who, with the Collins's, were the three first families that opened their houses to the Methodist preachers in this part of the state.

Tuesday 15. At Powell's chapel I preached on Rom. xii. 2. In the afternoon N. Snethen held forth at Murphy's chapel on 1 Cor. xii. 27.; I concluded the meeting by exhortation. There is a revival of religion in this settlement. Next day N. Snethen spoke on 1 Cor. iii. 11—15. I feel myself failing and unwell.

Thursday 17. We rode twenty-five miles to Ellis's chapel. There has been a great mortality in this neighbourhood within the last twenty-six years: only a few of my first female friends are now living. We lodged with the widow of Stephen Andrews.

Friday 18. We rode to Petersburg, encountering a long, [illegible], muddy path, and no food had we, for man or beast, until we came to our friend Joseph Harding's: by erring in our route we made our day's ride thirty-five miles. *If my information be correct*, the [illegible] congregation meeting continued in the woods until nine or ten o'clock on Sunday evening; it held each day *from Saturday until Monday*; and it is believed as many as thirty-five souls professed to find mercy and faith in Christ. By letter from John Pitts, in Fredericksburg, I learn that since he was stationed there in October last, thirty-five have joined the society, which now contains seventy-three members.—Glory, glory be to God!

On Saturday N. Snethen preached in Petersburg on 1 John ii. 15—17. On the Sabbath my subject was 2 Cor. viii. 9. We find the effects of intense labour in this [illegible]; our bodies were very feverish; and I suffer from a deep cold and oppression on my breast. We contemplate placing a proper stationed preacher in Petersburg; and the building a new brick church sixty or seventy by forty feet, and two stories high; but this, like many other of our great and good designs, may fall through. N. Snethen preached at four o'clock on 2 Peter iii. 9—10.

Monday 21. We travelled, very unwell, to Mr. W[illegible] Chesterfield court-house: we rested in part, and then divided our ride to Richmond into a journey of two days: we arrived on Tuesday, and I preached at twelve o'clock to many serious people on Titus ii. 10—12. N. Snethen preached at seven o'clock. Next day we came along to Caroline, thirty-five miles. In the morning it rained, and the day was wintry and dreary: we saw the wagons sticking and set fast, for in many places the roads were dreadful: we worried through, finding our horses once, and ourselves not at all. Next day I preached once more at Dickenson's chapel; my subject was Hebr. iii. 12—14.

I feel my infirmities, and the labour of my journeys; but my soul is cast upon the Lord in unceasing prayer that God may guide the church, and give the spirit of wisdom, and love, and zeal to our conferences: we only, as we think, want more useful labourers in the vineyard, and thousands will be brought home to God in the cities, circuits, and towns this year. I lodged at the widow Collier's.

Friday 25. We rode to Fredericksburg and dined, and then pushed on to Stafford court-house, making forty miles this day. Next day we passed Alexandria, eating nothing between seven o'clock in the morning and seven at night.

Sabbath 27. I preached upon John i. 6, 7. John Chalmers spoke in the afternoon, and N. Snethen at night; sermons, love-feast, and sacrament, held us five hours. God is gracious; the people are lively, and several were admitted into fellowship. On Monday it blew clear and strong, and cold enough: I hardly stood the blast, chilly and trembling as I was.

I preached at Georgetown on Hebrews iv. 15, 16.; it was a quickening time. Brothers Chalmers and Roszel exhorted.

Maryland.—Tuesday 29. We reached Baltimore, forty-five miles, stopping an hour on our way at the widow Turner's. We have travelled about three hundred miles, towards eight thousand miles.

April 12. The last Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday in March, were occupied in reading and answering letters, and in making preparations for the conference: its sitting commenced on Friday the 1st inst. continuing and closing in great peace: there were sixty-four preachers appointed to their several stations; most of whom were present at the session. Except four hours a day for the transaction of our own business, our time was given to the duties of prayer, and the pulpit—we were between the sacred and the [illegible], and the conference and the congregations large, lively, and serious, to whom we dispensed the word of life at eleven o'clock, at three o'clock, and at night, and we hope and trust much good was done in the name of the Lord Jesus. My subjects were, on the first Sabbath, Col. iv. 2, 3.; on the second, Titus iii. 8.; at Fell's point, Luke xxiv. 46. The reasons why I did not speak oftener, were, First, Because there were many zealous, acceptable preachers present; Secondly, Because I wished to be a man of one business, and to have my mind free; and, Thirdly, Because I had neither bodily nor mental strength to preside in conference, and to take so great a part in my particular duties, as its head; to receive the continual applications of so many preachers on so many subjects presented to me at this time, and to fill my place regularly in the pulpit. I paid no visits but to the sick.

It is sufficiently proved, that upon our present plan, unless the preachers exert themselves, every conference in the union, except that of Baltimore, will be insolvent in its finances: in the late and last year's conferences, they have had a surplus here—they have supported wives, widows, and children; and in the present instance, have supplied the contingencies of those preachers who have gone to distant parts; besides giving one hundred dollars to the Philadelphia and as much, each, to the conferences of New-York and Boston. I can say, hitherto the Lord hath helped us through deeps, deserts, dangers, and distresses: I have told but a small part of our labours and sufferings: let the great day of eternity reveal the rest! Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever! Amen.

Yesterday I preached at Gatch's chapel, on 1 Peter v. 10. We then came on to Perry-Hall. To-day we have had a meeting here. Brother Whatcoat preached upon Coloss. ii. 6. My mind is solemnly stayed upon God.

On Wednesday we parted with the elders at Perry-Hall: I had preached on 2 Cor. xii. 9, 10. We rode on to Deer-Creek, and halted for the night with Harry Watters.

My mind is in a great calm after the tumult of a Baltimore conference, and the continual concourse of visitors and people to which my duty subjected me: I have felt deeply engaged, and much self-possession; indeed, age, grace, and the weight and responsibility of one of the greatest charges upon earth, ought to make me serious. In addition to this charge of superintendency, to preach, to feel, and to live perfect love! The promise of the year is great—in the fruits of the earth, and in the church of God: the trees are full of blossoms, and want but rains and sun; and so with us, we want spiritually gracious seasons: Lord, hear, and help, and enlarge, invigorate, sanctify, and bless thine inheritance.

Thursday 14. We rode to Dublin, upon Deer-Creek; and next day I preached upon Hebr. iii. 12—14. in a neat chapel, and many attended. After sermon we dined with our brother Evitt, with whom we had lodged, and then rode over the hills of Deer-Creek, through a great storm, twelve miles, down to the widow Stump's, at Mount Friendship: J. W. Dallam and three ladies were in company, and I feared for them.

Saturday 16. Through storms of snow, we pushed on to the ferry, but the water was so low, and the winds so high, we could not cross; we therefore returned to the widow Stump's and rested, and whilst it snowed without, we performed divine worship within doors in the family. On Monday we succeeded better at the ferry, and got over early enough to reach Back-Creek, Cecil county, a distance of twenty-eight miles, by ten o'clock, having arrived in time to dismiss the congregation with prayer. We dined at John Carnan's; and after commending his afflicted wife in prayer to God, we rode home with Richard Bassett, at Bohemia ferry.

Tuesday 19. I spoke at the Manor chapel, on 1 Cor. xiv. 15. we had preaching, singing, exhorting, shouting, leaping, and praising God. After meeting, we crossed Bohemia and Sassafras rivers, and housed with Robert Moody. My mind is kept in peace—I only seek to please God; and to serve my fellow men as faithfully and impartially as I can: I cannot accommodate myself to the caprices of every man: what a strange creature should I be, were I to suffer myself to exist in such a continual state of transformation as some people's whims might require.

Wednesday 20. My subject at the new chapel, George-Town Cross-Roads, was 1 Tim. iv. 8. We had a living season. Our brethren from Chester-Town came to meet us, and to conduct us forward with more ease. Save me from people! the greatest good will, and the kindest intentions, will never make it acceptable in my eyes; I choose rather to go on in my own way, though I suffer for it.

The new chapel in Chester-Town is elegantly planned: brother Whatcoat first preached in it. We dined at Solomon Brady's. Blessed be God, there are some still left of this family to show us kindness, and renew the remembrance of kindness shown twenty-five years ago. We came on to Doctor Allen's: he has been strangely kept alive for about seventy years, in many infirmities.

Saturday 23. I preached at Easton, on 2 Thess. iii. 1. It was a gracious season for preachers and people. I spoke at eleven o'clock; and I advised the brethren to have preaching at three o'clock, and at night. My subjects for the past week have been generally prayer, and preaching the word. On the Sabbath day we had a love-feast: our exercises were closed by my reading the extraordinary accounts I had received of the work of God in the south and west of our continent. Preaching began on Hebr. vi. 1. at eleven o'clock, and a more solemn assembly I think I never saw. Brother Whatcoat spoke in the afternoon, and James Moore exhorted—clothed with power, and full of love, never was preacher more respected in Talbot than our brother Moore. Doctor Allen's was our lodging place for three nights. It seems as if the whole Peninsula must be methodized: twenty-five years of faithful labours, and the consistent lives of our brethren, generally, have worn down prejudice; so that many who will not live, will, nevertheless, when they are sick, send for the preachers, that they may die Christians.

Monday 25. We set out for Dover-Ferry, and missing our way, rode an additional twelve miles; arriving, we found it impassable, such was the violence of the weather: we took shelter with Mrs. Dickinson. On Tuesday the storm increased; and on Wednesday I rode to Cambridge and crossed Choptank. I preached at Cambridge on 2 Cor. vi. 2. and returned to the former residence of Henry Ennalls, deceased.

Thursday 28. I preached at Fowler's chapel on 1 Pet. i. 4. and came along to Major Mitchell's, in Caroline: the wind was east, the evening cold, and I unwell. At Denton I took to bed awhile; but ventured on, however, and reached Choptank. On Saturday I rode, under great bodily affliction, to Duck-Creek town. I was under the necessity of submitting to bleeding, tooth-drawing, and the application of cantharides. I sat in our conference, held in the Friends' meeting-house, four days. We had nearly one hundred preachers, travelling and local, present for the transaction of business. Twelve elders and twelve deacons were ordained. On Friday I rode over on a visit to the daughters of Thomas White, Sarah and Anna. I found the children of my once dear friend at Mr. Cook's.

Saturday, May 7.—I went, very unwell, to Wilmington. Next day (Sunday,) we had frost and snow. I was very unwell, and kept my room. On Monday I attended to the altering of the minutes, with Thomas Jones my secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Tuesday 10. We came into the city of Philadelphia: the rain brought on my intermitting fever; yet, unwell as I was, conditional appointments had been made by my friends; but instead of the pulpit, I took to my room. My journey from Baltimore to this city has brought me over about three hundred and fifty miles. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, I remained in Philadelphia, most of the time confined to my room. The spirit of contention and church divisions adds distress of mind to my bodily afflictions of colds and intermittents. I crept out upon the Sabbath day, and preached at St. George's, on 2 Peter i. 5—9. my voice was weak, and some could not hear; but it was a searching sermon and in season. We set out on Monday, and reached Burlington by twelve o'clock: I crossed over and preached in our new house in the solitary town of Bristol: James Sterling and Thomas Ware accompanied me.

NEW-JERSEY.—Tuesday 17. We rode to Joseph Hutchinson's, and next day came to Elizabethtown, and lodged at Mr. Crowell's. On Thursday we reached New-York. My weakness continued. Many subjects and persons engaged my thoughts and my attention: but the best of all is, God is with me in all my troubles, sharp and strong.

NEW-YORK.—On Friday and Saturday I did a little in writing.

talking, planning, and thinking. I can hear, see, or feel, no more of religion here than there was last year. I signed a memorial for the obtaining in the court a legal claim to £300 left by Miss De Peyster, for the bishops and clergy of the Methodist church, to be appropriated in the best manner for the good of the society.

Sunday 22. I preached at the old church, John-street, from James iii. 17.—

I. "The wisdom that cometh from above is revealed and inspired;" it is "pure"—*negatively*: it is not mixed by its Divine Author with that wisdom which is "earthly, sensual, and devilish;" it is not mixed with the policy, or pleasures, or profits of this world; or of sin, which is of hell. The apostle hath written "pure religion," and thus it cannot be when mingled with such qualities, all of which spring from men or devils.

II. "The wisdom that cometh from above is pure,"—*positively*: it is pure in conviction, repentance, faith, regeneration, and sanctification: it is the operative principles of grace in the soul, as internally, and externally manifested. It is "peaceable" in relation to God, and all mankind, to the church, and the world, and the tranquil state of the soul. It is "gentle," soft, amiable in all its administrations, never stormy, or sour, or haughty, or overbearing. "Easy to be entreated," to do and suffer any thing that is right and reasonable, for the glory of God, and for the good of our own, and the souls of others. "Impartiality," this is the Christian dress: not bound and pinched by countries, names, forms, and opinions; neither does it envy the rich on account of their riches, nor neglect the poor on account of their poverty." "Without hypocrisy," sincerity is the incontestable evidence to God and man of our possession of the heavenly treasure of "that wisdom that cometh from above;" and people may go upon fancies, and be ready to die with raptures, but if they are turbulent, ungovernable, self-willed, and false towards their fellow men, or towards their God, their religion is vain; whatever it may once have been, it is not the gold of the sanctuary now, but a counterfeit, alloyed by a mixture of the wisdom of this world.

After brother Whatcoat had preached in the afternoon, I gave them an exhortation.

A brand factory caught fire and occasioned a great alarm and bustle; plenty of water, and the great activity of the citizens prevented the flames from spreading.

Monday 23. I rode twenty-two miles to the widow Sherwood's, and preached at three o'clock on Heb. iv. 9—11. Next day we called at Nicholas Underhill's and dined, and exhorted and prayed with the family. At the White Plains I preached on 1 John ii. 15. It was the time of the court's sitting, which together, with a want of information respecting the appointment made for me, caused but a thin congregation. We lodged at Moses Fowler's, and the next day reached Bedford, where brother Whatcoat preached.

Connecticut.—On the morrow we reached Reading, passing through Ridgefield, and I preached in Aaron Hunt's house upon Coloss. iii. 12, 13.; the text itself is a sermon.

Friday 27. Finding the road, by information, to be rocky and hilly, we were persuaded to come back to the post road; we therefore directed our course down through Greenfield and Bridgeport to Stratford, and arriving at Elkanah Wheeler's, we were willing to rest: thirty miles of our journey we made without feeding man or horse. My health is better; but the labours of riding, and the inconvenience occasioned by the dust raised by the chaise in advance of us, made me feel a little like Jonah. My soul is often led out after God: my treasure and pleasure is in Christ and the service of his church. The Baptists of Connecticut have sent their petition from the Assembly to the legislature of Connecticut, to the bishops of the Methodist church, that they may have their aid in obtaining toleration: what can we do, and how is it our business? We are neither popes nor politicians: let our brethren assert their own liberties. Besides, who may now be trusted with power? The Baptists are avowed enemies to Episcopacy, be the form of church government as mild as it may; now it seems, popes, as they would otherwise term us, may be useful to them, nor are they too proud to ask for help; but our people will not be pushed into their measures; their bishops have no coercive power of this sort: if the Baptists know not what to do we cannot tell them.

Sunday 29. We came to Middletown: as it was the hour of devotion, we stepped into the separate meeting-house, and heard a certain Mr. Graves preach. At five o'clock, brother Whatcoat, after some demurring, was permitted to preach: when he was done, the old woman controverted his doctrine of sanctification. *I told you so.* The work of God revives at New-Haven; and Satan's emissaries rage, and those who are too good to be better, oppose.

Monday 31. We crossed Connecticut River at Rocky Hill, and came on to Kelsom, twenty-five miles; I preached at four o'clock on 2 Pet. v. 6—9. and ordained Daniel Burrows a deacon.

Tuesday, June 1. We came to Windham, twenty miles, and had some rain. Brother Whatcoat preached. After refreshing ourselves with Mr. Harris and his kind family at Brooklin, we came on through Pomfret, and thence to Thompson, where I preached at four o'clock upon Gal. v. 22—26.; and thus ended the labours of Wednesday.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Thursday 3. At Millford in Massachusetts, brother Whatcoat preached at five o'clock; and on Friday I made at Needham an improvement on 1 Pet. v. 10. On each of the two last days we have travelled thirty miles. I have read some letters giving an account of the work of God at the south: some in our eastern congregations wonder, if they do not believe. Since we left Baltimore we have made seven hundred and twelve miles.

Saturday 5. We have had a gracious rain. My mind is in peace; but such perpetual motion wearies the flesh, and flags the spirits.

Poor New-England! she is the valley of dry bones still! Come, O breath of the Lord, and breathe upon these slain that they may live!

Sunday 6. Brother Whatcoat at Waltham spoke upon Hebr. viii. 10—12. I dropped a few hints upon Hebr. ii. 1—3. We receive good news from the south. We rest, we write, we read, and lay plans for the Boston conference.

Wednesday 9. We came through dust to Boston; and as eighteen members were present, we opened the conference in our solitary little chapel. We sat six hours a day for the despatch of business; and there was preaching at eleven and five o'clock, and in the evening: it was all new, but nothing special appeared.

Saturday 12. We ordained Joshua Soule, and Nathan Emory elders, and Edward Whittle deacon: as our work was done, and we were feeble, we came away to Waltham. It is no time to journalize; but I may remark that we had great peace in our conference, and that we have an increase of five hundred members. I lodged at Mrs. Woodard's, and was kindly and comfortably entertained. The great wants of Boston are good religion and good water. How can this city, and Massachusetts, be in any other than a melancholy state; worse, perhaps, for true piety, than any other parts of the Unitarians; what! reading priests, and alive? Oh no! dead, dead, dead, by sinecure—by formality—by sin!

Sunday 13. I preached at Waltham chapel on 1 Pet. iv. 18. On Monday I rested, and made ready for the tour in Ashgrove. Long wanted rain overtook us on our road to Harvard, and we came in dripping to Caleb Sawyer's: here I was pleased with the decency, piety, and simplicity of manners of both parents and children. At a small school-house, two miles distant, brother Whatcoat preached. On Wednesday we came on to Leominster, twelve miles, and dined at Silas Willard's; at four o'clock I preached on 1 Cor. i. 30. It is in this town we crossed the Nashua River, which empties into the Merrimack.

I will not mention names, but I could tell of a congregation that sold their priest to another congregation in Boston for the sum of one thousand dollars; and hired out the money at the unlawful interest of twenty-five or thirty per cent. Lord, have mercy upon the priest and people that can think of buying the kingdom of heaven with money! How would it tell to the South, that priests were among the notions of Yankee traffick!

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—Thursday 17. We came to Ebenezer Coleburn's, New-Hampshire; and I preached upon Titus ii. 11, 12. We had an open time, a baptism, and sacrament. Next day we laboured through extreme heat, and over high hills, to Marlborough, and were glad to rest ourselves at Ebenezer Herrick's, opposite the west side of the great mountain called Monadnock. This portion of the state of New-Hampshire is full of hemlock swamps; and I question if any part of the Allegheny, south, is more broken: the roads, however, are greatly improved, and there is a turnpike extending from Boston to Keene. The soil, though barren, exhibits in its abundant productions of grass, oats, barley, rye, and potatoes, what the arm of labour, and habits of economy and industry will do: out doors there is a well kept stock of cattle, sheep, and hogs; and in doors you see plenty of cheese, butter, and milk, and fish from the mill ponds, which are wonderfully frequent, producing the finest trout and pike: the people are pictures of health, and appear to be of the old English stamina.

Saturday 19. We journeyed through the vale and pleasant town of Keene, and climbed along, height after height, towards Walpole; seven miles off, upon the south-west, we turned and came to Westmoreland, and held our quarterly meeting for Chesterfield circuit at Jonathan Winchester's, brother to the famous Universalist of that name. I opened the meeting in a new barn, upon Titus ii. 13, 14. On the Sabbath we were crowded from seven o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon; the wind from the north-east blew in at the door, and it rained withal. Brother Whatcoat and Elder Ostrander preached before, and the young men exhorted after love-feast and the sacrament.

Monday 21. We came over the mighty hills to Chesterfield: here we called upon John Bishop, and at *four o'clock a few* were got together, to whom I gave a lecture upon Heb. xii. 1, 2, 3. Next day we crossed the Connecticut-River at Bennett's ferry, and came into the city of Brattleborough, stopping at Joseph Jacob's. We are now in Vermont. The stupendous steeps on each side of the river resemble those at Harper's ferry, and the precipitous heights of the North-River. We have rode eight hundred and fifty miles since we left Baltimore. My mind enjoys a great calm; and I have faith to believe that as God is working gloriously in other parts of the continent, he will make a display of his power even here, and bid the dry bones live:—I hope to hear of it at the Ashgrove conference.

VERMONT.—Wednesday 23. We had a meeting at a school-house near to Joseph Jacob's, in Guilford: brother Whatcoat preached upon the *perfect law of liberty*, and we had a gracious season. As we could not consent to wait three days for Whitingham quarterly meeting, we, on Thursday, took the track to Bennington, the mountains notwithstanding: we had been advised to go round nearly one hundred miles. We passed through Brattleborough, Marlborough, Wilmington, and the skirts of several other small towns. Our dinner we took with D. Mixen, and continued on to William Perry's, thirty-five miles. Our journey to-day was quite in the old style—Braddock's road, over the Allegheny mountain. On Friday evening we reached *Ashgrove*, twenty-eight miles, by *four o'clock*—weary men, and tired horses. I have good health, severe temptations, but no murmuring or ill temper. I am once more in Cambridge, state of New-York.

NEW-YORK.—Saturday 25. I spend in reading, writing, and meditation, and prayer.

Sabbath 26. At our church at Ashgrove, I spoke upon Col. iv. 2, 3. we had a quickening time. When I came across the mountain I found the season was exceeding dry, and was led out in prayer that the Lord would graciously give us of the fruits of the earth, and be merciful to man and beast: our exercises of faith and prayer I believe were not unavailing. On Saturday and Sunday we had rain; and now the same blessings of a spiritual nature are wanting, for which we wrestle with our God; and I believe souls will be converted at this conference. Luther Bishop, a young boy, preached on the Sabbath day—and so we will continue every evening until next Monday or Tuesday week, stroke after stroke with the rod of the Lord, like Moses, until the waters of repentance flow from hearts of rock. On Monday brother Whatcoat preached: my subject on Tuesday was Rom. ii. 7: we rested at John Baker's. On Wednesday the elders did not appear, and I was obliged to hold forth again—my text Psalm cii. 13—17. By deaths and removals, this Ashgrove society is diminished, but there will be a revival at this conference. This is a very eligible place for Albany, York, Gennesee, Pittsfield, and Vermont districts; but the conference ought to be divided between the two old societies of York and Ashgrove. On Thursday I had to preach again.

Friday, July 1. We opened our conference at John Baker's, in the Holloway, prettily environed with hills, a carpet of green spread beneath, and here and there around us fields clothed with the promise of an abundant harvest. We finished our business on Tuesday, public and private: there were nearly seventy preachers and fifty members. On the Sabbath day, perhaps, we had two thousand hearers; the house was filled with women, and the men stood without: I stood in the door, and spoke to them from 1 Tim. iv. 11, 12.; but I had been overcome by twelve hours' a day constant attention to business in the conference, and spoke with pain.

Wednesday 6. We came to Pitts-Town, dined with Mr. Pollitt, and came on to the Half-Moon, thirty miles, and lodged at John Barber's: these two villages increase. On Thursday we came through Albany, and stopped to dine at Dole's tavern, three miles beyond: here brother Whatcoat discovered that he had left my coat and my cloak behind: I bore the loss with some patience. Finding we had two hundred miles to reach Trenton, and only six days to accomplish the distance in, we continued on to Hinsdale's, at Coeyman's Landing: reflecting on this, and the journey of fourteen hundred miles still to Kentucky, and brother Whatcoat's indisposition withal, I felt somewhat moved. On Friday we came to John Crawford's, near the Catskill mountains, making thirty-five miles, without food for man or beast. On Saturday we reached Cole's, at Hurly-Town, on Esopus-Creek. The drought, and heat, and dust, in one hundred and ninety miles from Delaware to this place, made me suffer; but my mind was supported, and my health preserved. At Hurly we called a few attentive people together, to whom I dispensed the word of life on Heb. xi. 25.

Wednesday 11. We rose at four o'clock, and came off at six, and at twelve stopped at Mr. Ostrander's: in this happy family we found the son of peace. We came on to New-Windsor, (through Newburgh) to John Ellis's, making forty miles. Were I to listen to the murmurs of people, I might bring myself into dreadful business: feeling my unworthiness, I the more readily forgive their complaints: indeed their censure is far more safe for me than their praise. I have travelled about two hundred miles through the state of New-York. By a fair and accurate computation I judge that we have added, exclusive of the dead, the removed, and the expelled, and withdrawn, 17,500. Our total for the year 1803 are 104,070 members: in 1771 there were about 300 Methodists in New-York, 250 in Philadelphia, and a few in Jersey; I then longed for 100,000; now I want 200,000—nay, thousands upon thousands.

Tuesday 12. We rested—but we shall pay for it before we reach Trenton. On Wednesday we started for Warwick but the tire of the carriage wheel giving way, we only reached Lymanson's. Next day we dined at Sussex court-house, and reached Messner's, on the mountain; next day we came to Asbury-Town, between Sussex and Hunterdon counties.

New-Jersey.—Saturday 16. We were driven into Jonathan Bunn's by a blessed rain. On the Sabbath day, at Trenton, my subject was 2 Cor. xi. 17.

Monday 18. We went forward to Bristol: brother Whatcoat preached; I had spoken at Burlington on Tit. ii. 14.

Pennsylvania.—I must here, in Philadelphia, labour with the pen, and answer letters, and wait for the western conference.

Friday 22. We left the city. During my three days' stay, I preached once at the Academy. On the Great-Valley road we stopped at brother Geiger's, and housed for the night with an exceeding kind German family by the name of [illegible]. On Saturday we found heat, and dust, and turnpike-gates, (twelve in seventy-five miles,) as usual.

Sabbath 24, we spent at Soudersburg. I spoke on Psalm ii. 8—12. Here Bishop Whatcoat concluded he must stop or go on with me and die by inches.

Monday 25. I passed through Lancaster, called upon John Shaeffer, upon Little Conestoga, dined at Columbia and preached at three o'clock, and then crossed the ferry and reached Henry Strickler's to lodge for the night. We stole a march upon our friends at York, and met them at the court-house as they were coming to meet us: we stopped awhile at brother Ley's, and then came on to brother Pentz's. On Tuesday I had a little leisure to write a few letters; and on Wednesday morning I preached at the chapel; and in the evening went to James Worley's. On Thursday I preached once more at the widow Holtzinger's upon Conewago: since I was here the old man has gone to rest. My mind is under a great calm. I hope this will be a great year of Gospel grace.

Friday 29. We had a sultry ride to Carlisle. Henry Boehm preached in the evening. Next day, at eleven o'clock, I gave them a sermon from Col. iii. 12—14.; in the evening Wilson Lee preached.

On the Sabbath we had prayer-meeting at five o'clock; James Smith preached at eight o'clock; I spoke on 2 Cor. vi. 2.; and Wilson Lee in the afternoon: we had excessive heat, but the people were very attentive. I have read the half of the "Portrait of St. Paul:" O inimitable Fletcher—in preaching, writing, in living, and in dying!

Monday, August 1. I came ten miles to a Mr. Snyder's, near a village called New-Ville, and dined about eleven o'clock: the people gathered together, and I must needs preach to them. We proceeded on to Shippensburg in haste, and here I again stood up in my Master's name: we had a crowded house, and a sick preacher. There is a meeting house here we share with the Presbyterians and Seceders; the Methodists have none of their own.

On Tuesday morning, at four o'clock, we set out to scale the mountains. We passed a little town called Strasburg, and another called Fannetsburg: here we stopped, and I laid myself down upon the floor to rest; intense heat, rugged mountains, and a wasting dysentery almost overcame me. I feel, and have felt thirty-two years, for Pennsylvania—the most wealthy, and the most careless about God, and the things of God; but I hope God will shake the state and the churches. There are now upwards of twenty German preachers somehow connected with Mr. Otterbine and Martin

Boehm: but they want authority, and the church wants discipline.

Wednesday 3. We came to David Foard's and fed. After prayer, Wilson Lee bade us farewell, and went away to the Littleton quarterly meeting: a rumour had spread that I also was to be there—strange, that they should expect that I would stay one hundred miles in the rear of my appointments for such a purpose!—what must I not do to please all the preachers and all the people!

Hard and slowly did we toil up, through intense heat, eight miles of the Sideling Hill; we stopped at a house of entertainment, kept by Mr. Hood; the night was very sultry, and my lodging room very small.

Thursday 4. We started for Berlin: passing through Bedford and Somerset counties, and crossing the Juniata, we came into pleasant Berlin about sun-set, making a ride of forty miles. We lodged with 'Squire Johnston; and necessity was laid upon us to speak both in English and German—with the assistance of my travelling companion, Henry Boehm.

Friday 5. Forty-two miles over hills and rocks, brought us down upon Connell's town, on the Youghiogeny-River, where we lodged with Anthony Banning. I called at the twenty mile house, and found a daughter of Michael King, a local preacher amongst us whilst living, and now, I trust, a glorified spirit. I think it will be better for me never to ride eighty-two miles in two days again: a wounded mare, just off a journey of thirteen hundred miles, and an old, afflicted man; but God and grace is sufficient. On Saturday and Sabbath I rested in Connellstown, and preached; my subject was Matt. v. 13. There has been *death in the pot* here, nor do we know that it is yet, or when it will be, out. On our way to Jacob Murphy's, we noticed Colonel Mason's superb stone mansion on mount Braddock.

Tuesday 9. At Murphy's barn I spoke on 1 Cor. vii. 29—31. Although much afflicted in my bowels, I felt wholly given up to do or suffer the will of God—to be sick or well, and to live or die at any time and in any place—the fields, the woods, the house, or the wilderness: glory be to God for such resignation! I have little to leave, except a journey of five thousand miles a year, the care of more than a hundred thousand souls, and the arrangement of about four hundred preachers yearly, to which I may add, the murmurs and discontent of ministers and people: who wants this legacy? Those who do are welcome to it for me!

Thursday 11. I dined with the aforesaid Colonel Mason—one of the great men of the west. Next day I came to Union-Town, and returned to Jacob Murphy's. On Saturday I came to the quarterly meeting; I preached, and we had an open time: at the night meeting it was a shouting time; and our meetings, I believe, were warning times to Union-Town. I believe God will yet work in the Redstone settlement; he has already begun amongst the Presbyterians.

Tuesday 16. I rode, twenty miles, to Harry Stephens's, upon Monongahela—weak and afflicted. Next day I attended an appointment made for me at Maple Town; my subject was 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8: many heard and felt. I staid with Mr. Jackson, on Muddy-Creek, for the night.

Thursday 18. I preached at Sheppard's meeting-house upon Rom. viii. 9. I was uncommonly led out upon both my last subjects, and I suppose I had one thousand hearers in the two congregations. After dinner we rode down the heights of Tenmile, to a town called Frederick; thence to the Quaker settlement, and stopped at Alexander Frew's. Were the grounds not so uneven, and so destitute of springs and streams, I should give the Redstone settlement the preference to almost any in America: the soil is good, the timber lofty, and there is plenty of iron, coal, and limestone; and would the settlers generally do as their Quaker neighbours, (the only people here who manure their lands,) the soil would never be exhausted. The great promise of fruit has failed. It is graciously wise in Providence to check our plenty—particularly here: many drunkards will now be kept sober in this distilling country, and I hope some will be converted to God.

Friday 19. Our camp-meeting begins to day: the ground chosen was William Jackman's, near the old fort upon the Monongahela; it was upon a beautiful eminence; the great stand was erected, and a second one to the left, concealed by the trees. On Saturday I preached to about one thousand hearers; my text was Isai. lv. 12. The Sabbath was wet in the morning, but, clearing away, both stands were occupied, and there might be in the two congregations nearly four thousand people: there was a visible impression made upon many, and we hope fifty souls were converted to God. On Tuesday we came away, whilst others were coming to the ground. Thornton Fleming and James Quinn went back and preached. We came to Samuel Hammond's.

Wednesday 24. At the Forks meeting-house I preached on 1 Thess. iii. 1. Whilst we were at dinner at Benjamin Fell's, William

Page came in with the agreeable intelligence of a revival at Connellsville. On Thursday we crossed Monongahela, at Elizabethtown, and came to William Jones's, and preached to an unexpected congregation: I was unwell, but spoke on Acts ii. 21. A woman, noted for being a mocker, fell down, and cried for mercy, confessing her sins before all the people. Brother Page exhorted, but the people would not disperse until he had given them a sermon under the sugar-maple trees; many trembled and wept, if they did not pray. This has been a neglected spot. On Friday we rested.

Saturday 27. We had a dry, sultry ride to Pittsburg. In the evening William Page preached. In the court-house I spoke, on the Sabbath day, to about four hundred people; my subject was 1 Chron. vii. 14. I would have preached again, but the Episcopalians occupied the house. I come but once in twelve years, but they could not consent to give way for me. It is time we had a house of our own—I think I have seen a lot which will answer to build upon.

Monday 29. I came down, and crossed at the old fort, the point of confluence of the rivers Monongahela and Allegheny, whence their united waters flow under the appropriate name of Ohio, beautiful. I crossed Sawmill and the Shirtee, and passed the lands of General Neville. At John Wrenshall's I found an agreeable hostess, and lovely children. Riding up the road I met an aged Presbyterian, who told me that religion was at a great height in Mr. Wood's congregation—that yesterday under preaching several fell down; he asked my opinion of the work: I replied, that in my judgment, any person who could not give an account of the regenerating and converting power of God, might be mistaken; falling down would not do: we agreed in sentiment. I stopped at John Fawcett's, where, although very sick, I preached to a large congregation, at seven o'clock on Tuesday; my subject was Matt. vii. 7, 8. I baptized several children. On the same day I rode, weak, faint, and alone, to Washington; it was the time of the court sessions: we had about four hundred people to hear, to whom I spoke on Titus ii. 11, 12. I lodged at John Crouch's: God is in this house.

Wednesday 31. We rode seventeen miles to Philip Doddridge's, near a new-made town called Middletown; here I preached next day in a new stone house, the first of the kind I have met with in my tour. Although faint from heat and a dysentery, I was long and fervent, and the people were attentive.

Friday, September 2. We found a spot, and made a pulpit between two sugar-maple trees. I was in great pain, so that I did not attend quarterly meeting, which began on Saturday, continued until midnight, re-commenced on the Sabbath with love-feast and sacrament, and at eleven o'clock I preached on Eph. vi. 18, 19, 20.

I. "The mystery of the Gospel," in redemption and salvation; in what Christ hath done for us, and in what is wrought in us by his Spirit.

II. The duty, nature, and exercise of prayer—for saints, for the ministry, and for the success of the Gospel.

III. That the apostle might be bold as a prisoner and a martyr.

Many things were said of the mysteries of God—creation, the winds, and our own existence in embryo: we have demonstration of these mysteries, and such we also have of redemption, conviction, conversion, sanctification, and the adorable Trinity; and frequent and obvious demonstration of the power of God and his word instantaneously manifested: we do not know how these things are, but we know that they do exist.

My indisposition was such, that I left the people still engaged in worship, much ashamed of the meanness of my performance, however well my hearers may have thought of it: the Lord knew my good intentions, but I saw that the importance of such sublime and interesting subjects were beyond my reach of thought or expression. The Lord blessed our gathering together, and souls were converted.

Virginia.—Ohio county. Monday 5. We rode ten miles to John Beck's, near West-Liberty. I preached on Acts ii. 39.; one soul who had been convicted at our quarterly meeting, professed to find peace with God, and shouted glory! with a loud voice. On Tuesday I preached near this place to a crowd, at John Spragh's. I came with Rezin Pendy down the great hill, to the Ohio. Wednesday brought us to Charlestown, the capital of Brook county, situated at the mouth of Buffalo, eighty miles from Pittsburgh. We found the Ohio so low, that the boat of Colonel Lewis, who is going to explore the Mississippi, would not float over the flats.

Ohio.—Thursday 8. I reached Steubenville, and preached on Luke xix. 10. As the court-house could not contain the people, we went to a Presbyterian tent; for which, as the "Jews and Samaritans have no dealings" in this country, we must ask pardon. I was invited to dine with Mr. Bezaleel Wells, one of the proprietors of this town, and the sole occupant of a large mansion, which if rough-cast, would be grand. The rivers and streams were lower than ever. My mind is greatly engaged with God in public and in private; but I feel the power of Satan in these little, wicked, wretched trading towns.

Friday 9. At Charlestown I preached in Brook court-house, on Joshua xxiv. 19. We came to Nicholas Pomfrey's to lodge in the evening. On Saturday we crossed at Pomfrey's ferry, and attended West-Wheeling quarterly meeting at Hopewell chapel. I ordained brother Wrenshall to the office of deacon, and then came to the stand, and preached on the Sabbath day on 1 Peter v. 10. We had love-feast and sacrament. There was a cry raised very soon, and it was with difficulty I could keep the thread of my discourse while they were singing and shouting upon the side of the hill. At candle light the cry began again, and continued until the break of day on Monday morning: it was judged there were twenty souls converted to God. I came away, keeping up Indian Short-Creek to Isaac Meek's, ten miles; on this stream are some of as fine lands as any in America.

Tuesday 13. We came to Morrison's tavern, twenty miles, our route laying along upon the branches of Short-Creek, Wheeling, and Stillwater—the land still fertile. Next day we reached Will's Creek, after riding thirty-seven miles; we were kindly entertained at Mr. Beatty's. On Thursday morning it rained about two hours; I was drenched, and felt a touch of inflammation in my throat. We stopped at Zanesville, and found good entertainment at Mrs. Harrison's.

Friday 16. We reached John Murphy's, at New-Lancaster. Since Tuesday morning we have rode one hundred and twenty miles, over successive, and excessively steep hills. My mind has been calm. Daniel and Benjamin Hitt have been my companions. The levels, and on the water-courses, the lands in this state are exceedingly rich, with all the appearances which attend sickly present. I frequently see the tumuli or barrows, such as are seen in the west of Georgia—most probably graves of the Aborigines. Jonathan's and Brush Creeks are branches of the Hockhocking: there is fine land on these streams. We are, I judge, six hundred miles from Philadelphia.

On Saturday I preached at John Murphy's, on 2 Peter i. 2. We held a sacramental and social meeting. At eleven o'clock Daniel

He preached, and I spoke after him; we had the attention of the people, and we saw some tears, but there was nothing special done. On Monday I preached at Edward Teal's [illegible]; this brother I knew in Maryland thirty years ago; he is now settled in Fairfield, near Rush-Creek, and has 1200 acres of land under his feet, equal to any in the United States: what will not a little enterprise do for a man in this highly favoured country!

Tuesday 19. Was a day of settled rain; we sought a shelter at Edward Teal's. Next day, having two appointments, we set out and got bewildered in the woods, and lost our way upon Mount-Pleasant: we judged it best to take the path to New-Lancaster, and try to secure our second appointment, at [illegible] Cole's. After riding about 20 miles, and again missing our way, we came in at three o'clock, and I preached upon Luke xi. 13. I took lodging at Mr. Daniel Van Meter's. Mr. Van Meter told me, that a boy had cultivated about twelve acres, which would yield him about seven hundred bushels of Indian corn; now, what do these people want with slaves?—They have wisely prohibited their introduction into the State. The Muddy Prairie is five miles in length, and a mile wide, more or less; it was, doubtless, once a lake; it is very fertile, but must be drained before it can be well cultivated. New-Lancaster has nearly one hundred houses of all kinds, ill situated for health on a low, flat level, through which creeps the still Hockhocking.

Thursday 21. We came thirty miles to Brown's, on Deer-Creek, Ross county. Our route brought us over the Pickaway Plains, seven miles long, three miles wide, and fertile; little hills covered with lofty trees here and there, rise from the level and give a beautifully picturesque appearance to the plains. At Thomas's we crossed the Sciota, now dwindled to a small body of water. On Friday I preached at Brown's; my text was 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.; it was an open season, with about three hundred hearers.

Saturday 24. I rode to Chilicothe, fifteen miles, through lands generally rich. We passed some of those mounds and intrenchments which still astonish all who visit this country, and give rise to many conjectures respecting their origin; "Clouds, clouds, and darkness rest" and will rest "upon them." In the state-house, which also answers for a court-house, I preached to about five hundred hearers, and would have had more had not the rain prevented. Chilicothe stands upon the point of confluence of the Sciota-River and Paint-Creek. On Monday we came away from Governor

Edward Tiffin's: I came the fat lands of the Plains; at the end of thirty miles we stopped at Brancher's, and had the common fare of travellers, with other travellers.

Tuesday 27. We stopped at Ohio Brush-Creek, fifteen miles; dined in haste with George Spurgin, and bent our course to George Rogers's at Dallington's ferry—this was a stretching ride.

Kentucky.—Wednesday 28. We crossed the Ohio into the state of Kentucky, Fleming county, stopping at Ezekiel Field's. It is wonderful to contemplate the effects of American enterprise exhibited in the state of Ohio. It is but four years since Zane opened (marked) for the general government through the wilderness so lately settled; and now there are the towns of Marietta at the mouth of Muskingum, of about one thousand houses; Cincinnati, containing as many; Hamilton of five hundred houses; and many others whose names are scarcely fixed.

Thursday 29. We came through Bourbon county. I crossed Licking-River by the Salt Works, and rode thirty-three miles to Benjamin Coleman's, at Mount Gerizim, to attend the Kentucky conference; this was a heavy ride, without food for man or beast until we reached home. On Friday we rested.

Saturday, October 1. Barnabas M'Henry preached upon the divine institution of the Sabbath. On Sunday I had to preach from a stand in the woods to about two thousand people; my subject was 1 Thess. iii. 1. It was an open time.

Monday 3. We entered fully upon our conference work; but I had to preach nevertheless. We had preaching every day; and the people continued singing and prayer, night and day, with little intermission. On Wednesday the meeting closed. We hope there were twenty souls converted to God, besides five who are reported to have been converted at a family meeting. Our conference ended on Thursday the sixth. I had taken cold, but rode twelve miles to Smith's, and was driven by illness early to bed. Next day I rose unwell, and continued my route through Paris, standing upon the fork between Stone and another stream, useful for mills, but apt to be nearly dry in Autumn. Paris is the capital of Bourbon county—a growing place of about four hundred houses, some of brick, and a stone meeting-house belonging to the Presbyterians. The day was excessively warm, but I made twenty miles to Doctor Hinde's, Clarke county; brothers M'Kendree, Garrett, Douthet, and Granade, were with me.

Saturday 8. I felt my mind divinely fixed on God. I accomplished two things in conference; viz. 1. Forming the Ohio circuits into a district; 2. Sending two missionaries to Natchez, and one to the Illinois—as the minutes of the present year will show.

Sunday 9. At Hynde's chapel, Clarke county, I preached, and thereby paid a debt which I had contracted last year, by sending *N. Snethen* to preach in my place, by which it may be some people were disappointed: my text was 2 Pet. i. 4—11. On Monday we took the path for Madison, crossing the Kentucky River at Combs's ferry: we put in at Christopher *Irwine's*. On Tuesday we stopped at Ward's—in the woods: his house being unfinished, there were masons, and carpenters, and gentlemen, and officers, and whiskey topers, besides the gnats and bats, which ever and anon, flew in and out: we quitted our purgatory upon paying two and a half dollars for three of us.

Wednesday 12. It rained to-day. We encountered the rocks and hills, on the route to Rock-Castle River, and stopped, dripping and willing, at Senior Faris's: here we had fire, food, prayer, a room, and a bed. On Thursday we started and reached Richard Ballinger's: our host gave us entertainment gratis; and we had prayer at night and in the morning. I think seriously of *forming a wilderness circuit*:—it is high time to begin.

Tennessee.—Friday 14. We came to *Hunt's*, at Claiborne court-house; and next day reached Martin Stubblefield's. What a road have we passed! certainly the worst on the whole continent, even in the best weather; yet, bad as it was, there were four or five hundred crossing the rude hills whilst we were: I was powerfully struck with the consideration, that there were at least as many thousand emigrants annually from east to west:—we must take care to send preachers after these people. We have made one thousand and eighty miles *from* Philadelphia—and now, what a detail of sufferings might I give, fatiguing to me to write, and perhaps to my friends to read. A man who is well mounted, will scorn to complain of the roads, when he sees men, women, and children, almost naked, paddling bare-foot and bare-legged along, or labouring up the rocky hills, whilst those who are best off have only a horse for two or three children to ride at once. If these adventurers have little or nothing to eat, it is no extraordinary circumstance, and not uncommon, to encamp in the wet woods after night: in the mountains *it does not rain, but pours*. I too have my suffeelings, perfectly peculiar to myself; pain and temptation, the one of the body, and the other of the spirit; no room to retire to—that in which you sit common to all—crowded with women and children—the fire occupied by cooking—much and long-loved solitude not to be found, unless you choose to run out into the rain, in the woods: six months in the year I have had, for thirty-two years, occasionally, to submit to what will never be agreeable to me; but the people, it must be confessed, are amongst the kindest souls in the world. But kindness will not make a crowded log cabin, twelve feet by ten, agreeable: without are cold and rain; and within, six adults, and as many children, one of which is all motion; the dogs too, must sometimes be admitted. On Saturday, at Felix Earnest's, I found that amongst my other trials, I had taken the itch; and, considering the filthy houses and filthy beds I have met with, in coming from the Kentucky conference, it is perhaps strange that I have not caught it twenty times: I do not see that there is any security against it, but by sleeping in a brimstone shirt:—poor Bishop! But we must bear it for the elect's sake. I have written some letters to our local brethren, and read the book of Daniel since I have been in this house.

Sunday 23. My soul is tranquil, the air is pure, and the house of God is near; and Jehovah is nearer. At Ebenezer, I preached on James i. 22. "But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your ownselves." 1. By introduction, I collected the words of our Lord, and those of the apostle Paul upon the same subject, and brought them to one point. In opening the subject, I observed, 1. What we are taught in the preaching of the Gospel: First, Christian experience; Secondly, Christian tempers; Thirdly, Christian perfection; Fourthly, Christian duties. 2. General head—How people should hear the word—constantly, seriously; in faith, in prayer—as believing it promises all that is good, and threatens the most dreadful evil. 3. To be doers of the word, is to seek for the immediate experience and practice of the word.

North Carolina.—On Monday, we came off in earnest; refreshed at Isaiah Harrison's, and continued on to the Paint mountain, passing the gap newly made, which makes the road down to Paint-Creek much better: I lodged with Mr. Nelson, who treated me like a minister, a Christian, and a gentleman.

Tuesday 25. We reached Buncombe. The road is greatly mended by changing the direction, and throwing a bridge over the Ivy.

Wednesday 26. We called a meeting at Killian's, and a gracious season it was: my subject was 1 Cor. xv. 58. Sister Killian and sister Smith, sisters in the flesh, and kindred spirits in holiness and humble obedience, are both gone to their reward in glory. On Thursday we came away in haste, crossed Swannanoa at T. Foster's, the French Broad at the High Shoals, and afterward again at Beard's bridge, and put up for the night at Andrew Mitchell's: in our route we passed two large encamping places of the Methodists and Presbyterians: it made the country look like the Holy Land.

Friday 28. We came up Little-River, a sister stream of French Broad: it afforded some beautiful flats of land. We found a new road, lately cut, which brought us in at the head of Little-River, at the old fording place, and within hearing of the falls, a few miles off of the head of Matthews-Creek, a branch of the Saluda: the waters foaming down the rocks with a descent of a half a mile, make themselves heard at a great distance. I walked down the mountain, after riding sixteen or eighteen miles before breakfast, and came in about twelve o'clock to father John Douthat's: once more I have escaped from filth, fleas, rattlesnakes, hills, mountains, rocks, and rivers: farewell, western world—for a while! We are twelve hundred and seventy miles from Philadelphia.

South Carolina.—Monday 31. I rode to Chastaine's, twenty miles, crossing three branches of the Saluda, not many miles from their sources.

Tuesday, November 1. At the meeting-house, I spoke on 2 Peter v. 6—9. after meeting we rode away fifteen miles to Wood's; and next day preached at his house, to a lifeless congregation, and came off without dining, to John Foster's, twelve miles. In this route I crossed the three branches of Tyger River, and passed through Greenville and Spartanburg counties. My mind hath been in great peace under all my trials, and labours, and troubles. I find that the camp-meetings in this state, and in Georgia, have been conducted in great order, and with great success.

Thursday 3. At Foster's meeting-house, I spoke on Matt. v. 12. I had some opening. In the evening, Moses Matthews and G. Dougherty had a lively prayer-meeting. I find we have lost Phebe Wells, Mary Hughs, Eleanor Parker, (formerly Owens,) and William Blackwood, members of our society in Charleston: they died of the prevailing fever.

Friday 4. We re-crossed the branches of Tyger and Enoree rivers, and came along a crippling path to Thomas Terry's, near the Fork Shoals of Reedy River. We have a new frame house, thirty by twenty-four feet, built for worship, on Mount Terry: this has been erected in pursuance of my last year's advice, and by one man. To-morrow we shall open our new house.

Saturday 5. I spoke on 2 Peter ii. 1, 2. It was a rainy day, but we had a congregation. On the Sabbath day I preached on Isaiah xliii. 7. I laboured hard—I fear to little purpose: may the seed sown in great weakness, be raised by the power of God! On Monday I rode to the Golden Grove, and preached upon [illegible] 23—25. It was a cold day, and there were but few people: it is the cotton, corn, and potato harvest. I rode that evening to B. Stanton's, upon Saluda. On Tuesday, at Salem, I preached to a few hearers upon Ephes. vi. 13—19. We made James Tarrant's that evening. Wednesday brought us to David Dunlap's, and Thursday to Claiborne Brown's. We met people coming from a militia muster, drunk, and staggering along the lanes and paths; these unhappy souls have had their camp-meeting, and shout forth the praises of the god of strong drink: glory be to God, we have our camp-meetings too—of longer continuance, and more and louder shouting of glory, and honour, and praise to the God of the armies of the earth. Go on, ye servants of the Lord; and Thou, mighty Saviour, extend the victories of Gospel grace!

In Laurens county, I passed the Quaker settlement upon Rabone's Creek.

Friday 11. I rode in haste to Bethel, thirty-five miles. On Saturday I rested. On the Sabbath I preached at Bethel once more: my text was Mark xiii. 34. to the end of the chapter: after sermon, I rode eight miles to brother Low's, amongst the Dutch people, and enforced Hebr. iv. 4—16. At Mr. Rolles's, twenty-five miles distant, I had on Monday a gracious season whilst expounding Matt. vii. 7—11.

We crossed Couton's ferry on Tuesday, and I entered Columbia like an Indian chief; it rained, and I had cast a blanket around me. John Harper came to meet us and welcome us to his house, where, although the weather was stormy, we held a family meeting, and the rooms were filled with respectable hearers: my choice of a text was singular; it was our Lord's most affection-his words to his broken-hearted disciples when giving notice of his departure from them; John xiv. 18.

Wednesday 16, was unfavourable; but we took the path cheerfully for Charleston. After crossing the ferry at Granby the rain came upon us powerfully, and accompanied us to the widow Galgler's; with her we dined, and took it again to Whitmore's.

Thursday 17, was a clear, warm day. We dined with the widow Welsh, and pursuing our journey, lodged at the widow Heart's; thus we have been cast upon the distinguishing kindness of sisters as her of Sarepta.

Friday 18. We came to Mr. M'Quinn's, and next day reached Charleston, after riding thirty miles without rest or food for man or beast. I took possession of the new house built for the preachers, near the new chapel.

Sunday 20. I went once more to Cumberland-street house, and had gracious feelings whilst expounding 1 Pet. v. 10. My stay being short, I attended in the afternoon, and spoke upon David's repentance as recorded in Psal. li. 9—11. this also was a seasonable time, and all were attentive. Brother Kendrick spoke in the new church in the afternoon, and brother Dougherty in the old church at night, whilst the new church was occupied by brother Darley: all this labour was, we hope, not in vain: some appeared to be in distress: who knows what God will yet do for wicked Charleston? I continued a week in Charleston, lodging in our own house at Bethel, receiving my visiters, ministers and people, white, black, and yellow; it was a paradise to me, and to some others.

Sunday 27. I preached an ordination sermon upon Gal. i. 15, 16. after which we set apart Bennet Kendrick to the elder's office; to which he had been elected by the Virginia conference. In the afternoon I gave them my farewell discourse in Cumberland-street meeting-house; my subject was Eph. iv. 1, 2.

Monday 28. We began our journey to Augusta, on our way dined at Mr. Carr's, in Dorchester, and stopped for the night with Mr. Isaac Perry, upon Cypress Swamp, by whom we were most affectionately received, and most comfortably accommodated.

Tuesday 29. We stopped to dine with Captain Koger's, and came on to S——'s; next day to Trotter's. On Thursday to Fountain's, Tinker-Creek.

Georgia.—Friday, December 2. We reached our place of destination. My mind is calm, and hath been kept in a praying frame: I have rode one thousand six hundred and fifty-four miles by compumiles since I left Philadelphia. By letter from Philip Bruce, I learn that the work of God has promising appearances in the eastern and western districts of North Carolina; but abundantly more so in the south district of Virginia: at a kind of camp-meeting, held at Wesley Barn, (but now Ellis's chapel more properly,) there have been, report says, one hundred whites, and a number of blacks converted to God; at Guildford quarterly meeting, thirty, and as many within a short space at Norfolk, brought to Christ: but still larger accounts are received of the work of the Lord in this state; this, however, may be more fully known by reference to Stith Mead's narrative letters on the subject. My lodging in Augusta is with Peter Cantalou, a friend from France.

Sunday 4. I preached upon Coloss. iv. 2, 3. in the morning; in the afternoon 2 Cor. vi. 2.: I had satisfactory openings, but I have not those feelings I enjoyed at Charleston. We have a house here sixty feet by forty; an attentive and large congregation, and seventy members in fellowship; I hope this conference will give us one hundred souls converted.

At Thomas Haynes's, Uchee, we had a house filled; my subject was Colossians ii. 6.; it was a feeling season. Next day, at White-Oak, I spoke on Hebr. xii. 28, 29. to a few; we rode home with Ignatius Few, whose eldest son is serious.

Wednesday 7. We came to Scott's meeting-house: an irregular congregation; my text was 1 Cor. xv. 58. The day was gloomy, the preacher sick, and part of the congregation very inattentive. I lodged with Mr. Gatrel. On Thursday it rained; but we marched through the scratching woods to Mr. Ware's, where I stopped. Brother Mead went to one appointment, and brother Randle to another, with small expectation of meeting many people at either. For myself, let me move which way I may, appointments or no appointments, I am sure to be brought into business—well—so best.

Friday 9. I preached at Clendon's chapel on Romans xiii. 11.

I. The characters of "*believers*."

II. The nature and causes of their sleep.

III. The signs of the "time," and the knowledge thereof, that they may be instructed to "awake out of sleep."—This was the general plan of my discourse; and we had a gracious season. On Saturday I came to Petersburg. The text for to-day was 1 Thess. v. 8, 9.

Sunday 11. It rained. I spoke in a very open house on Ephes. vi. 18, 19. I lodged at Mr. Oliver's. The face of affairs here is greatly altered for the better; but I expect greater things yet: we have a society, it is true; but we want a house of our own to preach in. On Monday, at Thompson's chapel, I spoke on Hebr. ii. 3, 4; and had good openings on the text. We lodged with Judge Tait. At Freeman's chapel my subject was Hebr. ii. 3, 4.: I spoke with liberty. We lodged with Mr. Freeman. Wednesday found me at Mark's chapel; my subject was Hebr. iii. 14. When brother Mark's house is finished, he hopes to build a chapel, which he means to call Sardis; he is a kind master to his slaves, and hints the probability of his liberating them by will; but he may change his mind before he dies.

Thursday 15. At Hill's chapel, upon Long-Creek, I chose Rom. viii. 1, 2. First, Real Christians are "in Christ Jesus;" and Christ is in believers: see 2 Cor. v. 17. "Therefore if any man be in Christ."—Gal. vi. 15. "For in Christ Jesus."—Romans viii. 10. "And if Christ be in you."—Col. i. 27. "Christ in you the hope of glory." Christ contemplated in this view, must mean the operations of his grace, and the privileges of Christians. Second, What Christians should do, and what they should not do—"not walk after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Third, They that "walk after the flesh" were in a state of condemnation by the law, the word of God, and their own consciences: and they who "walked after the Spirit" were in a justified state. I showed that condemnation supposed guilt, loss of privileges, and liability to punishment and death: *justification* was present, future, and eternal. After preaching, I took through the rain about twenty miles up to Henry Pope's, upon Long-Creek, in Oglethorpe county. I have passed rapidly through Richmond, Columbia, Lincoln, Wilkes, Elbert, and Oglethorpe counties, in Georgia.

I will make a few observations upon the ignorance of foolish men, who will rail against our church government. The Methodists acknowledge no superiority but what is founded on seniority, election, and long and faithful services. For myself, I pity those who cannot distinguish between a pope of Rome, and an old, worn man of about sixty years, who has the *power given him* of riding five thousand miles a year, at a salary of eighty dollars, through summer's heat and winter's cold, travelling in all weather, preaching in all places; his best covering from rain often but a blanket; the surest sharpener of his wit, hunger—from fasts, voluntary, and involuntary; his best fare, for six months of the twelve, coarse kindness; and his reward, from too many, suspicion, envy, and murmurings all the year round.

Friday 14. Rested. Next day, at the chapel, I spoke on 1 Cor. x. 12, 13. The weather was cold, and so were the people.

Sunday 16. I stood without doors, fixed my blanket to screen me from the sun, and my cap to shelter me from the wind. I cried in the words of my divine Master, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." First, The *light* of your principles and doctrines. Second, The *light* of your experience. Third, The *light* of your tempers. Fourth, The *light* of your practice, that they may see it manifested in virtue and piety, and be converted to God. On Tuesday, at Burke's chapel, I spoke upon Gal. vi. 9.; we had a full house, a spiritual congregation, and a quickening season; after meeting we were under the necessity of riding in our wet clothes twelve miles to John Stevens's.

Wednesday 21. Excessively cold. I preached, however, a sermon on 2 Peter i. 4. We came away, without feeding man or beast to-day, and bent our course to Mr. Bush's.

Thursday 22. At Heath's Gap I spoke on Heb. vi. 11, 12.; after meeting we went on to Colonel Stith's, at Ogeechee; surely there is a great change here in the heads and members of the family.

Friday 23. At Spart, notwithstanding the rain, we had a full house at Lucas's retreat. On Saturday I rode down to Matthew Harris's. I passed through Warren, Hancock, and Washington; and have rode by computation nineteen hundred miles from Philadelphia. There are many hindrances to the work of God in this section of the country; some evitable, and some inevitable; amongst the first are Sabbath markets, rum, races, and rioting; of the latter may be enumerated, necessary business, (so called;) the sudden and severe changes, more peculiar to this southern climate, which affect people powerfully, and against which they have not the protection of warm dwellings; the houses are universally unfinished and open, and the churches and chapels are in no better state.—My mind is kept in perfect peace, notwithstanding my daily labours, and my sufferings in exposure to night air, and day damps, and hard fare, and hard lodging.

Monday 26. At New Chapel I preached—lodged at James Jordon's: at Walnut-Branch chapel I spoke on Rom. xiii. 11, 12. We lodged at Mr. Brett's.

On Wednesday we had a proper storm of rain in the afternoon. Passing through Louisville, we stopped with Mr. Flournoy, a new convert—his wife is amongst the *respectables*—so! On Thursday I preached at a new chapel, called Bethel, in the woods of Jefferson county; my text was Acts [illegible] 17, 18. On Friday we rode to Spirit Creek. We had an appointment for Saturday at a new chapel, but it rained, and we had few hearers; there being several preachers present, I chose for my text Rom. ii. 21.; after meeting we rode thirteen miles to Mr. Beale's, near Augusta. To my surprise I find Bishop Coke is in Augusta before me. I have received letters of consequence from the north.

January 4, 1804. We met for conference: Bishop Coke preached in the morning; and in the afternoon at John's (the old house) Augusta.

On Monday we opened our conference in Mr. Cantalou's house. We conducted our business in great harmony, and did it hastily. There was preaching every evening; and the Bishops bore their share of ministerial labours. Elders and deacons were ordained. I found little difficulty in stationing the preachers. The conference rose at eleven o'clock on Thursday, and I took the road to Swearingham's, eighteen miles. On Friday I reached Williams's; and on Saturday, Columbia. Sabbath day found me in bed, confined by a deep cold, and an affection of my breast; nature relieved herself. A cold, hungry ride, brought us to Camden on Monday. I gave Bishop Coke a plan for a journey as far as Boston, before the general conference.

Saturday 14. I continued in Camden, occupied in writing answers to northern letters, and reading Haweis's Church History: this is, perhaps, amongst the best I have seen; but his partiality to good old Calvinism is very apparent. I have been unwell; but I am cheered by the glorious prospects of Zion's welfare: I mark this year, 1804, as the greatest that has ever yet been known in this land for religion.

Sabbath 15. I preached in the morning and afternoon; and James Jenkins in the evening. On Monday I rode as far as Mr. Rembert's, on Black-River: here I retire to read and write; my body is weak, but my mind is stayed upon God.

Thursday 19. For three days past I have been reading Haweis; he is concise, elegant enough, and deserves credit for his abridgement of the Fathers, purged from their fables; his characters of Whitefield and Wesley are appropriately great; but O, his Calvinism!

Saturday 21. I preached at Rembert's chapel, and on the Sabbath day from Luke x. 21. "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good unto thee."—

I. What things they are that are hidden from the wise and prudent: the things of the Gospel, the great things, and the deep things of the Spirit of God, in the divine operations, and sensations, and affections, and fruits of the Spirit of grace: these are revealed to simple-hearted, ignorant, poor, and unlearned men and women.

II. Why are they hidden from the "wise and prudent?" 1. Because they seek the knowledge of them by their own wisdom. 2. Because they will not submit to the rules of discipleship that they may learn. 3. Because they have chosen the world for their portion, with its riches, honours, and pleasures; and thus living they cannot learn. 4. Because they will not, cannot part with their darling passions, and besetting sins. 5. Because they will not submit to suffer reproach. Jesus rejoiced that his heavenly Father had made foolish the wisdom of this world, so contrary in its spirit to humble faith, and holy obedience; and that so many had been made, and that millions might be made the subjects of the grace of God, that wisdom which cometh from above. But our Lord did not rejoice in the spiritual ignorance and damnation of "the wise and prudent:" he upbraided them for what might have been prevented; and wept, as man, with Godlike love, over Jerusalem.

Monday 23. Reading, writing, and planning a route and Sabbath labours from now until January, 1808. The ninth volume of Mr. Wesley's Sermons engaged a part of my time.

Tuesday 24. We braved the weather, keen and freezing, to Pudden Swamp, taking a cold cut in the cold woods; we were well warmed at Mr. Chisman's: we felt powerfully for the parents and children of this family.

Wednesday 25. By riding an hour in the night we reached Jesse Green's; on our way we found the waters of Black-River spread near a mile over the low grounds about the bridge at Kingstree, where we crossed: we dined at Miller's, and baptized a child.

Thursday 26. At Black-River meeting-house I spoke to a few texts on 1 Tim. ii. 1. The weather became cold, but I had good lodging at Mr. Heidinger's. This part of the country has a solitary appearance, because the white inhabitants have been much lessened by deaths, more especially amongst the children, and by removals to a healthier country.

Friday 20. We reached Georgetown. I have suffered in my flesh, and have had "deep waters" of a temporal and spiritual nature to wade through.

If I should die in celibacy, which I think quite probable, I give the following reasons for what can scarcely be called my choice. I was called in my fourteenth year; I began my public exercises between sixteen and seventeen; at twenty-one I travelled; at twenty-six I came to America: thus far I had reasons enough for a single life. It had been my intention of returning to Europe at thirty years of age; but the war continued, and it was ten years before we had a settled, lasting peace: this was no time to marry or be given in marriage. At forty-nine I was ordained superintendent bishop in America. Amongst the duties imposed upon me by my office was that of travelling extensively, and I could hardly expect to find a woman with grace enough to enable her to live but one week out of the fifty-two with her husband: besides, what right has any man to take advantage of the affections of a woman, make her his wife, and by a voluntary absence subvert the whole order and economy of the marriage state, by separating those whom neither God, nature, nor the requirements of civil society permit long to be put asunder: it is neither just nor generous. I may add to this, that I had little money, and with this little administered to the necessities of a beloved mother until I was fifty-seven: if I have done wrong, I hope God and the sex will forgive me: it is my duty now to bestow the pittance I may have to spare upon the widows and fatherless girls, and poor married men.

Saturday and Sunday I rested at Georgetown. I preached in Mr. Hammett's house, now fallen into our hands: Alexander M'Caine attended the afternoon and evening services. The Baptists have built an elegant church, planned for a steeple and organ; they take the rich; and the commonalty and the slaves fall to us: this is well. We have about twenty whites, and between three and four hundred blacks in society here. My mind has been deeply tried by my friends who wished me to derange appointments made in two circuits, that one station might be supplied: I do not sport with preachers or people; I judge for the Lord and his church; I stand in the order of God, as well as the appointment of man.

Monday 30. We crossed Black River at Evans's ferry, and lodged at Henry Britton's, where we were most kindly entertained.

Tuesday 31. I preached at Jenkin's chapel on [illegible]; we dined and came on to Port's ferry, an hour after the setting of the sun.

Thursday, February 2. We crossed Great and Little Pee-Dee; over the latter I crossed in a canoe. At Potatoe Ferry, a fearful place, we were detained three hours. At Kingston, brother M'Caine gave us a sermon; and I also gave an exhortation: we lodged at Richard Green's.

Saturday 4. We came to Hulbon's—a curious, fearful road we had; we hardly escaped miring several times. The simple-hearted, poor people have built a house since I was here last: I gave them a sermon from 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. After meeting we pushed on to father [illegible] and lodged with [illegible]. Brother Benjamin Jones, who had come on Black river circuit, about ten days back, died upon the road, whether by fits, to which he was subject, or by drowning, we have yet to learn. He was a native of South Carolina, near to Georgetown, a pious, good young man of unblemished life: he had travelled five years, and is now gone to rest. Lord, what is man! Lord, what is life! Let us, let me be also ready!

NORTH CAROLINA.—Monday 6. We rode eighteen miles to Ebenezer: there were about thirty souls, to whom I spoke from Titus ii. 12, 14. We came to Pierway Ferry: I was unwilling to cross; nevertheless, we all got into a small, broken flat; and scarcely had we launched, when we upset, and were obliged to back out by wading: had this been in the middle of the river—fifteen feet deep! Lord, thou preservest man and beast! By making three trips of the horses, men, and baggage, our crazy skiff got us safe over. At the widow [illegible], we were well entertained.

Tuesday 7. We rode to [illegible] Gaine's, thirty miles—we fasted from sun to sun.

Wednesday 8. We rode to Smithville, so called from General Smith: we rode thirty-three miles through the rain. We lodged at the widow Dwyer's, and was plagued with our horses running away.

Tuesday 9. Our horses were taken and brought to us. I preached at Smithville, and brother M'Caine also in my house in the town. This is the old Fort Johnston, at the mouth of Cape-Fear river: it is growing rapidly.

Friday 10. We came to Brunswick, an old town; demolished houses, and the noble walls of a brick church: there remain but four houses entire. I preached at Miss Grenadier's on 2 Cor. [illegible]; and ordained Nathaniel Bell to the office of deacon. At Edward Sullivan's I found that the cold weather, and hard labour of riding and preaching, began to press me down.

Saturday 11. At Burk's, at Town-Creek, brother M'Caine preached: I also spoke, exhorting, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." A late camp-meeting upon Town-Creek has given a revival to religion amongst both whites and blacks. I thought I perceived intimations of this in my last visits. About the going down of the sun we came into Wilmington, faint and feeble.

Sunday 12. We had nearly one thousand souls, to whom I spoke upon Hebr. xii. 25.

Monday 13. I rested, wrote, and [illegible] some matters of a temporal nature.

Tuesday 14. I preached on 2 Pet. i. 10, 11, 12.

Wednesday 15. We set out, and reached [illegible]'s, at Topsail.

Thursday 16. Lodged with Lot Ballard, New-River.

Friday 17. Reached Thomas Lee's, Trent-River.

Saturday 17. I preached in Lee's church on 1 Cor. xv. 58: after meeting we had a cold ride to Newbern.

Sunday 19. I spoke under great heaviness: my subject was Col. iii. 12—16: again in the evening on [illegible]: my load was thrown off, and we had life springing up in the assembly.

Monday 20. We proposed a subscription to raise one thousand dollars to enlarge and finish the chapel: we have obtained six hundred dollars. Brother M'Caine preached, and there was something of a shout.

Tuesday 21. I spoke from Hebr. iii. 15. Our coloured brethren were called up in the night to attend two gay females; one of whom had run to call the brethren to pray for her distressed companion, and she also was distressed: they both professed to find the Lord.

Wednesday 22, and Thursday 23. We called meetings in Newbern, and considerable congregations came together.

Friday 24. We took the path to Washington: it was clear and ride at Hunts Ferry it blew [illegible]; at [illegible] but [illegible] had intended, and we arrived in [illegible].

Saturday 25. I felt the effects of my long and very cold ride from Mecklenburg; nevertheless I gave them a sermon.

Sabbath day 26. I spoke at Washington on Titus ii. 11—14. I collected three propositions from the whole.

I. The Gospel is an universal ministration of grace and truth: [illegible] persuade men—all men, every where. This position is proved by the general love of God; the general commission given the ambassadors of Christ; the general atonement; general offers of grace; the general judgment.

II. That consequently, the Gospel must be, in all its administrations, applicable to the cases, consciences, and characters, of all; and thus does it behove the ministers of the Gospel to preach it.

III. It is a ministry of terror—"the terror of the Lord, we persuade men;" it is a ministry of love—"the love of Christ constraineth us."

Monday 27. At Gardiner's bridge I spoke to many hearers on Luke iv. 18, 19; it was very chilly. In the evening we came to John Wall's;—thirty miles to-day, without either eat or drink, from seven to five o'clock in the evening. On Tuesday, being unwell, brother M'Caine officiated for me. "I groan, being burdened"—seven conferences to appoint the stations in; to officiate in the general conference of this year; seventeen states to visit, requiring a ride of five thousand miles, at the rate of twenty, thirty, and forty miles a day.—O Lord, give me support!—for every day, every hour, and every moment is a time of need with me! We rode up to Colonel [illegible] Williams's, twenty miles. At Williams's chapel, [illegible], only the preachers were present to hear, and I preached to them upon the great salvation—to little purpose I fear: we have small fruit of twenty five years of faithful labours upon the rich lands of Roanoke.

Thursday, March 1. After a lonely ride of fifteen miles in the rain, I preached at the widow Ann Whitmell's, near Edward's ferry: we had twenty females, and half as many males to hear. The Baptists get ahead of the Methodists in this settlement: if it be well done, it matters little who does it. My mind is in peace, but my body is weak, and in pain.

Friday 2. After preaching at Whitaker's chapel on Rev. [illegible], I ordained Henry Bradford, Benjamin Norvell, and Thomas Lindsay, deacons: it was very cold.

Saturday 3. [illegible] miles, crossed Roanoke to Northampton, and lodged at Richard Whitaker's.

Sabbath day 4. Very extremely cold. I preached at Rehoboth chapel, and ordained Richard Whitaker a deacon; we had many more people than I expected—the house was nearly filled with both colours.

Monday 5. At J. Pace's my subject was Rom. x. 12. We had excessive snow on Tuesday; I ordained E. Everett a deacon. [illegible]'s old house about two dozen souls met me, to whom I spoke on James ii. 5. Twenty miles today in the snow, pitch and [illegible] we could not make [illegible] places [illegible] to halt for food.

Thursday 8. I preached at Winton, where I never expected to be again; the windows were open, and the people trembled under the cold, if not under the word. After crossing two ferries, we came to Gates court-house, twenty miles: my mind is in peace; but I feel for the people of these low lands: with the exception of a few houses and [illegible] places, my ministry amongst them must be [illegible] to go around by [illegible] my route eastward is objectionable for many reasons; and I may find it expedient to bid this part of the country farewell for ever.

Friday 9. At Gates court-house I spoke on 1 Cor. vii. 29, 30, 31. It was a very cold day: we held our meeting in the house of Daniel Southall; the loss of a favourite child has awfully clouded the day of his prosperity: Ah! hair-hung, breeze-shaken worldly bliss, what are thou!

Saturday 10. We rode to Edenton, and lodged at a tavern. After nineteen or twenty years, I preached in the court-house, and many attended. I dined with Mr. Beasly, a printer, and supped with Mr. [illegible], both Baptists. I found out Caleb and William Manning, nephews of my ancient friend Caleb Manning: these young men want preaching established. I now know why I came to Edenton—that I might feel for the people, and make an appointment of a preacher for them: but we must get a house of worship [illegible] of our own.

Monday 12. At Yeopim chapel I preached on Luke xi. 9—13. I had a very serious, attentive people to hear: I believe God is amongst them.

I called upon Mr. Ross, a Baptist minister of the Gospel—much thought of: I found him in a feeble state of body: we prayed and parted in great affection. We had rain, and night came on before we reached brother Dutton's, twenty-eight miles: we crossed Pasquotank upon a floating bridge. My mind is in great peace. Tooley Humphrey Wood became my companion in travel.

Tuesday 13. At Mr. Muller's, at Muggotack, I preached upon 1 Peter v. 10: we had a full house, and the truth was felt; I dined with mother Wood, and lodged with Mr. Whedbee; should this fine family be as good as they are kind, they might be perfect.

Wednesday 14. I spoke on 1 John iii. 1, 2, 3, at Nixonton chapel: I had openings, and felt as if God was about to visit this people: in the prosecution of my subject, I showed,

I. The effects manifested by divine "love" in the favour produced by it, and the consolations flowing from it.

II. The progress of becoming, and the privileges of being the "sons of God."

III. The evidences furnished by the "sons of God" of their claim to sonship—they "purify themselves" from all sin by humble faith and holy obedience.

IV. The "world"—blind and wretched, "knowing not God," nor the real character of the Eternal Son of God, and entirely ignorant of the hearts, the motives, the sufferings, the trials, and the heavenly consolations of the "sons of God."

Thursday 15. At New-Begun meeting-house I preached, and was filled with my subject: the rich amongst the people came and offered gifts, but we did not receive them: how little do some folks know us! I lodged at Mr. F——'s, a cold night to me in a double sense.

Friday 16. At the court-house in Elizabeth-City, Pasquotank county, I preached upon Matt. vii. 7—11: many heard, but few felt. I dined with Mr. Mitchell, a local Methodist from Cornwall, Great Britain—Lot in Sodom. The site of this place is beautiful for its land and water prospects; and the situation is good for trade. We rode on to Camden, and had to beg a lodging of Mr. Joseph Sawyer, who belongs to the Baptists; these people carry the day here in respectability and numbers.

Saturday 17. At the widow Capp's we had a small house, but well filled. I enlarged much upon the salvation of the world, including infants and adults of the Christian and heathen world: a Baptist might not think this a kind return for my night's lodging; but it was the truth. I lodged with Edward Dennis, from New-Jersey.

Virginia.—Sabbath 18. I ordained Joshua Gambling and Nathaniel Brock, both of Currituck county, deacons in the local line. I baptized Mary Portlock: she had been brought up a Baptist. At Williams's chapel I was very unwell: we had a cold house, and cold people. After meeting I retired to Zachariah Morse's. Eight hundred miles from Augusta, Georgia.

Monday 19. I preached at James Wilson's; Tuesday at Cuthrell's; Wednesday at Portsmouth; Thursday at Norfolk; and on Friday and Saturday I was housed. At a meeting of the women, we laid the foundation of a female charitable society of Norfolk; similar in plan to those of New-York and Baltimore, but more liberal: may this live, grow, and flourish when I am cold and forgotten!

Sabbath day 25. I preached at Norfolk, upon Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. and at Portsmouth, in the afternoon, my subject was 1 Peter ii. 9—12.

Monday 26. I preached at a new meeting-house fourteen miles up the road towards Suffolk: here, after thirty years' labour, first and last, we have a chapel; I named it Ebenezer. At Suffolk, on Tuesday, unwell as I was, labour went hard with me: I had an almost total obstruction of perspiration; but a pulpit sweat relieved me in a good degree. My soul is calm.

Wednesday 28. I preached at Powell's chapel: on Thursday at Benn's chapel, Isle of Wight, we had a decent, but not a feeling congregation. After preaching I rode up to William Blunt's. On Good Friday, so called, I preached at Blunt's, and administered the sacrament: I had a cloudy day, and a bad house to speak in. I rode to Joseph Moody's. We drew a plan of a new house, forty by thirty feet, two stories high: but will it ever be built? I doubt it.

Saturday 31. I preached in an old, abandoned Episcopal church in Southampton: we had an open house, and a cold day. I lodged with Philip Davis. I have made a thirty miles ride to-day.

Easter-day, the first of April, and of the week, found me at Lane's chapel: my subject was Colossians iii. 1—4. We, after meeting, rode fifteen miles to Frederick Pennington's. The time, and electioneering, increased my congregation on Easter Monday. I lodged at James Rogers's. On Tuesday, I preached at Jones's chapel. I feel feeble in body, but confident in mind. I know not if I shall not take leave of week-day appointments: if I do more then preach on the Sabbaths, it will be in [illegible] at a settled meeting, where I wish to stop.

Wednesday 4. I preached on 1 Thess. iv. 13—18, at Mabry's chapel, made anew; now sixty by twenty-five feet. I was a preacher here before the first house was built, thirty years ago; first an addition was made, now it is rebuilt in another form, and a gallery added for the blacks. I rode home in the rain with Peter Pelham: here is death temporal, and life spiritual—Thomas Pelham was converted, and is dead since my last visit; and there remain three living children, new-born babes.

Thursday 5. I preached at the camp-meeting house; and on Friday, at Hobb's chapel, although very weak, I administered the Lord's supper, after preaching a sermon on Titus ii. 11. I went in the evening to the widow Wyche's.

Saturday 7. At Wolsey's Barn, I spoke on 2 Cor. iii. 12. there were few people: we had a stormy day, and a poor, weary preacher. I dined with Ira Ellis, and rode up to Edward Drumgoole's. The wife of my old friend is lingering out life.

VIRGINIA.—Sunday 8. I spoke on 2 Pet. iii. 7—11, at the Olive Branch chapel; I am taking leave of the people every visit. I have made up one thousand miles, from Augusta, Georgia, to Brunswick county, Virginia. In old Virginia, I have ministered the word thirty years. There is a great mortality amongst the aged: our old members drop off surprisingly; but they all, by account, die in the Lord, and in general, triumphantly. Now I have finished my awful tour of duty for the past month. To ride twenty and thirty miles a day; to preach, baptize, and administer the Lord's supper; to write and answer letters, and plan for myself and four hundred preachers—O Lord, I have not desired this awful day, thou knowest! I refused to travel as long as I could, and I lived long before I took upon me the superintendency of the Methodist church in America, and now I bear it as a heavy load; I hardly bear it, and yet dare not cast it down, for fear God and my brethren should cast me down for such an abandonment of duty. True it is, my wages are great—precious souls here, and glory hereafter.

Tuesday 10. Our Virginia conference began in Mecklenburg county, Salem. We sat six hours a day, and wrought with great application. We had an addition of fifteen preachers; besides two dead, seven located, one expelled; so there was a gain of eight. I liked what was done; only, the preachers' experiences, the state of the work, and the circuits were not given; so we concluded to recommend a session of six days for the next yearly conference, appointed to be held at Edmund Taylor's, North Carolina, March 1, 1805. What I have felt was only known to the Lord: what I have done, was for God and his church. We have added, after a great mortality, one thousand members to the Virginia conference bounds.

Saturday 14. We came away with elders Jackson, George, and [illegible]. On the Sabbath day we stopped at John Rogers's, Brunswick county, and I preached from 2 Cor. xiii. 14. after sermon we rode to Peter Robinson's, Notaway county, fifteen miles.

Monday 16. We stopped at John Morgan's, Amelia county. Serious times in this family—two sons dead—young men! We put in for the night at Nathan Anderson's, Chesterfield county. Next day, a long ride of forty-five miles brought us to Elisha Maxey's. We have lately had moderate rides, but heat and dust: our meetings were small, as the people had but partial notice. I ordained Elisha Maxey deacon.

Wednesday 18. We crossed at Judah's ferry, upon James River, and came on to Goochland court-house, forty-five miles, and lodged with Joseph Perkins. Next day brought us to John Lasley's, Louisa county. On Friday we had to be at the hills of Orange and Madison counties, to Robinson-River, and once more sheltered under the roof of our brother Henry Fry. He was labouring under a weakness of his bowels: I gave him Fothergill's recipe. It is thus: one ounce of bark; half an ounce rhubarb; three nutmegs—all boiled together in a gallon, until reduced to two quarts: a wine glass of this to be taken every two hours. On Saturday we had a powerful rain; but we were under the lee of a good room. Part of the Sabbath day was taken up with a short ride of fifteen miles, to [illegible] Robler's, Culpepper. I have read John Smith's View of the Last Judgment. I think it elegant and spiritual. Monday evening brought us to William Suttle's, in Prince William, thirty-five miles; and on Tuesday we reached William Watters's, after a ride of nearly forty miles without food or rest, as we were disappointed at the place we had expected to get our dinner at. I had heedlessly thrown off my top-coat for a few hours, and caught cold.

Friday 27. Our conference began in Alexandria. On Saturday, I preached in the new chapel. The business of conference was taken up on Monday and Tuesday, and conducted in great peace.

On Wednesday we came to Georgetown, and I visited Wilson Lee, ill with a bleeding of the lungs. We lodged at Biggerly's. On Thursday we came to Baltimore.

Maryland.—Monday, May 7. Our general conference began. What was done, the Revised Form of Discipline will show. There were attempts made upon the ruling eldership. We had a great talk. I talked little upon any subject; and was kept in peace. I preached but twice.

Thursday 24. I came off to Perry-Hall, on my way to Soudersburg, to meet the Philadelphia conference. The Lord did not own the ministerial labours of the general conference: it was a doubt if any souls were converted; this made us mourn: I prayed for hundreds; but God did not answer my prayer.

Pennsylvania.—Friday 25. We came to Jarrett's and dined, and continued on to Benjamin Mannifold's. On the Sabbath we crossed the Susquehannah at M'Call's ferry, and came to Martin Boehm's. I preached at Boehm's chapel, and then came away to Soudersburg. The conference opened on

Monday morning 28. We had great order. We sat five days and a half. There were one hundred and twenty-five preachers present, whose characters and experiences were brought before us. I preached twice.

Saturday, June 2. I rode through the rain to the Valley, twenty-eight miles. On the Sabbath day I reached Radnor. Here my little Jane was horned by a cow, and lamed: she is done, perhaps, for ever for me; but it may be all for the best. I am unwell, and the weather is bad, but, except my feelings for the poor beast, I am peaceful and resigned. I was able to write, but not to preach on the Sabbath day.

On Monday morning I desired Isaac James to ride thirty miles, going and coming, and purchase me another little Jane, at eighty dollars; he did so, with great good will. I came to Philadelphia, and found that Richard Allen had bought me a horse for ninety dollars; so I had two, one to sell for sixty dollars: so much for my haste.

New-Jersey.—On Tuesday I dined at Burlington, and lodged at H. Hamilton's. Wednesday evening brought us to Joseph Hutchinson's; at Brunswick we dined next day, stopping for the night with Mr. Flatt, Rahway; and on Friday passed through Elizabethtown and Newark, and reached New-York.

New-York.—Saturday 9. Busy answering letters. On the

Sabbath I preached in our house in John-street on Hebr. x. 23—25. ; it was an open season.

Monday 11. We spent some time in social conference with the preachers. To-day, Mr. Thomas Lyell spoke out in a letter to me, saying that he wished to be located. I thought that I had discovered his designs, and those of Mr. Dashiell, during the sitting of the general conference in Baltimore: I am willing that he should belong to the Church people: I believe they have more need of him than the Methodists have. I answered Mr. Lyell, by telling him that I would do what I could to procure him a location at the Boston conference.

It may suffice to say that our present conference was a happy one, and a conference of great business. We had sermons every day at noon. Fourteen deacons, and eight elders were ordained; these last, at the Bowery church, where I preached upon 2 Tim. iv. 1—4. By hard labour I read off the stations on Saturday night, and our conference sat on Monday. We proclaimed a fast, with prayer, for the Methodists, the health of the city, the general church, and the continent. N. Snethen gave us a melting, nervous discourse on the occasion.

Wednesday 20, and the next day, I was kept by a storm within doors, at the widow Sherwood's. I wrote letters. I read brother Thacher's answer to Mr. Tagart's book; it is said there is a special call for learned men to the ministry; some may think so: but I presume a simple man can speak and write for simple, plain people, upon simple, plain truths.

Friday 22. It still continued to rain; but I felt uneasy, and came down three times to move eastward. William Thacher came home and told me Sylvester Hutchinson had brought his horse over the North-River, at seven o'clock last night, to accompany me. We set off, and called in our way at Mr. Sheet's, and breakfasted: we found sister Basling sick.

CONNECTICUT.—We dined at Byram, drank tea at Stamford, and lodged with brother Day, at Norwalk; the rain made the ride painful.

Saturday 23. We rode to brother Wheeler's, dined, and rode on to New-Haven: we have a good turnpike to travel on, and a good bridge to cross the Housatonic.

Sabbath day 24. I preached to a few souls in our small house on Hebr. iii. 12—14. My chief suffering is from riding: I am under the necessity of riding soft, fearful as I am of worse effects, and my blanket makes me gall sadly; as yet I have been little affected with the piles, thanks to my good God! Oh, New-Haven! thou seat of science and of sin! Can thy dry bones live? Lord, thou knowest! Brother Branch preached this afternoon; and brother Hutchinson at night. I have little leisure to journalise. My soul has constant peace and joy, notwithstanding my labours, and trials, and reproach—which I heed not, though it come, as it sometimes does, from the good, when they are not gratified in all their wishes. People unacquainted with the causes and motives of my conduct, will always, more or less, judge of me improperly. Six months ago a man could write to me in the most adulatory terms, to tell me of the unshaken confidence reposed in me by preachers and people: behold, his station is changed, and certain measures are pursued which do not comport with his views and feelings: O, then I am menaced with the downfall of Methodism; and my influence, character, and reputation, are all to find a grave in the ruins. First, my hill is made so strong that I shall never be moved; anon, O man, thou hidest thy face and changest thy voice, and I must be troubled, forsooth! But I am just as secure as ever, as to what man can do or say. Should this journal ever see the light, those who read it when I am gone, may, perhaps, wonder that ever I should have received such letters, or had such friends—yes, gentle reader; both have been. Who then shall I believe; and who shall I trust? Why, who but a good, and true, and never-failing God?

On Monday the 25th, we took the path to Durham: here we stopped, as there was room for us in the inn to lodge. On Tuesday we passed through Middletown, and found that our brethren were about to purchase a lot on which to build a chapel on a small scale. We rode on to Hebron. I have made four hundred and twenty miles since I took my departure from Baltimore. At Canterbury we lodged at Captain Lyons': the day's ride brought us through Windham and Scotland.

Friday 29. We came through Plainfield, Stirling, Scituate, and Coventry, to Cranston; and stopped at General Lippet's.

Sabbath, July 1. I preached to a few people at Lippet's chapel; my subject was 1 John i. 3—7. It was a gracious season to the speaker and the hearers. Sylvester Hutchinson, my travelling companion, gave them a sermon in the afternoon. I came this way only to hear how the preachers had conducted their work.

RHODE-ISLAND.—July 2. We rode through Providence, dined five miles beyond, towards Attleborough, and housed with a Mr. Guilds.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Tuesday 3. We journeyed through Wrentham and Medfield to Needham, nearly thirty miles, without food or rest for man or beast: we passed Weston, and came into Waltham in the evening. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, I rested; and read and wrote as my failing eyes would permit. My soul is in great peace.

Saturday 7. A very sultry ride of twenty miles brought us to the pleasant town of Lynn. On the Sabbath day I preached upon 1 John iii. 1, 2, 3.; the state of the society in this town is more pleasing than formerly. Peter Jayne, brought up amongst them, is an acceptable preacher. A house is begun for the preachers to live in. Sylvester Hutchinson preached in the afternoon: I spoke also; and read letters giving an account of the work in the south. Oh, when shall we see such things in New-England!

Monday 9. We rode to Salem, Beverly, Windham, Hamilton, Ipswich, Rowley, and Newburyport, and so on to Salisbury: we had flies, moschetos, heat, dust, and weariness. We lodged at the sisters Eaton's.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—Passing through Seabrook, on Tuesday, we saw one, once of our despised order, robed in his gown, and sitting in his house like a gentleman, whilst we were beating along like Jonah: well, the *end* is all. Our route carried us through Seabrook, Hampton-Falls, Exeter, (where is an elegant meeting-house) and Epping. To-day and yesterday we dined at taverns.

Wednesday 11. At Epping I preached on Acts xxvi. 18, 19.; we had an open time. Thursday brought us through Lee, Dover, and Berwick, to Alfred. On Friday we passed Doughty's Falls, on the way to Standish, and landed at Buxton.

Saturday 14. We opened our conference. We admitted and elected nine deacons, and two elders. We had preaching on Friday and to-day.

Sabbath 15. We opened by prayer and exhortation, at eight o'clock. At half after ten o'clock I took my stand in the woods, but in about forty minutes the rain fell. There were powerful exercises in the meeting-house, until near six o'clock: the Lord appeared—several souls were brought under distress. I trust the fruits of this day's labour will be seen in eternity.

Monday 16. We had preaching, and the ordination in the woods: my subject was 2 Tim. iii. 1—7.; it was an open time; and the work of God broke forth upon the right-hand and upon the left. On Tuesday we hasted the work of the conference, and concluded, after appointing our next session at Lynn, July 12, 1805.

Wednesday 18. It is reported there were fifty souls converted to God: the work continued last night. This morning we took our departure; came to Lymington, crossed Socco-River, dined at Doctor Cochran's, and came on through Limerick to Effingham, the first town in New-Hampshire, putting up for the night at Lord's tavern. On Thursday we passed Ossippee bridge, and came nine miles through the woods. We dined at Night's house, and kept on to Sandwich, rested a while at William Webster's, and then pushed on to Centre lake and harbour: we had four hours of heavy rain, and rocks, hills, and dales, to Chamberlain's. We started away through New-Hampton, Bridgewater, and New-Chester; dined, and went forward to Alexander, and Grafton: we felt willing to stop at deacon Hoyt's for a night. The morning found us under way over the isinglass hills, which furnish the windows of the country with lights: it was cold to purpose; I could have borne a third coat very well on this July 21st. We dined at Mr. Haynes's in Canaan; at a short warning I spoke to about fifty or sixty souls on 1 Tim. iv. 7, 8. We came on through Enfield; upon the banks of the pond I saw the settlement of the Shakers. Poor souls!—they have landed where all other sects have landed—Oh this love of the world! But the Shakers are near the end of the world—they forbid to marry—they are as the angels of heaven. I came to Hanover town, and lodged at Mr. Hall's. I have travelled by computation seven hundred and forty-six miles from Baltimore. Oh New-Hampshire, thy perpetual hills and rocks! Alas, poor people! Alas, poor suffering preachers!

Sabbath 22. I preached in the evening at Hanover, on Philip. iii. 8, 9. On Monday we came on through Lebanon and Plainfield, and crossed Connecticut-River into Vermont at Hartland.

Vermont.—We called at Windsor, a beautiful town upon the river, of about one hundred houses. Mr. Spooner entertained us with pleasure. We passed through Wethersfield and Springfield, and stopped at Rockingham, lodging with Captain Williams: forty miles to-day.

Tuesday 24. We came in haste to Westminster, to breakfast; this is another pleasant little town; it may have fifty houses. At

Putney we found a stream, mills, a store, and a tavern. Passing over a slate ridge, and through Dummerstown, we came to Brattleborough, which we found a pleasant place, with the advantage of a stream, well employed as a mill power. At Guilford we rested with Mr. Jacobs from three o'clock in the evening until Wednesday morning at five o'clock, when we took our departure from our host and from the state of Vermont. At Greenfield, in Massachusetts, we breakfasted, having passed Barnardston, the first village we entered in the state. We started away again to Deerfield, and Conway, and Ashfield, and Plainfield, and Commington, and Windsor, and Dalton, and Pittsfield, and Richmond, and so out of the state; but I was glad to stop fifteen miles short of Pittsfield, after riding over dreadful hills and rocks forty-five miles: we lodged at a tavern, weary, weary enough! We took our breakfast with Robert Green, in Pittsfield. Here we crossed the head branch of the Housatonnic-River, that winds its way by Stratford down through Connecticut into the sea.

NEW-YORK.—Thursday 26. We lodged at David Wager's, in the state of New-York. Next day we directed our course through Claverack, and came in to Robert Sands's, Rhinebeck, about five o'clock. My mind hath been cheerfully happy, and mostly in prayer. I was sometimes ready to wish I had no company, and no observations to make to hinder my constant communion with God. I suffered from hunger, and was skinned several times. Since I left New-York, I have spent fifteen dollars feeding man and beast by the way; and my companions were also obliged to do so. I have seen the sufferings of our preachers, and they have awakened all my sympathies. Seventeen times we dined, fed, or supped at taverns; and well it was we had these to go to, else we had been starved. We have crossed the east and west ends of Massachusetts and New-Hampshire, and have rode about three hundred miles in the state of New-York.

Saturday 28. I preached in the chapel at Rhinebeck on Psalm cxxvi. 3—6. It was a good beginning of the quarterly meeting. I visited the family of F. Garrettson.

Sabbath 29. We had our *feast of charity*, and the Lord's supper followed. I preached in an orchard upon Matt. xi. 3—6. We had about one thousand hearers. I rested at brother Garrettson's. On Tuesday we rode forty miles to Oliver Ladue's, Fishkill-Hook: we called up the family at nine o'clock, and went to rest at half after ten o'clock.

Wednesday, August 1. We rose at five o'clock, and rode, fasting, over the rugged hills of Peekskill and Fishkill; but we were willing to walk at times. We breakfasted with William Likley, from Aberdeen, Scotland: he has been about forty years in the new country. We came on to Esquire Kirby's, and having dined in haste, pushed on, and came, an hour in the night, to my home at the widow Sherwood's. We have rode fifty miles to-day, over a path so rough and uneven we could not get along fast: this hasty work interrupts that close communion with God my soul longs after. I have made, I judge, one thousand and fifty miles since I left Baltimore; and there still remains one thousand miles between me and Mount Gerezim, the seat of our conference for the 1st of October next. Thursday and Friday I devoted to rest, reading, writing, meditation, and prayer. On Saturday I came alone to New-York.

Sabbath 5. I preached at the north church upon Matt. xvi. 24. to the end of the chapter: I felt some opening. At the old house in John-street, my subject was 1 Tim. vi. 6, 7, 8. York, in all the congregations, is the *valley of dry bones*. Oh Lord, I will lament the deplorable state of religion in all our towns and cities!

New Jersey.—Monday 6. We crossed the river in a calm; but we were dripping by the time we came to Newark: here we rested two hours, then hastened on to Elizabethtown, dined, and kept on to Rahway: the night brought us up at Amboy with Benjamin Drake.

Tuesday 7. We had a rainy morning. We have our ancient seasons—plentiful rains and cold weather: this will prevent the fevers. Mr. Lyell has engaged with Mr. Pilmore's old congregation at £450 a year: so, farewell to Tommy Lyell! I hope it may end well. We got as far as Joseph Hutchinson's.

Pennsylvania.—Wednesday 8. I had a sweet, solitary ride to H. Hancock's; the next day found me breakfasting at Burlington; and by two o'clock I had reached Henry Manly's retreat. My mind is devoted to God: I had a pensive letter from Elder M'Closky lamenting the death of his son:—but one—only one—alas! I wrote to Smith, Chandler, and Colbert, presiding elders. I preached once in St. George's upon Luke xviii. 8: at the Academy, in the afternoon, on 1 Cor. xv. 58.

Delaware.—Monday 13. I came away from the city to breakfast with sister Withy. I dined with Allen M'Lane, and lodged with J. Hersey; forty-five miles to-day.

MARYLAND.—Tuesday 14. I took breakfast at North-East, ordained James Cook a deacon, and came on to Perry-Hall; forty-five miles to-day. I found the family of P. H. absent; they are gone to Bath.

Wednesday 15. I rested, being stiff and sore. My poor beast should have had three days to perform that which she has done in two: she shall rest three days in Baltimore; thence to Mount Gerrens she will have only twenty miles a day, or less, to travel. Next day I came alone to Baltimore: here I remained.

Sabbath 19. I preached in Light-street church; my subject was Luke xiv. 25, 26, 27. At three o'clock I preached at Mr. Otterbein's on 1 Tim. vi. 6—10. this has been an open day with me. I am inclined to think preaching must be in the lanes and streets of the cities:—I advised the preachers to go out to the church yards: to the sisters I recommended more frequent prayer-meetings. I revised the *Revised Form* of the spiritual part of our Discipline: I had long wished to separate the most excellent from the excellent.

Monday 20. I began my western tour, bending my course up to Cornelius Howard's, thence to Macklefresh's, and lodged with Alexander Warfield, upon Sam's Creek: the heat was tempered in some measure by a breeze from the west. My appointment at Lingamore chapel was not generally known; I preached to a few, and went to dine with Ephraim Howard; we reached friend Shalmadine's in the evening.

VIRGINIA.—Wednesday 22. We had showers to brother Reynold's: we passed through Sharpsburg, and lodged at Shepherd's-Town. I was informed of a camp-meeting, held near Charles-town, Jefferson county, at which between sixty and seventy souls professed to be converted to God: the meeting held nine days. On Thursday I started, and next day breakfasted with Mrs. Gough at Bath. I found Mr. Lyell here; his mind deeply engaged with his new design; he was very attentive to me. After resting three hours, I came away to [illegible] Dimett's.

Saturday 25. Starting at six o'clock, I made fourteen miles to Clarke's tavern, to breakfast, through mountain rain, and over mountain roads. After a long absence I came once more to John Jacobs's. From him I had the awful account of the awful end of Joseph Cromwell. He had walked backward according to his own account: three days he lost in drunkenness; three days he lay sick in darkness—no manifestations of God to his soul; and thus he died? We can only hope that God had mercy on him. Compare this with what I have recorded of his labours and his faithfulness in another part of my journal.—Oh! my soul, be warned! Brother Jacobs preached his funeral, and gave a brief sketch of his life, his fall, and his death: his text was, "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon:" how appropriate the choice! I have travelled through great heat: the people are generally sickly; but I have got along one hundred and sixty miles since I left Baltimore; thank the Lord, and kind friends!

Sabbath 26. I had a meeting at Oldtown at four o'clock: my subject was 1 Pet. v. 10.; the heat for some minutes was so intense that it appeared as if flesh could scarcely bear it.

Monday 27. After the rain, J. Jacobs rode with me to Joseph Cresap's, upon the north branch of the Patowmac. We crossed this water three times, and climbed over the mountain, but not without rain. Now I have left the travelling preachers to mind their own work, and I only make my appointments when I come to the places: the local preachers are my guides, and good guides, and good aids, and good companions they are.

Tuesday 28. In Cresap's mill I preached upon Hebrews viii. 10, 11, 12. We had many people at a short warning.

Wednesday 29. I was prevented setting out by rain. I made feeble attempts to make peace between two old members of the society: may I have the blessing, and they have the peace—for the good of their children and the society. I came to the Ten-Mile house; here I overtook company—a certain Mr. Doyne. We wrought our passage to Tomlinson's, dined, and came on to Simpkins's stand. Next day we breakfasted at the Great-Crossings—William Smith's; then on we went to Mr. Slack's—brisk enough to wait upon travellers. At four o'clock we dined. Once more I was compelled to walk down the Laurel-Hill. We came into Union-Town about seven o'clock, wearied by the heat and the toils of the day. Brother and sister Fleming are gone away two hundred and seventy miles to Philadelphia, in search of a cancer doctor: both her breasts are turned black, I understand, and she has a babe of six months to take with her over desperate roads, and through heat scarcely supportable:—dear souls, what trouble have they in the flesh! The husband is sick in the wife's diseased breast—the fond, anxious wife suffers because she is the cause of his sufferings—and Oh! how are all the sympathies of nature in the parents awakened by the sufferings of the poor, sorely-wearied babe!

Friday 31. I ordained, at Jacob Murphy's, Moses Braddock, William Page travelling elder.

September 1. I rested, wrote, read, and planned a little. I appointed James Hunter, who has been seven years in the work, president, *pro tempore*, of the Monongahela district, in the absence of Thornton Fleming: he is next to him in standing and reputation.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sabbath 2. I rode to Union-Town, and preached upon Matt. x. 37, 38. I also spoke at Murphy's barn, at four o'clock, on Jer. xxxi. 31—33.

I. The "house of Israel" the Jews—the national and church privileges of that ancient people: the term when applied to professing Christians—their peculiar and important privileges.

II. In what characters God "writes his law upon the heart"—conviction, repentance, faith, and all the evangelical and moral virtues; "Write it in their hearts," in allusion to the "law" written upon tables of stone.

Monday 4. I visited Colonel Mason—may it be for his good!

Tuesday 5. I ordained Andrew Hemphill a deacon, at family prayer, at brother Murphy's. We came in company to the widow Hawthorn's: out of eight children, here are seven subjects of grace. News came after me that Bishop Whatcoat had appeared at Connellsville: as I had failed to come along by Carlisle, he thought I might be sick, or lame, or dead; and that it was time for him to bestir himself.

Wednesday 5. I came by Bromfield and Geneva, crossed Monongahela-River, and stopped with Stephen Gapen, Wayne county, Pennsylvania. The wife of my host was ill, and I was obliged to prescribe: she rested better. I was greatly outdone by walking down the rugged, perpetual hills. Next day I felt stiff and sore.

October 6. After thirty-four days of afflictive illness, I re-commence my journal. I have been, during my sickness, at Harry Stevens's; kinder souls than this family I could not wish; but there were many of them and others continually coming and going. I had two doctors; but at last was happily left to myself and Charles Conaway. The fever subsided and left a cough. I have not had a more severe attack since I have been in America: the doctor was seldom right, and medicines were not to be had, nor indeed, the comfort and alleviations which surround a sick bed in the cities. But the best of all was, *God was with us*—God, the glorious Lord appeared. I was led into the visions of God: I shouted his praise.

Wednesday 10. We took our departure, and came to Maple-Town. The work of God revives. Brother Smalley's daughter has found the Lord. On Thursday we came to Jackson's, Carmichael-Town. Friday brought us to Crouch's, near Washington, and on Saturday we reached Philip Doddridge's.

Sabbath 14. I preached. Riding brought on a daily fever, and an inveterate cough. Brother Whatcoat being unable to ride at a greater speed than a walk, I exchanged my mare for his horse; we made more speed by this arrangement, but his great beast jolted me in such a manner as I could not have borne in health: I was pained above measure, so that I despaired of life, or health, or making our journey in this manner. We have lost the Kentucky conference, and have about eleven weeks for our trip of fifteen hundred miles to Charleston. We were compelled to spend a week at John Beck's.

Sabbath 21. Brother Whatcoat preached at West Liberty. From thence we rode to John M'Collock's, within a mile of Ohio-River: here my fever rose, and I had to quit all hopes of going to the westward: I returned to John Beck's. As I was my own doctor, I resolved to breakfast upon eight grains of Ipecacuanha; this cleansed my filthy stomach, and so broke up my disease that a fever of fifty days fled. My cough, nevertheless, is very distressing at night. I have submitted to have a large grinder extracted. Should November prove favourable, I do not yet despair of getting along in time. Brother Whatcoat has been of great service to me: he was still urgent to go on, and he has gone on, wandering alone through the wilderness—I am afraid, in vain: he said he had a call, and it must go.—I fear his precious life will go.

Tuesday 23. My fever abated. I applied a blister, and bled again. I begin to eat and gather strength.

Saturday 27. The weather has changed greatly—we have the Indian summer.

On the Sabbath day a small meeting: and what must I do—go into the woods? The eyes of the preachers were upon me—I was too weak to travel, but not to preach. We had a melting time: it was so unexpected! With some it was the first time; with others the last, perhaps, they would ever hear me or see me in this part of the country. It was so pleasant in the afternoon, I rode down to John Casebears, an Israelite.

Monday 29. A summer's day. We rode twelve miles, near to Washington. Here I heard of a suit gained by the Rev. Mr. Birch against the Rev. Mr. M'Callen: the slander was a charge of drunkenness; the damages awarded thirteen hundred dollars, costs included. On Tuesday we gained Joseph Taylor's, near the Old Fort. Wednesday we came to Union-Town, seventeen miles; Thursday to the Crossings, twenty-four miles. Friday to Musselman's, thirty miles: and on Saturday to Joseph Cresap's to breakfast, making one hundred and twenty-five miles this week; here we rested for the Sabbath. It is wonderful to see how Braddock's road is crowded with wagons and pack-horses carrying families and their household stuff westward—to the new state of Ohio, no doubt: here is a state without slaves, and the better calculated for poor, industrious families. O highly-favoured land! I saw the death of Wilson Lee confirmed in the Frederick Gazette: he died at Walter Worthington's, in Ann-Arundell county, Maryland. Wilson Lee was born near Lewistown, state of Delaware: he was of a slender habit of body, but active, diligent, and upright in his walk; a pattern of neatness in his habits and attire; and full of gentleness, meekness, and love; his presence commanded respect; his zeal for God was great, and his labours successful, and continually so; few excelled him in the duties of a presiding elder—it is not impossible, that the toils of this important office have been too great for his feeble frame. He had been twenty years and ten months in the Methodist connexion. Sabbath day I spoke in Cresap's mill, upon Heb. ii. 2, 3. After sermon we rode to James Cresap's, near Old-Town; notwithstanding what had passed at Cokesbury, he received me as a father—*that matter might have been managed better.* We were to have the boys to become all angels! I sent for brother Jacobs and his wife; we breakfasted, and prayed, and rejoiced in God together. John Hesseline sent me a note of invitation to call and see him: I did so. He reminded me of his respectable father, who took me to his house thirty years ago in the time of my visiting Annapolis, when I was exposed to daily reproach and contempt. I have reason to believe the old gentleman died in the Lord.

VIRGINIA.—Monday 5. We forded Patowmac about a mile above the south forks, and called in to see mother Pool. We came on to Capon, and lodged at Mr. Largent's.

Tuesday 6. We breakfasted at Quaker Brown's, and then came on to Winchester. In the evening I preached in George Reed's house; and next day in the house of Elijah Phelps. On

Thursday I rested and reflected. My body is in health: my soul established in grace. Sickness has been very common below the mountains, and there are many deaths.

Saturday 11. The weather has been unpleasant; and our clothing needed improvement and increase: above all, I wished to see Daniel Hitt.[*] My friends were solicitous for my presence at the quarterly meeting at New-Town. On the Sabbath day I preached, feebly, upon John i. 50. The Superintendent Bishop of the Methodist church in America being reduced to two dollars, he was obliged to make his wants known.

Monday 13. We came to Hand's ferry, went on to Front Royal, or Luce-Town; we dined at J. Moore's, and passed over the Ridge, our route leading near the head spring of the north branch of the Rappahannock; we stopped at Justice Clark's. I came in unwell; but the well-ordered house, and its solitude; the social family and their polite attentions, and great kindness, were very consoling: the old folks gave me their room and bed—I was overcome quite—my thoughts and feelings were all gratitude. On Tuesday we left our kind-hearted hosts, and took the path to Little Washington and Woodville towns, in Culpepper county, and met with a kind reception and good entertainment. Twenty-eight miles over rough roads, and through cold, enough to make me uncomfortable.

Wednesday 15. We had not gone above fourteen miles, when the threatening snow began to fall: it made a heavy damp plaster for our garments: we came to Henry Fry's, Robinson-River, Madison county. I felt the cold of yesterday's ride; the horses were to be shod, and it was meeting day, so I have reasons enough for resting.

Friday 17. We rode through Orange to Louisa county, I had a comfortable interview with John Lasley, his good, afflicted wife, and serious daughter. On Saturday we came on to Joseph Perkins's, crossing the grand branch of Pomonky, at Colonel Nurse's five story saw mill. The weather is exceeding pleasant. We had a small congregation called together at a short warning: I spoke from Hebr. viii. 10—12.—not in vain, I hope.

Monday 19. We rode through Goochland, crossing James-River, at Carter's Ville—Satan's Ville, I fear—they have rejected the Gospel:—Charles Hopkins is their priest—a poor wretch. He was once with us; but when I pleaded for a suspension of ordinances, and a partial conformity to the ancient Episcopal Church, he raised the cry of Popery: but behold! when there were churches to supply, and money to be given, there was no Popery. I lodged with Lewis Isbell: I found kind people, and comfortable entertainment. I heard of three camp-meetings in Cumberland circuit; one at Charity, one in Bocking-Lane, and one in *Prince Edward*: the first was greatly successful.

Tuesday 20. We came to Robert Smith's,—a very damp day. My mind was greatly engaged with God. On Wednesday, through deep swamps, we came to David Thompson's, at the upper, or west end of Powhatan county. On Thursday, we crossed Appomattox at Clement's bridge, near a mill and small town of the same name. Our route led through Amelia—solitary Amelia, with its worn-out fields of hundreds of acres, and old houses falling into ruins. We lost our way, wandering without friends or food, from seven in the morning, until seven at night: we made about forty miles, and came, fatigued and hungry, to John Ryall's: here we had entertainment good enough for a president.

Friday 23. We passed Nottaway court-house, crossed at the Fall's bridge, where a Morris, owner of a mill and saw-mill, finely seated on the stream, gave us food for our horses *gratis*, and unasked: we came to Zachariah Davis's, near Lunenburg court-house. On Saturday we crossed Meherrin at Suffield's bridge: by accident we came to Mr. Warner's, the son-in-law of Samuel Holmes: we were hungry and faint, and the table was soon spread. On the Sabbath day I had a local preacher's congregation, to which I discoursed upon 1 Thess. ii. 11, 12.

Monday 26. We came to Allen Young's: the weather was unusually sultry; my clothing was burdensome. A traveller in this iron clime, must feel almost all the climates in the world, with all their extremes; and he must carry with him, all the year, as many clothes as he may possibly want but six months of it: in November he may not need a top coat; and yet, if he is wise, he will not be without his cloak in July. As Tuesday was pleasant, the river low, and the wind moderate, I pushed forward to Edward Taylor's, Granville county, North Carolina—twenty-six miles: here I wanted to rest. At this point, Joel Smith being unwell, consented to stop, after travelling with me six hundred miles, frequently afflicted and depressed by some peculiarities of both his constitution and country: I wished him to leave me.

North Carolina.—Thursday 29. We came to Edward Taylor's, senior: the aged people were happy, waiting with cheerful patience for the moment which was to change this mortal for an immortal state. On Friday we dined at Jesse Carter's, on the banks of Neuse, and crossed the river at the Fish-dam Ford, and put up for the night with Lewis Moore. Our road led us by the house of John Kimbrough, where we visited: I was pleased to find that the *like precious faith* entailed upon the children, was now enjoyed in reversion by the children's children of those who *first trusted in* God thirty years ago.

Saturday, December 1. We came to Silas Smith's, accompanied by Nathaniel Moore. I was glad to house here, and escape the rain. It is a cordial to my spirit to reflect, that although we had but one preacher on that ancient and good circuit of Tar, and that one was a young one, and esteemed by some only of moderate abilities, that his labours have been signally blest: it is true, the local brethren helped faithfully; and there were some good seasons at camp-meetings. My mind has great peace and consolation in God.

Sunday 2. I preached; my subject was John i. 50. I was chilled for an hour after speaking; a fever succeeded this, and I was very ill through the night.

Monday 3. I baptized three children of Squire Hinton's. I breakfasted with them. We rode on to the Red-field ferry, upon Haw-River. On Tuesday morning we breakfasted fourteen miles ahead, with brother Reeves, at the Hickory Mountain. I ordained William Masters a deacon. I dined and lodged with him: God has blest him—his twin sons, converted at the same time, are both called to preach the Gospel. On Wednesday, we came away twenty miles, to Bell's *house and mills*, to see Alexander M'Caine: we had a night meeting, at which I saw extravagancies frequently seen among our people. I believe, nevertheless, that the young people were sincere. On our way to Wiley Harris's we stopped at Mr. Fuller's to dine. On Friday I rode eight miles to breakfast, with Ethelred Harris, and came on eighteen miles to John Randle's. On Saturday I thought it well to rest. I have rode, since leaving Baltimore, nine hundred and eighty-eight miles. At Randle's I preached upon Gal. v. 8. In the evening I visited our former brother, my friend Tomkins: he was expelled for selling a slave. The Lord is amongst the coloured people in this family. On Monday we lodged at Thomas Shaw's, thirty-five miles distant: his wife still lamented the loss of a dear child.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Tuesday 11. We reached Lynch's Creek; and next day, twenty-eight miles brought us to Camden: my friends receive me as risen from sickness—tenderly attentive. On the Sabbath day Alexander M'Caine supplied my place; on Friday, Saturday, and twice upon the Sabbath; this last day, I gave the sacramental discourse upon 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. Whilst resting, I wrote some letters, and received some persons who wished to converse with me upon the best of subjects. I felt as if we wanted more living religion in the society here.

Monday 17. I came to James Rembert's, upon Black-River, twenty miles. I wish I could be more solitary this week. On Tuesday I kept close, that I might finish the short memoirs of Nicholas Watters, and Tobias Gibson, both deceased this year.

Wednesday 19. I preached at Rembert's chapel: we had a cold rain—it chills the people; they cannot hear to profit: my subject was 1 Thess. v. 24. "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it:"—that is, give you entire sanctification, and persevering grace to the end.

Thursday 4. We had snow four inches deep: I felt thankful that I had a house, and all things necessary to temporal enjoyment and comfort. Next day it cleared away; my soul is happy in God; purity of heart is my joy, and prayer my delight. I feel as if God would sanctify all the conferences in the south: O may it, in answer to my unceasing prayers, be a great time with the Lord's prophets. It is nine hundred miles from Wheeling, on the Ohio, to Charleston, South Carolina: from Baltimore thither, by this route, about twelve hundred miles.

On Thursday, Saturday, and Sabbath day, I rested: Jonathan Jackson preached at Rembert's chapel on Monday, and on Tuesday, Christmas day, I gave them a sermon upon Isaiah ix. 6. "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." A "child," after his human nature: a "son"—of God. "The government shall be upon his shoulders"—upon the shoulder it was that ancient temporal governors carried their badge of office. His "shoulders"—shall be strong enough for the thousands of his faithful ministers, and the millions of his faithful people in his church militant, who shall confide in his strength. "His name shall be called"—that is, he shall, in reality be what he is called. "Wonderful"—that is, a mysterious and miraculous person in his manifestation—in his birth, spiritual and holy; and in his miracles, notable, perfect, and undeniable. "Counsellor"—this may refer to his ministry—his prophetic, priestly, and kingly offices. "Mighty God"—mighty in the power of his grace. "The Everlasting Father"—as such, giving life, and life eternal. "Prince of Peace"—giving and preserving peace in his kingdom; and thus contradistinguished from temporal princes, who are so generally promoters of war.

Wednesday 26. We set out for Charleston; the rain overtook us, and we passed Sumpter court-house dripping. We dined with Mr. Bradford, and pursued our journey, wet as it was; stopping at a house where we might have remained for the night, we were driven off by a drunken madman who went on like a fiend: it was dark, and we had rain above, and mud and water below; the elements appeared to be at war with us: at length Mr. Boyd saw us in our deep distress, and led us to his house, and treated us very kindly. I was wet—I was blistered—I was skinned.

Thursday 27. We came on to contend with Santee at Nelson's ferry, where I once had a serge with Hope Hull in company. The mud and mire were bad enough in the road, but Oh! the swamps! I dipped both feet, yet I came off pretty well: the water was rising; the wind blew fresh; but happily for us, James Jenkins came over in a canoe and brought the flat just as we were ready. We pushed on to Mr. Hervin's, and came in before the sun disappeared.

Friday 28. We came thirteen miles to Monk's Corner to breakfast; thence to the Ten-Mile House, fed our horses, and put off again and reached the city. I think it may go for one hundred and twenty miles from Rembert's to Charleston.

Saturday 29. I had to rest indeed: I was sadly sore. Many letters came from various parts, which I answered. Daniel Hall made me glad by his account of the Suffolk camp-meeting: in four days they calculate there having been as many hundred converted to God. On the Sabbath day I preached at Cumberland-street on John i. 50. I feel comforted in spirit: the sitting of this conference will not be in vain in Charleston. Two letters from Philadelphia announce to me that nearly one hundred souls have been converted in the different congregations since October: Oh, fire of the Lord, come down and consume the fire of contention in that unhappy place? I have a pleasing account also of the success of a camp-meeting in the state of New-York.

Tuesday, January 1, 1805. We opened our conference. I preached upon Coloss. iv. 5, "Walk in wisdom towards them that are without, redeeming the time." To "walk in wisdom towards them that are without," is to purchase the present and future time, both of which are in our power. The highest "wisdom" of ministers, is to propound and set forth faithfully, the end and motive of their "walking." Christians "walk in wisdom" when they earnestly seek perfection by the best and holy means; and in the highest "wisdom," when in the possession of all the communicable fulness of perfect love. I preached the ordination sermon of four elders, J. Crowder, H. M. [illegible], E. H. Mallard, and Hugh Porter. My body failed a little in these exercises. We had a sacrament; and some singing and prayer; but for want of space and closer communications, there was nothing special done. The intendant of the city has forbidden our prayer-meetings with the blacks before the rising sun; nor must the evening meetings be held later than nine o'clock. The preachers are seriously occupied with the work of the conference; and they are countrymen, and do not speak boldly as they ought to speak; nevertheless, I hope and believe real good has been, and will be consequent upon the sitting of this conference.

Monday 7. I attended to the entering of the minutes; wrote letters; packed up our stuff for removing; received visits, and bade farewell.

Tuesday 8. We came off early and in haste, but we were soon checked; the Causeway was bad, and the flat at the ferry aground: we were three hours getting over. At Andrews's tavern, we had to beg and pray to be taken in for the night; aye, and pay for it too: our supper and lodging were three dollars. Next day, at a bad and slow ferry we waited some time, and lingered on the road; at seven o'clock we came in to [illegible] [illegible]'s, upon Black River. On Thursday we crossed the bridge below Kingstree, and called upon Captain Charles Williams, who generously took us in, and treated us kindly.

Friday 11. A cold day. One night at [illegible] ferry, and away. We have fallen short, in our calculation of reaching Lumberton on the Sabbath day. On Saturday we came up to Robert [illegible]'s: here brother Whatcoat thought proper to stay a night. My mind has been in great peace. In a day and a half, with lodging, food, and ferries. Going off we have spent nine dollars. I will here observe, that we have admitted upon trial eighteen preachers in the western, and sixteen in the southern, conferences; and added two thousand members within the bounds of each, notwithstanding a great mortality, and the constant removal to new lands.

Sabbath 13. We rode eleven miles to James Ford's, a stage house, and company: we were kindly treated gratis: we gave them our prayers and thanks.

Monday 14. We came to Mr. Lowe's, dined, and came on, lodging at Lumberton, a town of about twenty families. On Tuesday we had another cold ride to Fayetteville. At the African meeting-house, I preached upon Heb. x. 29, 30: it was a time of feeling; but eleven o'clock was too soon for some folks. I was invited to preach in the state-house, but it did not suit my mind at all; the object of our visit was a Methodist congregation and society. Heard it hinted: some displeasure, to be sure; but it is our duty [illegible] to none of law courts, and therefore I felt justified in declining the public invitation of the Rev. Mr. Flinn, to officiate in his meeting-house. I must take the road again. Oh, what sweetness I feel and steal along through the solitary woods! I am sometimes ready to shout aloud, and make all sound with the praises of His grace who died, and lives, and intercedes for me. Brother Whatcoat preached at night: I added a few words, a sort of gleaning exhortation.

North Carolina.—Thursday 17. We crossed Cape Fear, dined at Simpson's, and after night stopped at the widow Andrews's, a stage-house. On Friday we had a stormy morning; it paid us off for a time, and then cleared away. We came to Moore's creek: we were at near swimming, I dipped my heels: we stopped at Parker's, dined, and continued on to Negro-Head: we had [illegible] and spring-tides; and behold, one of the bridges at Mr. [illegible]'s rice field was gone. Well for us, the overseer, one of our class, brought a ladder for us to walk upon, and by means of some planks laid together lengthwise, our horses passed over. We asked the housekeeper to let us stay; she consented, little thinking who we were; which, when she discovered, the poor thing was surprised and gladdened: we had a room, and prayed and talked with the blacks, and exhorted them. On Saturday morning we crossed North-East before sunrise: we came to our own house to breakfast. Our chapel in Wilmington is elegant—sixty-six by thirty-six feet. Brother Whatcoat preached this morning.

Sabbath 20. I preached on Titus iii. 14. Brother Whatcoat spoke in the afternoon. Our unfinished house was filled with both colours.

Monday 21. Many attended our meeting, though the weather was severe.

Tuesday 22, we came on to Top-Sail. Brother Nixon and family are preserved in the midst of disease and deaths. Dear Mrs. Campbell is gone home.

Wednesday 21. We came to Bullard's, forty-one miles. The weather was very cold in the morning, and there was so much ice in the way we could scarcely get along. Brother Whatcoat was afflicted with dysentery and bloody urine. On Thursday we made sixteen miles to the widow Argent's: here is a change—the man is dead: the widow was very attentive, and the blacks crowded to prayers.

Friday 25. We reached Newbern, twenty-six miles. On Saturday it rained: we have happily escaped it. We have made two thousand nine hundred and eighty miles since general conference. We lodged at the widow Jones's; her dear James is gone: he appeared to be as healthy as any man in Newbern; he went off after a few days' illness, of a pleurisy in the breast. Lord, and am I yet alive!

Sabbath 27, was an awful day of cold rain: few attended the worship of God. In my zeal I preached again at night: I exposed myself, and exerted myself.

Monday 28. We came away through a cold wind to Neuse Ferry: Swift-Creek swam us: and the waters of the greater stream floated us across in a tottering canoe, the horses along side swimming: a twenty-eight miles' ride brought us to the widow Richard's to lodge. Arrived at Tar-River we found it was blowing a storm: I was unwilling to cross. The flat was nearly filled with water shortly after we put off: a boat came out to take us up: brother Whatcoat stood midleg in water; I had gained a plank and kept my feet dry; and it was well, as I had a touch of pleurisy, and had discharged blood yesterday evening; we came safe, and praised that God who in deaths oft had delivered us. Brother Whatcoat preached at Washington in the evening.

Wednesday 30. I preached to a congregation of very unfeeling people. The blacks have no gallery. The whites look upon us with contempt. Oh! Washington, Washington!

Thursday 31. We came to Williamston. I preached at brother Watts's house; my subject was Rom. v. 1—5. Roanoke was full.

Friday, February 1. We rode up to General Williams's, forty-eight miles from Washington. We must yet go sixty miles out of our way to go by Norfolk; poor men, and weary horses!

Saturday 2. We stemmed the north-west wind, twenty miles, to cross the awful Roanoke. For a mile and a half from the ferry the fences were swept away; during the freshet, cattle and hogs and some slaves, had been carried off; its proud waves were stayed when we arrived. We rode thirty-two miles to Joseph Penner's, Northampton, without seeing the inside of a house. I was most severely penetrated with the cold; and my bowels were disordered. We had snow and cold on the Sabbath day, and we were glad to rest. The people came to meeting, and we delivered our testimony.

VIRGINIA.—Monday 4. The day was excessively cold; the icy, frozen roads endangered limbs and life itself. We kept on. At Murphysburg we had a meeting at the house of the widow Meridith; I spoke to them from 2 Cor. v. 14—17. Next day, at Somerton, we had a small meeting in Herbert's house.

Wednesday 6. In Suffolk, at the house of Mr. Yerbury: my subject was Rev. iii. 11, 12.

Thursday 7. I was very unwell; but we pushed on through water, mud, and mire to Portsmouth, where we arrived about an hour in the night.

At eleven o'clock on Friday we had a meeting of the official members for business; they unanimously wished to have a stationed preacher: this was a great difficulty last year. Our chapel has been enlarged to sixty feet by thirty; I advised the addition of galleries. As I passed over the bridge to Norfolk, I examined and was pleased with it: it is more upon the eastern plan of such improvement than any I have seen to the south: it is one thousand one hundred feet long and thirty wide; the piles coppered to high water mark, to preserve the wood from the worms; and it has a draw-bridge: the cost is said to be thirty thousand dollars, and it yields five per cent. to the company. We met the official members of the Norfolk society; here are some difficulties, and more poverty; but the work progresses here as well as at Portsmouth, where the society has grown and prospered under the care of James Smith.

Sunday 10. I preached at Norfolk upon Rom. xiii. 11-14. "That knowing the time," &c. Observe, wherein professors are called by the signs of the time, &c.: "awake"—to cast off the "works of darkness," as they would clothes which no longer suited their characters, garments no longer appropriate to their profession, and "to put on the armour of light, the whole armour of God;" to "walk honestly," that is, decently—as it becometh the true, consistent, dignified, Christian character; to avoid the assemblies of the world, and the sins and indulgences of the flesh and spirit; to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ;" to be dressed, decked, adorned with Jesus Christ, and filled with his Spirit, "to make no provision for the flesh," with the intent and desire of fulfilling its lusts. At Portsmouth I preached upon Luke iii. 6. "All flesh shall see the salvation of God."—

I. The excellencies of this salvation: it is a common salvation, a great salvation, the salvation of God.

II. The nature of this salvation: in its degrees of justification, sanctification, and glorification.

III. The present subjects of salvation, infants and believers. The ample means furnished to all, that they may see this salvation; faithful ministers, faithful, consistent, praying professors, and all the holy ordinances of the church. I was greatly assisted in speaking. I warmly exhorted our friends in Norfolk to build a tabernacle in some part of the town.

Monday 5. At John's chapel I spoke on an appropriate text from Isai. xlix. 20; the house is not half large enough. We dined at brother Denbigh's, and came on to the widow Reddick's; she and her sister are both professors.

Tuesday 6. At Suffolk brother Whatcoat preached a very appropriate sermon. At Murphy's the work revives; a new house is in preparation; *the place is too strait: we must make room for them to dwell.* My subject here was 1 Tim. ii. 3, 4.

Wednesday 7. Brother Whatcoat preached at Joseph Moody's. God has wrought powerfully at Blunt's and Bean's; they are preparing a large house for worship at the former place. General Wells and family have returned to us; Willis Wells is coming back from following O'Kelly, besides twenty other members who had been drawn away: they profess to have had enough of him. Mr. O'Kelly has come down with great zeal, and preaches three hours at a time upon government, monarchy, and Episcopacy; occasionally varying the subject by abuse of the Methodists, calling [illegible] if they had the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of the people's [illegible]. [illegible] the Methodists have but two of their very numerous [illegible] members of Congress, and [illegible], we [illegible] but one. I question if in all the public legislative bodies in the seventeen United States, there are more than twenty Methodists. No; our people are a very independent people, who think for themselves; and are as apt to divide in politics, (as do the preachers) and divide at the [illegible] as those of any other denomination; and surely, they are not so ambitious of the offices of the world's profit or honour; if they were, what might they not gain in many parts of the United States! [illegible] who are always fond of fishing in troubled waters, take those who are already in our net, or hunting on forbidden ground, pick up our crippled game, see what believers their church is composed of!

Thursday 14. The rain held us in doubt until eleven o'clock; then we started, and about two o'clock a dreadful storm of thunder, hail, and wind, overtook us and drove us to a house for shelter; here we remained an hour, and then came on to Captain Birdsong's: it blew up excessively cold. Oh! death! deaths in the neighbourhood of Ellis's chapel, where we have held conference [illegible]

Friday 15. We stopped to feed our horses at a Quaker preacher's, a friend Nixon; we would not eat ourselves, where it was not agreeable we should pray. We found the wind so cold and cutting as we made towards Petersburg, we could hardly bear up against it.

Saturday 16. Colder still! snow in the north, five and six feet deep in New-York. Ice! ice!—awful time!

Sunday 17. Calm and cold. I preached upon Rev. iii. 2—4; the people came very late, and my mind was fettered. I will here take the liberty of inserting the following account.

A Sketch of the Labours and Travels of Ira Ellis.

In March 1781, I left my father's house, in Sussex county, Virginia, and spent some time with Leroy Cole, in Mecklinburg circuit. This spring and part of the summer I spent mostly with the preachers, and occasionally supplied some vacancies in one or two circuits. About November I attended a quarterly meeting at Roberts's chapel, *Brunswick* circuit; and from thence was sent as a travelling preacher into Mecklinburg circuit, being then about twenty years of age. In April, 1782, I attended the conference held at Ellis's chapel, Sussex county. From thence I received an appointment to Pittsylvania circuit; where I continued six months; the six following months I officiated in the Yadkin circuit. In the spring of 1783 the conference was again held at Ellis's chapel; and I received an appointment to [illegible] circuit; after spending two quarters there, I spent the remainder of the year in Sussex circuit. In the spring of 1784 I was stationed in Bertie circuit: six months I laboured there; one quarter in Camden; and the last quarter, excepting the time spent in attending the general conference in Baltimore, in Portsmouth circuit. At the conference held in April, 1785, at William Mason's, Brunswick county, I was appointed to Philadelphia circuit; here I continued nearly one year, spending one third of the time in the city. In the spring of 1786, I was stationed in Dover circuit, in the state of Delaware, and continued one year. The next year I laboured in Kent circuit, on the eastern shore of Maryland; whilst here I received a letter from Bishop Asbury, informing me that I was stationed for the ensuing year in the city of Charleston, South Carolina; I set out in May, and arrived there, and took my station in July, 1788: except one tour of duty of about three months through the district and state at large, I continued here until February, 1790. After this period I was stationed in what was called the middle or centre district of Virginia, lying between James and Rappahannock rivers; in this district I remained and officiated as presiding elder, until the general conference held in Baltimore, in November, 1792. James O'Kelly having then withdrawn himself from the Methodist connexion, I was appointed to succeed him in the south district of Virginia, which station I filled until November 1795. I then changed my state in life, and became located; and so continue to this day.

Brunswick, Virginia, IRA ELLIS.
Feb. 24, 1805.

The above named Ira Ellis, being about to travel some distance through the United States on business, Bishop Whatcoat and myself gave him the certificate of which this is the copy—

To the Ministers, Members, and Friends of the Methodist Episcopal church in the United States.

With our Christian salutations we send, greeting. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you, through Jesus our Lord. We have [illegible] proper to recommend our beloved brother, Ira Ellis, to good people and ministers. Our brother travelled [illegible] years successively, faithfully, and acceptably, [illegible] years he has laboured locally, preserving always a good ministerial and Christian character: he hath filled the various stations among us, having exercised the offices of preacher, deacon, elder, and presiding elder. We give him the recommendation we think his standing and services have merited in our connexion; he is going upon business of consequence to himself; he may also be as attentive as circumstances will admit to the ministry of the word of God at all times and places where he can have a congregation. Given under our hands this [illegible] day of February, 1805.

Brunswick county,
Virginia.
FRANCIS ASBURY.
RICHARD WHATCOAT.

I desire to render to all their due. Ira Ellis is a man of quick and solid parts. I have often thought that had fortune given him the same advantages of education, he would have displayed abilities not inferior to a Jefferson or a Madison. But he has, in an eminent degree, something better than learning—he has undissembled sincerity, great modesty, deep fidelity, great ingenuity, and uncommon power of reasoning. His English schooling has been good: he is a good arithmetician, and expeditious and ready with his pen: when asked for an account of his travels, he took his pen immediately, and without a recurrence to books or papers, gave it at once; in the conferences and elsewhere, as my secretary, he has been of signal service to me. He is a good man, of most even temper, whom I never saw angry, but often in heaviness through manifold temptations: he is a good preacher too.—O, may he finish life as he hath continued it—faithful, and acceptable, and successful in the travelling and local line! Ira Ellis is married to an agreeable woman, who has made him the father of three beautiful, serious little children.

Monday 18. We rode away to the high hills, Notaway, and stopped with Stith Perham: on Tuesday we came to Robert Jones's; on Wednesday to Peter Pelham's; on Thursday to William Ruffin's; on Friday to Sterling Ruffin's, where I preached, and then came on to Ira Ellis's. On Saturday brother Whatcoat preached at the Olive Branch. We visited Matthew Myrick, who was sick.

Sabbath 24. I had a most serious talk at the Branch chapel on Rev. ii, 1—5. We lodged at Ed. Drumgold's.

Monday 24. We rode to John Seward's through the rain. William and Sterling are amongst the rich—are settled: they had been devious in their notions; but they appear to be sincere and zealous now. Bishop Coke had been made a blessing to William and his lady. We have passed through Norfolk, Nansemond, Isle of Wight, Surry, Sussex, Prince Edward, Brunswick, Greensville, Mecklenburg counties.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Tuesday 25. We directed our course to [illegible], chiefly to see sister Taylor, at Howell Taylor's: she is true yoke-fellow to Sally Jones: one is gone to rest, the other, confident in God, is suffering so patiently until she is released from her load of painful affliction. On Wednesday we crossed Taylor's ferry, and rode twenty miles to Edmund Taylor's, the seat of the Virginia conference: we had rain part of the way. We felt a little serious—thinking our elder children and strong sons would leave us by location; and that we should have none but old tottering men, and green, unpractised boys to take care of the plantation: but we have a great husbandman, *Jesus*, and a good God. On Thursday making preparations for the conference.

Friday, March 1. We opened our yearly conference for Virginia at Edmund Taylor's, Granville county, North-Carolina. We closed our sitting on Friday evening following. I have so frequently noticed the affairs of conferences, and they are so common, that I will only observe of this, that we added fourteen preachers, and located four; our business was conducted in great peace, and we had preaching as usual. Our increase is one thousand nine hundred members.

Saturday 9. We came to John Owens's, and spent an agreeable hour. I was pleased to see sister Owens; she is the daughter of my old good friend Daniel Grant. We took horse again, and hastened on through the warmth to Doctor R. A. Helland's, making thirty-three miles.

Sabbath 10. I preached upon Isai. xl. 5. We had many Baptists to hear. It was an open time to me, although I was unwell. Brothers Mead and Bruce exhorted.

Monday 11. We came away to brother Pate's; and thence on to father Chappell's. We lodged with Joel Tucker.

Tuesday 12. We crossed Staunton-River at Pannell's ferry. We called at Mr. Old's to warm and feed, and came on to lodge at Henry Brown's, having made thirty miles this day—and very cold it was.

Wednesday 13. I rested, read and wrote, whilst brother Mead copied letters narrative of the work of God. We have passed eight conferences, Granville, Person in Carolina, and Halifax and Campbell counties in Virginia. I find that nothing so interrupts my communion with God as the cold. I cannot keep my mind fixed when my whole system seems to be penetrated and stiffened with the cold wind. I suppose this will pass for a very long, hard winter: if the spring is backward, the harvest will be late and full. O, may there be a great harvest of souls gathered in to God!

Virginia.—Thursday 14. We went a cold ride to New-London. I felt the cold: the wind gave me an influenza. We had a meeting in Doctor Jennings's house. I spoke on Rev. ii. 8—10.

Friday 15. We came to Lynchburg: I did not find my body or mind, or the circumstances of the chapel, or the state of the society as I wished. We did not lose time. Brother Whatcoat spoke at night. On Saturday I preached upon Ephes. iv. 2—8. I was very unwell on the Sabbath day. Brother Whatcoat preached, and administered the sacrament. At three o'clock, I was forced to duty by the wishes of the people; I spoke on 2 Cor. vi. 1. We had about one thousand or fifteen hundred people of the town and country: we lodged with Mr. Wyatt. I felt very willing to move along.

On Monday we came to Colonel Meredith's, New-Glasgow: we were entertained with great friendship and Christian politeness. We were accompanied hither by Lewis Dawson, whose kind attentions it is proper I should acknowledge. The people being gathered at a short warning, brother Whatcoat gave them a sermon.

Tuesday 19. Brother James Floyd led us along with as much attention as he would have paid to his parents. We crossed Piney Creek and Tye-River, passing Amherst court-house. After dining with William Broadhere, we mounted and pursued our way across the rocky ford of Rockfish: we stopped at Benjamin Paine's. God hath wrought amongst the children of these families.

Wednesday 20. We came to Tandy Key's; here we found more children coming to Christ. I was pleased and charmed to hear from the local preachers the great things God hath done in this circuit. Brother Mead is coming to preside, and I hope he will have a glorious camp-meeting in every circuit in the district. Amherst should, by all means, have another preacher—I hear—I see—I feel. The Baptists are under the whip—struggling for victory; Bedford is their strong-hold. We shall see. It must be going; although I have a poor, weak, tripping beast; and if she makes a long stumble fifty times a day, I bear it patiently. My mind is in great peace—glory, glory to God!

Thursday 21. We came to Williams's tavern; dined, and passed the elegant seat of Mr. Divers; thence to Ray's ford upon the north fork of James River, called Fluvanna; thence to the north branch of Swift-Run: we lodged at Mr. Fretwell's—three score and ten, and not *born again!*—wretched old man! At Stanardsville, on Friday, we called on Doctor Douglass, formerly a travelling preacher, halted an hour, and made for the waters of Rapid-Ann—Staunton, middle, and south branches: after scaling an arm of the ridge over to Robinson's River (flowing in three branches from the ridge,) we came in to lodge with Mr. Glower, a Baptist, who was very hospitable to us. On Saturday we reached T. T.'s, upon Hughes's River; and thence continued on to Woodsville; thence to Washington, a small town under the south mountain in the west of Culpepper county. We have made one hundred miles of these roads in three days: poor men! poor horses! We are housed with Elias Clark, Esq. near Chester Gap.

Sabbath 24. Having taken cold in my head, I was very unwell; I was merely forced to preach at Pennell's. On Monday we crossed the ridge at Chester Gap, passing the head spring of the north branch of the Rappahannock River. We stopped at Front-Royal or League-Town: I preached at three o'clock; and brother Whatcoat at night. My subject was Rom. xii. 1, 2. "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." It was observed, that the apostle's form of address was excellent, and particularly directed to the Christian believers—the subjects of grace. That the people of the "world" who lived in conformity to its manners and maxims, lived in their proper element—"But ye (said our Lord in addressing believers) are not of the world, as I am not of the world, because I have called you out of the world." The apostle had in view one thing, in two parts, viz. The devotion of the whole man, body and soul to God; without which the man cannot be a Christian, perfect and entire. "Pre-

and your bodies a living sacrifice,"—this can only be done by abstaining from all things sinful in practice. We must, not only not live in the use of unlawful things, but we must not indulge in the unlawful use of lawful things: it is lawful to eat, but not to gluttony; it is lawful to drink, but not to drunkenness; it is lawful to be married, but it is unlawful for either husband or wife to idolize the other. We ought to make the faculties of our bodies subservient to the worship and service of God—our eyes to see for God; our ears to hear; our hands to be liberal; our feet to move for God, so as to do or suffer—this is "reasonable service;" and thus occupied, the "mercies of God" excite us properly; and we are "not conformed to this world." That we be "renewed in our minds"—that all the powers of the soul be given in love and service to the Lord; in conviction for indwelling sin, the repentance of believers; in sanctification; persevering grace; perfect love; and the fruition—perfect and eternal glory. We "prove the will of God" by this—to be good—to be "acceptable" to our own souls; and to be "perfect" in our Christian perfection, holiness, and happiness eternal.

Tuesday 26. We came a rugged path to Elijah Phelps's once more. On Wednesday I was busy writing and fitting for conference. Front-Royal contains about sixty houses, a Methodist chapel, and academy, a mill, and several stores. We lodged at James Moore's. It was very agreeable to have a home, a room, and every thing comfortable for a day or two. Our poor horses needed rest too.

Saturday 30. We came to Winchester. I ordered a room fitted for conference, with one above the other. On the Sabbath day I preached.

Monday, April 1. We opened the Baltimore conference, sitting five days in very great order and peace: on the 5th instant it rose. We had seventy-four preachers present. We had preaching day and night, and some souls were converted to God. On Saturday we came to brother Davenport's.

At Charlestown my Sabbath day's subject was 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. We lodged with Mr. Key. On Monday we reached Frederick-town; on Tuesday, Joshua Jones's, Sam's Creek: and on Wednesday 10, came into Baltimore.

MARYLAND.—I have been greatly supported, but afflicted in my breast—and heart: it will not last long. I have made, I calculate, three thousand eight hundred and fifty miles from the 1st of June, 1804, to the 10th of April, 1805. L. M'Combs had refused to take his station; after some alterations were made, he consented to go to Philadelphia. Thursday was occupied in writing letters, &c. On Friday I preached at Oldtown.

Sabbath day, I preached in Light-street: I had a very heavy congregation: I fear the people are preached to death. In the afternoon I visited the Africans: my subject was Ephes. iv. 1—6. Lord, look upon our city congregations, for they are a valley of dry bones!

Tuesday 16. I preached at Fell's Point; it was a time to be remembered. I made my escape from Baltimore—low in religion. At Perry-Hall I spent a night. The house, spacious and splendid, was newly painted, and the little grandchildren were gay and playful; but I and the elders of the house felt that it was evening with us.

Thursday 18. We came to North-East, and called a meeting; the notice was short; the men were fishing. On Friday we reached Back-Creek, Delaware. Very warm and dusty. My mind is in great peace. On Saturday I was at Duck-Creek; and on Sunday evening I preached in Dover state-house with very little life: in the morning I had an open time on 2 Cor. vi. 16, 17, 18.

DELAWARE.—Monday 22. I rode to Milford; on Tuesday to Z. Hazzard's; rested, and came on to Lewistown, where we called a meeting, and preached upon Rom. xiii. 11—14.: I was assisted greatly, and the people were engaged. We lodged at Caleb Rodney's. There may be in Lewistown one hundred and twenty houses, and about eight hundred souls. We came thence to Georgetown, the seat of the courts of justice for Sussex county; containing about forty houses. As the court was in session, we were offered the house, and desired to hold our meeting there: the judges and counsellors attended; and brother Whatcoat spoke, and I followed upon Psalm xli. 10: we had a moving season.

Thursday 24. We came on to Caroline; dined at Caleb Jacob's, and lodged with Thomas Foster. I was gladdened in heart to find that the work of God was progressing in this society.

On Friday we came to brother Frazier's. The fierceness of the wind made Choptank impassable: we had to rest awhile—and need I had; being sore with hard service.

Saturday 26. We crossed at Dover-Ferry, and came through Easton to Lebanon, lodging at brother Brown's.

Sunday 27. I preached at Lebanon chapel—the neatest on this shore; my subject, Isaiah lx. 19, 20. We hasted on to Easton: brother Whatcoat preached; brother Blake gave us lodging.

Monday 28. We rode forty-three miles through Centreville to Chestertown, to meet the Philadelphia conference.

Tuesday 29. We rested and prepared for our work.

Saturday, May 4. On Wednesday our conference began; one day was occupied with the appeal of Caleb Kendall. On the Sabbath I was called to duty; I spoke on Luke iii. 4, 5, 6. "All flesh shall see the salvation of God."

I. The perception—the sense in which this object is seen.

II. By whom? "By all."

III. The provision made for this, and the cause of its operation. The love of God; the general atonement; the general influences of the Spirit; the number of ministers, and the general commission to "preach the Gospel to every creature;" the number of Christians and praying souls. The hinderances that obstruct the universal and efficacious spread of the Gospel; they were diabolical and human. We ordained elders Boehm, Aikins, Polemus, Wiltbank, Asa Smith, and Benjamin Iliff.

Wednesday 8. The conference rose, after seven days' close labour. We had, as usual, preaching noon and night, and some souls were blessed.

Thursday 9. We came away to Wilmington, and lodged at Collector M'Lane's.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Friday 10. We reached Philadelphia. Eighty miles in two days. Sarah Williams has left £800 to the disposal of Bishop Whatcoat and myself; we ordered its application to the *Chartered Fund*. Thank the Lord! I am happy in the midst of the murmurs of many who are disappointed because I do not meet their strange expectations: Oh! what a wonder if I walk officially straight, when so many would wish me to incline a little to the right or left, as their whims and fancies would lead!

Saturday 11. I prayed, read, wrote, and conversed with friends.

Sabbath day 12. I preached at St. George's chapel, and again in the Academy: this was a gloomy day, in weather, in the congregation, and in my mind.

Monday 13. I preached in the new house at Kensington; I had light and openings. I was continually in prayer—after breakfast, after dinner, after tea or supper. I visited Doctor Magaw; his whole system is shattered, but he has intervals of reason; and although he wants the plenitude of witness of justifying and sanctifying grace, he appears to be full of goodness, full of God: I felt that God was eminently with him: I had confidence and power in prayer for him.

New-Jersey.—We set out for the east on Tuesday morning, and came as far as Trenton; I was unwell with fasting and riding, so brother Whatcoat preached.

Wednesday 15. At Kingston, fifteen miles, we fed and started, but a storm drove us into Mr. Henry Gulick's: we again set off; but I was afraid of riding in the rain, and turned in under the roof of a Cornish man by the name of John Rule.

Thursday 16. The roads heavy and deep. We came on to Brunswick, dined, and reached Drake's for the night. Next day, we dined with Thomas Morrell at Elizabethtown, and lodged with Mr. Leacraft at Newark.

New-York.—Saturday 18. We were in New-York by eight o'clock. I felt a desire to go to the camp-meeting at Musketo-Cove, thirty miles from Brooklyn, on Long-Island. Brother Russel took me there. On my journey I felt as if God had been, and would be, and was at camp. We arrived about nine o'clock. The Saturday's exercises continued through the night until near the break of day.

Sabbath morning 19. I preached to a multitude on Acts ii. 21. In the afternoon Michael Coate spoke. The work went on through the whole night. *Many* precious souls were blessed. On Monday night I preached at Brooklyn. I gave them a sermon in John-street church in New-York on Tuesday morning.

Wednesday 22. We came away to the widow Sherwood's, where I preached: I had a little time to read. In this state the subjects of succession, rebaptizing, are much agitated. I will tell the world what I rest my authority upon. 1. Divine authority. 2. Seniority in America. 3. The election of the general conference. 4. My ordination by Thomas Coke, William Philip Otterbine, German Presbyterian minister, Richard Whatcoat, and Thomas Vasey. 5. Because the signs of an apostle have been seen in me. On Saturday I lodged with Nicholas Fisher at the Plains. At the White-Plains meeting-house on the Sabbath day I stood up once more; my subject, 1 Cor. xv. 33, 34. We had some feeling souls to hear; but there is a call for abundantly more. Brother Whatcoat preached at four o'clock. This was a sorrowful day to me—I was in sackcloth.

Monday 27. I called to see Elder Coleman's wife, who was ill—or expected soon to be. I dined with James Hall: we rejoiced that after sixteen years we were bound heavenward. We crossed Croton to Stephen-Town, stopping at Thomas Bailey's. I preached at five o'clock.

Tuesday 28. We made our way across the Peekskill mountains, by Gilead meeting-house: we came by the grand encampment where the God of glory appeared last autumn. We lodged with Richard Jackson.

Wednesday 29, was a day of rest. We called a meeting, and brother Whatcoat preached upon the *perfect law of liberty*: I exhorted. Next day, through an unusually cold north wind, we made a laborious journey to Rhinebeck. We stayed with our brother Sands.

Friday 31. I read the latter part of Mr. Wesley's Journal: how great and unceasing were his labours; how various, comprehensive, and just are his observations on men, women, books, manners, doctrines, opinions, authors, and things! I have felt myself strongly urged to pray after every meal, where the families are in the habit of prayer; but I believe there are Methodist households that sometimes fall in my way, who never pray in this way: and is this our poor success after eighteen years of faithful labours! God be gracious to us, and to such families and unfaithful souls!

Saturday, June 1. Reading closely.

Sunday 2. I spoke at Rhinebeck chapel on Joel ii. 28, 29. "It shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit." The preacher's mind was somewhat clouded, or he might have better shown,

I. What are the common and extraordinary operations of the Spirit.

II. The subjects of this operation—the children of God, and their children; the "servants" of God, and their servants and slaves; the "old men" of the first generation living, down to the third and fourth; "young men," gay and forgetful; "young women," giddy and thoughtless; rich and poor.

III. The provision that is made for this—in the love of God, in the death of Christ, in the general grace of God, dispensed by men and noon. Brother Whatcoat spoke in the afternoon. It was a heavy day with me; I sacrificed myself in vain; but my judgment is with my God.

Monday 3. I rested and read Mr. Wesley's Journal and the last of his Life.

Tuesday 4. We rode, through heat and dust, to Gale's tavern: a plentiful rain afterward drove us into Mr. Booth's at Claverack. On Wednesday we dined at Kinderhook, and lodged with B. Goslin, Esq. at Greenbush.

Thursday 6. On our way to Stillwater, we passed Troy, Lansingburgh, and Waterford, crossing the North-River upon a grand bridge. We got within a mile of the camp-meeting ground: there is no great shade, nor many tents; but we expect preachers from Canada, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New-York, and New-Jersey.

Friday 7. We opened our camp-meeting exercises in the pine woods at Stillwater; it continued four days and three nights: there were many people, many sermons, many prayers, many sinners, many saints, and little intermission, night or day, of labours and praises. The particulars may be printed.

Tuesday 11. We came twenty-five miles to Ashgrove, and next day opened conference. On Tuesday the 18th, the conference rose at noon. We had blessed harmony and order; and I never heard less murmuring about the stations, of which there were sixty-two upon the list, and two having no appointments, because of debility. The committee of business, and the committee of addresses, were very attentive to the affairs brought before them, and their labours were highly approved. By allowing the usual provision for the married preachers and their wives, (no supplies given for the children) the conference was insolvent seventeen hundred dollars. There was about eight hundred dollars in money, and other things, given to, and given away by the conference. We had a sacrament, and love-feast on the Sabbath, and I preached: the duty was performed by others at other times, as usual; but there were no special marks of good done.

Wednesday 19. We came to the Falls of Hoosack, and stopped at George Crego's: here I preached, 1 Cor. i. 29, 30, 31.

Vermont.—Thursday 20. We came through Pownall, in Vermont, to Williamstown, the seat of the college; containing two houses, one, probably sixty by forty feet; the other, one hundred by fifty feet, four stories, of brick. We dined at brother Kinsey's, near New-Ashford. Thence we came away to Lanesborough, and on to Pittsfield. We have passed through a well cultivated land of wavy, well-watered surface, roughened with rocks, and broken often enough, by hills. We have had two days and nights of heat equal to that of Georgia. Some thunder-showers cooled the air, and our ride yesterday was pleasant, though laborious, through Washington, Becket, and Chester, and along upon the head springs of Agawam River, whose meanders we followed upon a turnpike road winding amongst the hills of the Green mountain, equal to any in the west: forty miles brought us to Westfield; and rested at Joel Furman's. Mr. Knapp invited me to preach in the Congregational temple; but I refused, for sundry reasons valid to myself.

Massachusetts.—Sabbath 23, I attended at a Baptist church: my first subject was Isai. lv. 6, 7.; my second, Acts xxvi. 18, 19.: it was hard labour indeed. I rode home with Nathaniel Phelps, in [illegible]. I asked an aged man at the meeting, how many souls were computed to be in the town: four thousand was the reply: not one-fourth of these were at meeting: here is room! It is a day of feeble things; and I am afraid that some of our friends, instead of boldly facing them, turn their backs upon their enemies; whilst others join them. Here Ralph Williston was well known—once so full of fire; and what is he now!

Monday 24. We set out after mid-day—crossed Connecticut at Enfield, and came on to Ellington, housing with Doctor Steel. Here the *Standing Order* have built a grand temple to—fame: it is feared there is not in the congregation one soul alive.

Connecticut.—Tuesday 25. I preached in the school-house to a few men, women, and children. I went home with Mr. Ostrander at the Square-Ponds. I believe Methodism is as low here as true religion: yet there is hope that God will visit New-England, as well as every part of the continent, before long. At the Square-Ponds meeting-house I preached upon Rom. viii. 1, 2.: it was an open season—the best time I have had in New-England: several felt. I hope it is a prelude to a revival here. I am resting, writing, and reading our form of discipline, and the Jews' Answer to Voltaire.

Saturday 29. At Tolland quarterly meeting my subject was Jude 20, 21.: it was a gracious time. On the Sabbath we had love-feast and sacrament. I ordained Nathan Fox, and John Norris, and James Hyde, deacons: these are some of the first-fruits. Tolland revives—we had some living testimonies, and several souls are brought into the church. At ten o'clock we went into an orchard adjoining the chapel; I spoke on Heb. viii. 10, 11.; brother Washburn's text was "Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." Many exhortations followed, and prayers, with power; there was a great cry, and the meeting held without intermission until night.

Monday July 1. We set out to Willington; went on to Mansfield: thence, after dining with Mr. Cyrus Dow, fifteen miles to Thompson. On Tuesday we passed through Douglass and Mendon, and lodged with Mr. Ball at Millford. Our Wednesday's ride brought us through Hopkinton, Framingham, Natick, (where we dined with Mr. Jameson) and on to Needham to lodge. The two last days have brought us through heat (occasionally cooled by shade) and dust, and the kindness of friends, several miles from the camp-ground.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Thursday 4. I preached at N. Bogle's meeting-house on John viii. 30, 31. We stopped Friday night at Waltham. On Saturday we reached Boston: Oh, heat and dust! I felt like Jonah without his gourd.

Sabbath 7. I preached in our complete little meeting-house, well filled with hearers, from 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.: it was an open time and gracious season. In the afternoon Joseph Crawford spoke upon 1 Tim. i. 15.: the word of the Lord appeared to strike like sharp arrows. I feel as if Epaphras Kibby had been faithful in Boston.

Monday 8. We took the turnpike for Lynn, passing over a bridge three-quarters of a mile long, said to have cost forty thousand dollars. It is rather a causeway, thrown over a marsh—plenty of flies and moschetoes. I found Peter Jayne in the new house built for the accommodation of the stationed preacher at Lynn. God is moving amongst the people here—they are prepared for the conference.

Tuesday 9. At Marblehead I spoke on Gal. iv. 20. "I desire to be present with you now, and to change my voice; for I stand in doubt of you." 1st. Evangelical men, or apostolic witnesses may feel a desire to be present with societies at particular times when it is in their power. They will, where this cannot be done, write. 2. That there may be very alarming and doubtful cases and characters in the congregation and church; such as open sinners, hypocrites, half-awakened souls, backsliders, slothful believers. 3. Changing the voice, using a different method, as to matter and manner of preaching or writing, pointing at the cause and character which are doubtful. We had another meeting at five o'clock, and then returned to Lynn. I received a letter from Doctor Coke, announcing to me his marriage; and advising me, that he did not intend to visit America again as a visiter, but only as a sojourner, (if at all) could work be appointed him. Marriage is honourable in all—but to me, it is a ceremony awful as death: well may it be so, when I calculate we have lost the travelling labours of two hundred of the best men in America, or the world, by marriage and consequent location.

Friday 12. We had a full conference. Preaching at five, at eleven, and at eight o'clock. Sitting of conference from half-past eight o'clock until eleven, in the forenoon; and from two until six o'clock, in the afternoon: we had great order, and harmony, and strict discipline withal. Sixteen deacons, and eight elders were ordained.

Sabbath 14. We held our meeting in a grove belonging to Benjamin Johnson, a beautiful and sequestered spot, though near the meeting-house. My subject was 1 Thess. ii. 8—9. 1st. The system of imparting the "Gospel of God"—which is preaching Christ. 2. The doctrines, privileges, precepts, and power of this "Gospel." 3. Apostolical purity of intention, disinterestedness, tempers, manners, labours, and travels. The affection of soul "imparted"—manifested—in preaching and prayer, and bowels of mercies and sympathies. There were many exhortations and much prayer; many must have felt; some were converted: from this day forth, the work of God will prosper in Lynn and its neighbourhood. On Monday, the labours of conference, and public religious exercises were continued. On Tuesday evening conference rose in great peace. On Wednesday I gave them a sermon, and immediately set out to Waltham—twenty miles: wind, heat, dust!

Thursday 18. We gained Captain Nichols's, Shrewsbury. Wilbraham brought us up on Friday. We rested with Abel Bliss on Saturday.

Sabbath 21. At Wilbraham I spoke on 2 Tim. iv. 5—8. "But watch thou in all things," &c. Introduction—the special relation of a spiritual father and son. The time and circumstances peculiar to Paul and Timothy. "Watch, in all things:" as a Christian; as a Christian minister or bishop: endure afflictions of mind and body, as a Christian and a minister—endure heat, cold, hunger, thirst, labour, persecution, temptations. "Do the work of an evangelist"—spread the Gospel where it is not, support it where it is. Paul knew he was going by martyrdom: he had "fought a good fight of faith;" and by faith he had "kept" justifying "faith," which some had made shipwreck of; the "crown" of justifying, and sanctifying, and practical righteousness, was waiting to encircle his triumphant brows—a "crown" thrice radiant with the three degrees of glory. In conclusion I said many things, and with great plainness, urging the necessity of being civilized, moralized, and spiritualized by the Gospel in the plenitude of its divine operation. I ordained Luman Andrus an elder, and Urijah Clough to deacon's orders. After two hours serious labour I retired.

CONNECTICUT.—Monday 22. We came in heat to East-Hartford, and lodged with Squire Pitkins. Tuesday to New-Haven: Wednesday to Stamford. Friday to Peter Bonnett's, New-Rochelle.

NEW-YORK.—We have rode two hundred and thirty miles in six days—some of them awfully warm. The earlier fruits and productions of the year have been very abundant; but without a rain, the latter fruits and grain must fail. I took a day to mend clothes, and to write letters. At four o'clock, I preached at Rochelle meeting-house: the subject suited the state of the town: the men were few, the women many. The Lord was present with us. I lodged under the hospitable roof of the widow Sherwood. On my road hither, I thought I saw what would make a good camp-ground: I wrote to the presiding elder, advising him of this circumstance. I am still bent on great designs for God, for Christ, for souls. Saturday brought us through excessive heat and dust, to New-York I would say; but we were barred its entrance by proclamation, having passed through New-Haven, afflicted with the yellow-fever. I stopped at George Suckley's. Being a little unwell, I made the best use of the day I could by writing letters.

NEW-JERSEY.—Monday 29. I preached in our very neat chapel, at Second-River. We came to Elizabethtown; and on Tuesday to Joseph Hutchinson's; and Wednesday brought us up at Burlington.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Thursday, August 1. We found ourselves proclaimed at Philadelphia as at New-York. We directed our course to Mr. Manley's seat, in the neighbourhood of the city. I received several letters, from which I learn that there was great order preserved at Duck-Creek camp-meeting; and that great good was done—three hundred souls were blest! On Saturday I wrote letters. I redeem a day by hard riding for this service. I have bought, for one hundred dollars, a neat little Jersey wagon. On the Sabbath day I preached at Germantown on Isaiah xlii. 1, 2. I returned to Mr. Mosley's, and preached at five o'clock, at Mr. Mosley's: this day appears to have been poorly spent. I am waiting for the minutes of conference, and my little wagon—then away to the West.

Monday 5. I visited brother Cook's, and Hinkle's family; and rested on Tuesday.

Wednesday 7. We set out and reached Radnor. We stopped to dine with brother Gyger, and had a serious time at prayer in his new house, which they are about to move into. We lodged with Daniel Meredith, an old disciple, in the Valley. Thursday brought us, through heat and dust, to Soudersburg. Sick on Friday, and took medicine. Saturday, wrote a great deal.

Sunday 11. At the chapel, in *Soudersburg*, I preached upon 2 Thess. i. 7—10. "And to you who are troubled, rest with us," &c. 1. The sources of "trouble" to the people of God—temptation, persecution, disorderly walk, and backsliding of professors; and the wretched state of sinners. 2. The present and future "rest"—first on earth; and then in glory: the cause;—"the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" hath been obeyed by, and hath had its full operation on, "them that believe." 3. The revelation "of the Lord Jesus Christ:"—the characters of those whom he shall judge, and *take vengeance upon*, ungodly heathens; disobedient hearers of the Gospel. "Vengeance"—for God; for himself; for his insulted Spirit; for the ministers of Christ, and the people of God. "Punished"—their punishment to be beyond the interference of mercy: to be sufferings of body and soul; and these to be eternal. I was considerably assisted; yet I left the subject in an unfinished state, after speaking a full hour.

Monday 12. We came off with courage, passing through Lancaster, still unpropitious to Methodism: seven miles beyond, *father Musselman* received us with a smiling countenance, a willing hand, and ready mind. We fed, and talked, and sung, and prayed, and parted in the Lord. We crossed Anderson's ferry, the best I know on the river, and came into Little York. I stopped a day. Oh! how kind our friends are, at these beautiful retreats: my friend Pentz, and wife, and mother, be blest of the Lord!

Wednesday 14. We set out for Carlisle, but I changed my mind and my route to Berlin: we put up with Isaiah *Hanes*. Thursday brought us to Shippensburg, thirty miles. On Friday we bent our course towards Pittsburg, over the three mountains, to J. Thompson's, in Burnt-Cabin valley. I have moved swiftly; but in my flight have written to five of the preachers. I walked down the mountains, which fatigued me. My soul is at peace; but I have severe trials at times. On Saturday we rested, refitted, read and wrote. Sabbath day, at Littleton chapel, I spoke upon 2 Cor. iii. 12. We had a feeling, melting season. We lodged with father Ramsey—an exceeding kind people.

Monday 15. We reached Bedford. At night we had fiddle and flute to enliven our prayers, and assist our meditations. I had but little rest. On Tuesday we rode sixteen miles to breakfast. We stopped at Berlin, and I gave them a sermon. Wednesday brought us over awful roads to Connellsville, forty-two miles. We were nearly wrecked. A very serious drought prevails west and east: Oh, we are wicked—we are covetous! we abuse the blessings of abundance, and God in justice withholds. I am indebted to a kind Providence for my good little waggon, and my excellent and active driver—and good preacher too. I am resolved to quit this mountainous, rocky, rugged, stumpy route. It was a mercy of God we were not, man, horses, and wagon, broken in pieces; I praise God now, but I hardly had time to pray then.

The camp-meeting begins to-morrow, at *Short-Creek*, near the Great River. On Friday and Saturday we laboured onward to Short-Creek: I foundered my mare; and had many trials.

Sunday 24. I preached at the camp-ground: it was a moving time. On Monday I preached again. It was judged there were five thousand souls present to hear; and that one hundred souls were converted to God.

I purchased a horse; and bent my course through Wheeling, on the banks of the Ohio: we crossed, and in the evening came to Morristown. Friday brought us to Muskingum; Saturday, we reached John Murphy's, and on the Sabbath I rested with Edward Teal. Joseph Crawford is sick. I have had little rest for six nights past. I have rode, by computation, sixteen hundred and eighty miles since I left Baltimore.

Ohio.—Monday, September 5. I preached at Richland chapel, on 1 Peter v. 10. the subject was gracious; and so was the season. I find here the children of Maryland, according to the flesh, known elsewhere, and long ago. Jonathan Jackson is married: O thou pattern of celibacy, art thou caught! Who can resist? Our married man was forty years of age: he has taken to wife a Mrs. Roberts; a poor, pious widow. Joseph Crawford is very ill. I cannot go on. I have sent [illegible] miles for a bottle of wine for him. We started away on Tuesday, and came to judge Vanmeter's, at the Muddy Prairie, and dined and prayed: brother Crawford still ill of a flux and fever. We stopped at Crouse's mill for the evening. Edward Tiffin's brought us up on Wednesday. Thursday and Friday, brother Crawford could not move on. Doctor Tiffin, the present governor of the state, administered some relief. I was happily employed in reading the portrait of St. Paul, by divine Fletcher. I preached at Chillicothe—we have excessive heat. My mind is in great peace.

Saturday 7. We rode to Deer-Creek, and dined with Mr. Davis. The evening found us at White Brown's.

Sunday 8. I preached in the barn, upon 1 Cor. xii. 8, 9. "My grace is sufficient for thee." A view was taken of the cases, characters, and stations, the people of God might be in, and their several relations to each other, as it respected their duty to God, to the world, to themselves, and to their brethren. It was attempted to be shown, that in all possible situations arising out of the faithful performance of this duty, the grace of God was sufficient for them. The manner in which this grace is to be obtained:—by fervent prayer, three times a day, or oftener; by a diligent use of all the means, and a faithful improvement of the grace given.

Monday 9. We missed our path, and went out of our way—we intended for the falls of Paint, and went to Bullskin, twenty miles: we lodged with Michael Hains, who rode with us eleven miles. We passed Franklin, on the way to the town of Newmarket, containing eight cabins. We lodged at Ross's, and were kindly and freely entertained. The roads were heavy, but the wagon was a covering in the heavy rain. The roads were dreadful to Williamsburg, Claremont county. We had a beech swamp, mud up to the hubs, stumps as high as the wagon body, logs, trees:—after all, we came safe. Wednesday, we lodged with Levi Rogers, once a travelling preacher, now a physician. We were greatly outdone, but we called a meeting at Williamsburg. Brother Whatcoat preached, and I exhorted. I saw several Jersey friends. On Thursday we rode on to Mr. [illegible]'s, on the route to Little Miami: we have made one hundred miles in four days. I was made glad to hear of the revival of the work of God in the new settlements: the local ministry have shared in this labour with the travelling preachers. On Friday we came down the east branch of the Little Miami, to judge Gatch's. On Saturday we rested, and I read and wrote. On the Sabbath day we held a meeting of four hours at Philip Gatch's: Brother Whatcoat's subject was "Repent and be converted;" Joseph Crawford's, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ;" and F. Asbury's, "I have no greater joy than this, that my children walk in the truth." We felt quickened and comforted in God. Our route on Monday led through Columbia, and the rich lands of the Miami. William Lytle sent one to meet and invite us to his house in Cincinnati; I gave them a discourse upon "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found," &c.

KENTUCKY.—Next day I called on Elijah Sparks at Newport, and baptised two of his children. We dined with the widow Stephens. I rejoiced to find that a new circuit had been formed, and there were several growing societies—much of this has been effected by the faithful labours of Benjamin Edge. We passed Grant's Lick, and lodged very comfortably with William Daniel. On Wednesday we reached Joshua Jones's; and next day bent along to Isaac Nevey's; here we were at home. In Kentucky we passed through Campbell, Pendleton, and Harrison counties. Our estimate is one thousand nine hundred and eighty miles from Baltimore to Mount Gerezim.

Friday 20. We attended at White's chapel; Bishop Whatcoat and myself preached. We dined at brother White's, and came through Cynthiana, the capital of Harrison county, to Jonathan Jaques's.

Saturday 21. At Benjamin Coleman's. On the Sabbath day brother Crawford and myself had a warm time of it at Mount Gerezim, where we have already held our conference twice. We both preached; we exerted ourselves greatly, and I hope there was good done. We visited Daniel Grigg. I found several of my old friends at this place; among them Colonel Barrett of Alleghany, and his wife; Mrs. Tittle; and some from Baltimore county, and the state of Delaware—and thus our people are scattered abroad; but thank the Lord! they are still in the fold, and on their way to glory. My own soul is closer and closer united to God.

Monday 23. I visited John Vernon, an early member of society at Lewis Alfree's, near Duck-Creek, state of Delaware.—I must look up our old sheep and lambs. On Tuesday I went to John Whitaker's, Bourbon county. J. Crawford preached at J. Robinson's, on Wednesday. I spoke upon 1 Cor. iv. 1—5. "Let a man so account of us as ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God." "Of Christ"—for us, and Christ in us. That these "mysteries" are not subjects of reason, but revelation and inspiration—that we must believe them upon Divine testimony. The apostle was not conscious of evil, but he was not his own judge. Men are incompetent judges of what belongs to God and his Spirit; it will be found in the judgment day, that pride, covetousness, and backsliding was the probable cause of the union of heresy and schism. A divinity-doubter was present.

Thursday 26. I visited Luke Hanson. Next day it rained, and I rested. On Saturday I stopped at Medox Fisher's, in Lexington. I was of necessity in our old house on the Sabbath day; we could not preach abroad, the weather was damp. My sermon was the echo of my text—"Cry aloud and spare not." Joseph Crawford preached twice. On Monday I was unwell, but I rode to Jesse Griffith's, Scott county. On Tuesday we rested.

Wednesday, October 2. We opened our conference in great peace; there were about twenty-five members present: six hours a day were steadily occupied with business. The committees of claims and of addresses did much work, and it was done well. I completed my plan for the coming year, and submitted it to the presiding elders, who suggested but two alterations; may they be for the best! On the Sabbath day I preached to about three thousand souls. On Tuesday, after the rise of conference, I rode to Lexington; and on Wednesday to J. S. Hoard's, Jessamine county. I was under affliction of body; but perfect love, peace within, and harmony without, healed every malady.

Our friend Job Johnson gave us a lodging on Thursday night, and at Rock-Castle, chance furnished us with another, such as it was, for Friday night:—but we had peace and prayer.

Saturday 12. We took the path about five o'clock in the morning, and came eighteen miles to dinner at Mr. Freeman's. We reached Johnson's upon Richland Creek. On the Sabbath day we were under the necessity of moving forward slowly, to Ballenger's, where we dined. The evening brought us to Dalton's—crowded with company, but we kept good order.

Monday 14. Our trouble began. We dined at Davis's: then came on to Jesse Dodson's. Tuesday morning was rainy, and the road was bad before we came to, and after we had crossed Clinch-River: it was not better than it had been in its native state. Our carriage had nearly upset. I am decided to take the Cumberland path hereafter—at least, until this made and mended road, the worse, perhaps, for making and mending, is in a better condition; the turnpike takes fifty dollars a day, for having made bad worse. At the Stubblefields we rested a day. We are one hundred and forty miles from Kentucky. Sure I am that nothing short of the welfare of immortal souls, and my sense of duty, could be inducement enough for me to visit the west so often: O, the roads, the hills, the rocks, the rivers, the want of water—even to drink; the time for secret prayer, hardly to be stolen, and the place scarcely to be had! My mind, nevertheless, was kept in peace: I prayed in every house I lodged in, and at almost every place I stopped at. We have heavy rains at present; and another wilderness, bad as this, yet to pass. We meet crowds of people directing their march to the fertile west: their sufferings for the present are great; but they are going to present abundance, and future wealth for their children: in ten years, I think, the new state will be one of the most flourishing in the union.

Thursday 17. We crossed Main Holston, and came into Tennessee, and put into Colonel Conaway's, Little Nolachucky; we rested here on Friday. At Moses Ellis's, on Saturday, we saw Moses Black and his wife; he about forty, and she fifteen: such are the wise contracts Methodist preachers sometimes make.

TENNESSEE.—Sunday, I felt very unwell from cold taken. We passed Querton's ferry upon Great Nolachucky. In crossing the Paint Mountain, on Monday, we rode up and walked down; and I sprained my ancle.

NORTH CAROLINA.—We came into North Carolina, and lodged with William Nelson at the Hot Springs. Next day we stopped with Wilson, in Buncombe. On Wednesday I breakfasted with Mr. Newton, Presbyterian minister, a man after my own mind: we took sweet counsel together. We lodged, this evening, at Mr. Fletcher's, Mud-Creek. At Colonel Thomas's on Thursday, we were kindly received, and comfortably entertained.

SOUTH CAROLINA. We came into South Carolina on Friday, and lodged with Captain Edwards; and on Saturday, at Staunton's, Staunton's ferry, Seleuda-River, Greensville district, we were at home.

Sabbath 27. At Salem I preached upon Hos. x. 12. "Sow to yourselves in righteousness," &c.

1. The great and glorious end of the coming of the Lord:—to rain righteousness"—to impart his grace in all its plenitude—to

give a right state of heart in justifying, sanctifying, experimental and practical holiness. "Reap in mercy"—when God gives, do you give—do all the good in your power.

II. The means of obtaining this grace, and the blessings consequent to its reception and improvement. "Break up your fallow ground"—seek deep conviction. "Seek the Lord" by repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "Rain righteousness upon you"—by justifying grace; humble, holy obedience. The end, everlasting life.

Monday 28. We proceeded on our way to Georgia, winding along some crooked paths through Pendleton district to Mark Moore's, upon Rocky-River: night came on, and we missed our way into the plantation; I walked up a hill, and called for help, and was relieved. We crossed Rocky-River four times on Tuesday, and came to Mr. Dunlap's. Wednesday morning we rode twenty miles for our breakfast, at Petersburg. We lodged with John Oliver; Joseph Crawford preached two evenings.

GEORGIA.—Friday, November 1. I preached at eleven o'clock on 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. Instead of building a small convenient house, they have bought an old house, and fitted up a room for every body: this did not please me. I have, for the first time, seen Judge Marshall's Life of Washington; I have read four hundred pages in it. Critics may, for aught I know, find fault (especially on the other side of the water) with the style and general execution of this work; I like both: the early history of the country very properly precedes, and is connected with the life of the great man who has been so justly styled the father (politically) of his country. There is nothing in the work beneath the man of honour; there are no malevolent sentiments, or bitter expressions, derogatory to the character of a Christian. The author deserves credit for the pains he has taken to furnish authorities and authentic records in the notes to his work. If any author has, in America, done better than Marshall, it is Belknap, perhaps.

Saturday 2. I visited Richard Easter, and Judge Tait. On the Sabbath day I preached at Thompson's chapel on Ezek. xxxiii. 2. it was an alarming season. Joseph Crawford spoke after me, and we then rode to Mr. Clark's, fourteen miles, and lodged. At three o'clock on Monday we held meeting at Mr. Mark's.

Wednesday 6. We rode to Mr. Pope's, Oglethorp. I preached at the new chapel; Joseph Crawford preached at General Stewart's.

Thursday 7. I was sick, and went to bed.

Friday 8. We came to Joshua Moore's, upon Shoulder Bone: we were benighted in the woods; the flesh fails, but my mind is in peace.

Saturday 9. We reached Sparta. The heat was great. From Kentucky to Sparta, five hundred and sixteen miles.

Sunday 10. I preached: my subject was 1 Pet. iv. 17. Joseph Crawford gave two sermons.

Monday 11. We came to Matthew Harris's, and next day I preached upon 1 Cor. xi. 30, 31. We drove back to Sparta that evening. I have rode about fifty miles to preach to about twice as many souls. I would have gone down to the state, but appointments had not been made, and brother Crawford grew very unwell: I judged it proper for him to go through a course of physic: and the weather was cold, and I wanted a coat. I only lamented that I could not see my poor black sheep at Buffaloe Creek; but was glad to hear that *Ethiopia still stretched forth the hand* of faith and prayer. I feel very serious about the supplies of preachers for the South Carolina conference: some are sick, some settling in life—men of feeble minds. But let the Head of the Church see to his own work—it is not mine. Why should I despond. What was the work thirty-seven years ago, when there were but two local preachers, one in New-York, and one in Maryland? Now there are two thousand local, and four hundred travelling preachers.

Friday 15. We rode to Rehoboth. Next day Joseph Crawford preached on "The foundation of God standeth sure."

Sunday 17. Joseph Crawford held forth, and I followed: my subject was 2 Pet. ii. 20, 21. "For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world," &c.—

I. The "pollutions of the world," the sins of the flesh and spirit, by which people are led captive by *the god of this world*.

II. The Gospel method of salvation, by Jesus Christ, as "the way of righteousness," justifying, sanctifying, and practical, as set forth in "the holy commandments delivered unto" believers.

III. How persons may be "entangled" and overcome by heresy, schism, and sin.

IV. The last state worse than the first, because they so highly dishonour God, and wound the cause of Christ; and because of the great difficulties attending their recovery; from which comes arise the great danger of eternal perdition.

Monday 18. At the new chapel at Warrington my subject was

Mark xi. 17. Joseph Crawford followed upon Mark x. 9. Next day I preached at Cowles's iron works.

Wednesday 20. We reached Augusta.

Thursday 21. I rested. I preached at Spirit Creek on Friday.

Saturday 23. Joseph Crawford took the pulpit. I rode twenty-five miles on Friday, to preach to twenty-five souls; the appointment had not been made for me.

Sunday 24. I preached in Augusta.

Monday 25. I set up for South Carolina, and came to Barnwell court-house: I was kindly entertained by Mr. Powers.

Tuesday 26. We reached Jacob Barr's.

Wednesday 27. We reached Mr. Perry's; and next day came into Charleston. From Augusta one hundred and fifty miles, heavy rides; and weary men and horses. I was under some dejection of spirits. I have lately read the Life of David Brainerd: a man of my make, such a constitution, and of great labours; his religion was all gold, the purest gold. My eyes fail; I must keep them for the Bible and the conferences.

South Carolina.—Friday 29. Engaged in closet exercises. I do not find matters as I wish: one preacher has deserted his station; and there are contentions amongst the Africans.

Saturday 30. My soul is deeply oppressed with a heavy sea of troubles.

Sunday, December 1. "Still heavy is my heart; still sink my spirits down." At Cumberland-street church I spoke upon Rev. vii. 13—17. My two general heads of discourse were—

I. The gracious, although afflicted state of God's people in this world.

II. The glorious and happy state of the righteous in heaven.

Our lower floor was nearly filled with communicants; white and black. Do they all indeed "discern the Lord's body?" It will never do for me to record all I fear, hear, and think. At Bethel church I took for my text Rom. xii. 9—12. I observed that the text contained evangelical Christian duties, privileges, promises, and marks, by which we might judge of ourselves as Christians. That if these marks, and this experience, were not upon us and in us, we could not be Christians. Within twenty years I have visited this place, going and returning, at least thirty times.

Saturday 7. Since Monday, amongst other occupations, I have been employed in reading one thousand pages of Mr. Atmore's

Memorial, and Mr. Wesley's Journal; these books suit me best, I see there the rise and progress of Methodism.

I met the members of society, white and black, in small companies in our own house. I gave my advice as to temporals: I recommended the painting of the new, and the enlargement of the old church to eighty feet by forty; to enlarge the preacher's house, and to buy another burying ground. Besides praying regularly after every meal in our own house, I am obliged to go through this exercise many times, daily, with the poor negroes. I feel that I want to go home, but not until my God and Guide gives me liberty. I wait to know his will about going to Georgetown, two hundred and thirty miles, before the Camden conference. I wrote a letter to Mr. Atmore advising of affairs of the society and of my own; and counselled him to pursue the good work he is engaged in, and bend all his strength to the Memorial.

Sunday 8. I was in great heaviness through manifold temptations, yet I preached in Cumberland-street, in the morning, and at Bethel in the afternoon. I was happy, and had great openings. I fear, sometimes, that my commission will wear out amongst one description of people here. Religion of a certain kind must be very valuable, since we spend so much to support it. There must be a prodigious revival in the Independent society, a building of theirs will cost fifty, or perhaps, one hundred thousand dollars: there is a holy strife between its members and the Episcopalians, who shall have the highest steeple; but I believe there is no contention about who shall have the most souls converted to God.

Monday 9. Reading and receiving all visitors who come to our house, with counsel and prayer, from room to room, with white and black.

Tuesday 10. We have goodly weather. God, by his Spirit and his providences, tells us we must set out to-morrow for Georgetown. I doubt if in Charleston we have joined more than one hundred and seventy-eight members of the fair skin in twenty years; and seldom are there more than fifty or sixty annually returned: death, desertion, backsliding: poor fickle souls, unstable as water, light as air, bodies and minds!

Wednesday 11. We rode to Monk's Corner, and lodged at Mr. Hatchett's.

Thursday 12. We pursued a blind road to the ferry. We came on to Murray's, and continued along to Mr. Coleman's, a German.

Next day we reached Rembert Hall. We had hot weather—man and beast felt the burden.

Some of my northern letters have come in: they bring good news—camp-meetings at Albany, New-York; at Lebanon, Vermont; in the New-Hampshire districts—all successful. But O, the wonders of Doctor Chandler's report! He says his authority bids him say, that at Duck-Creek camp-meeting five hundred souls; at Accomack camp-meeting four hundred; at Annamessex chapel, in the woods, two hundred; at Somerset, Line-chapel, one hundred and twenty; at Todd's chapel, Dorset, two hundred; at Caroline quarterly meeting, seventy-five: all, all these profess to have received converting grace!

Saturday 14. I committed the remains of Abijah Rembert to the dust. He was sixty-two years of age; the last sixteen years of which he had been a member of society. He was visited by, and greatly blessed under the word at camp-meetings: in his last illness he was patient, happy, and confident: he died in the Lord. I was unwell on the Sabbath day; but wrote a long letter to Freeborn Garrettson. My soul greatly rejoiceth in the Lord, and exults in the prosperity of Zion. Brother Crawford preached in the morning, and I lectured in the evening in Rembert-Hall. On Monday I wrote to elders Brodhead and Chandler. This week writing letters and reading Haweis's Church History. By this work I learn it is the author's opinion, that the evangelists were chief, superintending, episcopal men: aye, so say I: and that they prescribed forms of discipline, and systematized codes of doctrine. After the death of the apostles, it would appear that the elders elected the most excellent men to superintend: this course was doubtless the most expedient and excellent. Every candid inquirer after truth will acknowledge, upon reading church history, that it was a great and serious evil introduced, when philosophy and human learning were taught as a preparation for a Gospel ministry. "Hitherto," says our author, in his observations on the close of the second century, "not a man of eminence for science or letters, had appeared in the church; all, of this time, whose works have come down to us, give thereby no evidence of human attainments; they bear the stamp of simplicity." Yet by these the Gospel had been supported in its purity, spreading it by their labours to the ends of the earth; and these were they who helped to fill the bloody ranks of the noble army of martyrs.

On the Sabbath day I preached a funeral sermon for Abijah Rembert. There is a revival in the society here—so much for camp-meetings. I am now in the fortieth year of my labours in the ministry: thirty-four years of this time have been in America, counting from October 28, 1771, to October 28, 1805.

On the Christmas day I preached at Rembert's chapel: my subject, 1 Tim. iii. 16. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness," &c.

I. I gave a pastoral introduction.

II. A brief explanation of godliness—the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus—confidence in God; love to Him; fear of offending Him. To this were added a few thoughts on the six cases in the text. It was not a pleasant season: Christmas day is the worst in the whole year on which to preach Christ—at least to me.

George Dougherty informs me that the wife of John Randle, upon Pee-Dee (known by the name of dumb John) died in great peace and joy, after a thirty years' profession of religion amongst the Baptists and Methodists: safe anchorage—clear gains! But I have similar accounts from various parts; my soul triumphs in the triumphant deaths of these saints. Glory be to God!

Thursday 26. I rested and read; and on Friday rode into Camden. I was favoured with a number of letters giving accounts of revivals of religion. Saturday employed my pen. Sabbath day I preached.

Monday 30. We opened our conference.

January 4, 1806. We closed our conference in great peace and order: no murmurs about the stations from preachers or people. Since we came here we have had twenty-six sermons; one of which I preached upon 1 Tim. iv. 12. "Let no man despise thy youth." Brother Whatcoat ordained the deacons. We see no immediate fruit of our labours; but doubtless we shall hear of it, following our many prayers night and day.

Monday 6. Seven of us came away in company to Mr. Evans's, Lynch's Creek; and next day I parted from brother M'Kendree, bending my course to Jerningham's, in Anson county, North Carolina.

NORTH CAROLINA.—On Wednesday we crossed Wall's ferry after waiting an hour: a snow storm kept with us from Pee-Dee to Rockingham; here the people would have assembled, but there was a wedding afoot; this is a matter of moment, as some man have but one during life, and some find that one to have been one too many.

On Thursday a cold, cold ride of twenty miles without stopping, was as much as we could well bear; after warming we took the road again, and came to Smith's, twelve miles. This week we have had heat for the 1st of June; and cold and snow for January.

On Friday we reached Fayetteville; putting up with John Lumsden, near the African church. I felt that I had taken a deep cold. I was busy on Saturday in answering letters. Joseph Crawford, that he might not be idle, preached to the Africans in the evenings.

Sabbath day 12. Unwell; nevertheless, I took the pulpit.

Monday morning we made a start for Wilmington, and came to the widow Anderson's, forty-six miles. Next day we took the round about way by the bridges, and made forty-five miles; to ride ninety-one miles within day-light, in two days, kept us busy—but we are safe in Wilmington. My affliction upon my breast was great.

Wednesday 15. We rest. It is very cold—ice in the tubs and pails.

Sabbath day 19. I preached on that great subject, Coloss. i. 27, 28.; we had about fifteen hundred hearers in our house of worship, sixty-six by thirty-three feet, galleried all around. There may be five thousand souls in Wilmington; one fourth of which number, it may be, were present. Joseph Crawford preached in the afternoon and at night. I gave order for the completion of the tabernacle and dwelling-house, according to the charge left me by William Meredith.

Monday 20. On our way to Newbern we stopped with Mr. Nixon, at Topsail: his house and heart are always open to the faithful ministers of Christ. I have been greatly afflicted with cold; but exceedingly happy in God—I live in love.

On Tuesday we had a solitary ride to Lot Ballard's, New River. Hail prosperity!—the chapel shaded—a revival amongst white and black: Lot lives in Jerusalem.

Wednesday 22. A heavy storm of rain. I rode to Eli Perry's, son of John; here is a son of faith and prayer; I walked with his dear good father; now, I trust, in the paradise of God. I met elder Bruce; all our talk is—what hath God wrought! In Beaufort the Lord hath put forth his power: the whole town seems disposed to bow to the sceptre of the Lord Jesus; after being left and visited again, within the last twenty years, by his faithful ministers.

Thursday 23. We came into Newbern, twenty-three miles: the prospects here are good. The providence of God was manifested in our preservation to-day. Our horses took fright whilst in the wagon, and went off like fire: they happily struck, and locked a wheel on a poplar; the swingle-tree snapped, no more: less damage, if any, could scarcely have been done.

Saturday 25. I have read the Jewish Antiquities. I have read Mungo Park's Travels in Africa; certain parts are so extraordinary, that it appeared like a romance. If true, he experienced astonishing hardships. It would seem by this narrative, that the Africans are in a state so wretched, any sufferings with the Gospel, would be submitted to in preference. But I have my doubts.

Sabbath day 26. I preached upon Hebr. x. 37, 38, 39.—it was a time and a testimony that was felt.

Monday 27. It is as pleasant as May: the rivers are very low. We came with great ease to Washington; and lodged one night. Joseph Crawford did not let that awful town go unwarned.

On Tuesday we took the road and came to James Williams's, on Tranter's Creek. G. Floyd died in the Lord a few days ago: he was a man of affliction, and a man of God—but not a preacher. At the new chapel, I spoke on Wednesday on 1 Peter iii. 14. I was very warm upon death, the resurrection, judgment, and glory. I visited brother Knowis, and saw sister Hinton and the widow Williams, on their way to glory.

Thursday 30. We came very pleasantly to Williamstown. I was afflicted with a severe pain in my foot. On Friday I was busy planning; but in pain.

Saturday, February 1. We came twenty miles to the widow Williams's, near Taylor's ferry. On the Sabbath I preached on Acts xvii. 30, 31. "Now he commandeth all men every where to repent."

I. The nature of repentance—the whole of religion.

II. The universality of repentance—all orders, stations, characters, must repent.

III. The possibility of, and the provision made for, repentance—the gift of Christ—the death of Christ—the agency of the Spirit—the preaching of the Gospel—the means of grace.

IV. Necessity of repentance—from the considerations of the fall and our own actual transgressions—a future state and general judgment.

V. The time for repentance—now—this Gospel day of grace.

Monday 3. We lodged at B. Pinner's, on the east side of Roanoke, Northampton county.

Tuesday 4. We lodged at the widow Meredith's, in Murfreesburg. We crossed Mannu's Ferry next day, and came to the widow Baker's, Notty-Pine.

Thursday 6. I preached at Daniel Southall's, Gates court-house: my subject was Rev. iii. 5. I was pleased to see so many come out upon so short a notice; may they overcome! From Camden to Gates court-house I compute four hundred and eighty miles.

Friday 7. We came to Edenton. At Joshua Manning's. Saturday, rested, and read, and wrote. I begin to prepare my mind and my papers for the conference. On the Sabbath I preached in the court-house upon 2 Cor. v. 20.

Monday 10. We started and came rapidly along, calling to see Martin Ross, a Baptist minister, by the way. We lodged with Colonel Hamilton, Elizabeth city. On Tuesday we reached James Wilson's, North-West Roads, Norfolk county. It takes many jolts to ride one hundred miles over rough roads, in two days and a half. I called upon John Hodges; I feel seriously for his soul's welfare. I saw the grave of sister Wilson: these were profitable visits to me.

VIRGINIA.—Friday 14. Virginia conference began in Norfolk; progressed peaceably, and ended on Thursday. One member opposed all petitions from the people for conference sittings: he also condemned all epistles from the sister conferences, as being too long and pompous; and as likely to make innovations. He dictated an epistle himself by way of sample, to show how epistles ought to be written: the committee of addresses wrote one too; but it was rejected, as being too much like that of the objecting member, whose epistle was rejected, as being too much like himself: the conference voted that none should be sent. Strange, that such an affair should occupy the time of so many good men! Religion will do great things: but it does not make Solomons.

We had preaching morn, and noon, and night; large congregations, and many souls engaged. We have reason to hope that nearly one hundred souls were under the operations of grace. I ordained two elders; and brother Whatcoat twelve deacons.

We have a rich supply of preachers for every circuit; and an addition of two thousand three hundred and twenty-eight in members, exclusive of the dead, expelled, withdrawn, and removed.

Friday 21. We came away to Suffolk; next day came to Gerard Wills's, Isle of Wight. On Sunday, at Blunt's chapel, I spoke on Hebr. xiii. 13. It was not a great meeting. I have not had a good night's rest until last night, for the last twenty days: during the sitting of conference, five hours was as much as I could get in the twenty-four. I feel happy in God continually.

Monday 24. We came to Bernard Major's, Surrey county; on Tuesday to Petersburg; and Wednesday to Richmond: I had no time to preach; but Joseph Crawford gave them a sermon in each place. On Thursday we left the capitol, and came on to Lyon's, Caroline; on Friday got to Fredericksburg.

Saturday, March 1. We rode to brother Samford's, Poick, within twelve miles of Alexandria. Cold *for certain*. Sunday, brother Whatcoat preached in the forenoon, and myself in the afternoon, in Alexandria. The cold was great, and the wind piercing. On Monday we rode to Georgetown.

MARYLAND.—Tuesday 4. I preached; my subject was, "Godliness is profitable unto all things:" it was a feeling, quickening time to myself and others.

Wednesday 5. I was employed writing to the missionaries in the Mississippi Territory. Company does not amuse, congress does not interest me: I am a man of another world, in mind and calling: I am Christ's; and for the service of his church. Some years past, I called at Mr. M.'s, in Calvert county: I acted as I do in all houses: now I have found one of his son's a member of the Georgetown society. Does God alway hear prayer, and answer it? If it is in the Spirit's groaning, and in purity of intention, and in faith, doubtless He does.

Friday 7. We set out to Spurrier's—all my old friends are dead or removed. Saturday brought us to Baltimore. Sunday, at Light-street, my subject was Col. i. 28.: at the African church, Col. i. 9—12.

Monday 10. Rested, wrote, and received friends.

Tuesday 11. My mind is wholly for God. What hath the Lord wrought, and what is he still doing? Scarcely a letter from any one that does not tell us good news of the work of God, as our yearly letter-book will testify.

Friday 14. Our conference began in great peace.

Friday 21. The stations were read off, and all concluded in great peace: NEVER had we a better conference in Baltimore. An answer was given to Doctor Coke's letter, I fear, in a manner that will not please him. An order was passed that the answer should be presented to all the annual conferences. It was also recommended to the annual conferences to consider on the propriety of having a select, delegated conference: the eastern, western, and southern conferences were counselled to take such measures as they, in their wisdom, might see best, to produce a more equal representation from their several bodies to the general conference.

On the Sabbath, (16th) I preached at Fell's-Point: my subject Isai. lxi. 1. "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace." Introduction.—*Zion*—the interests and welfare of the church: *Jerusalem*—the interests of the state. General propositions.—On what principles we should calculate the true interests of the church and state—who are concerned—what are the ways and means; and what the instruments to be used for the promotion of their welfare. At Oldtown I also gave them a talk: my subject Psalm li. "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted to thee." On Thursday we had an ordination of elders: I preached on the occasion, my subject was 1 Peter v. 1—4. The work of God went on in all the four congregations, night and day: there might be thirty souls converted; but I hope we had one hundred under the operations of grace. We had nearly ninety members on the conference list; eighty-three of whom were stationed. On Saturday I went to Perry-Hall, to enjoy a calm after such a storm of labour.

Sunday 23. I preached at Perry-Hall; and after the snow ceased, came away to Joseph Dallam's, twenty miles.

Tuesday 25. We crossed Susquehannah. Calm and cold. Dined at Howel's North; and lodged at Mr. Moody's, having called in for a minute at Back-Creek; by riding a little in the night, we have made little short of fifty miles to-day.

Wednesday 26. I preached at Georgetown Cross Roads—Ah! *there is death in the pot here*: I rode on to Chestertown. On Thursday I spoke in the new, neat chapel in Kent; and was long and laboured. I visited Cavil Hyason; after a twenty years' seperation, we who were left were comforted in God together. I have made twenty-four miles to-day—feeble, and afflicted with a cold and sore-throat; but happy in God. The appointment for Friday, at Centreville, was filled by Bishop Whatcoat. After dining with Thomas Wright, I rode on to Mr. Lockerman's. I preached at Easton on Saturday; my subject Rom. xiv. 19. "Let us follow after the things that make for peace," &c. In their estimate of the things of the world, as also of the ceremonials of religion, men will widely differ:—these objects, to a divinely-illuminated mind, are not worth the dispute they frequently occasion. But the things most worthy of all our attention, and our most engaged and diligent *following after*, are *the things that make for peace*, and promote the soul's *edification*—and these are the great *things of God*; the love of God; the death of Christ; the operations of his Spirit; and the deep things of God, respecting sanctification and eternal glory. I stay at Captain Frazer's, Caroline county. My hoarseness is afflictive, but my soul is filled with God.

Sabbath 29. A very dry season. My mind was greatly engaged for a spiritual rain—and temporal also. The Chesapeak district, so far, is not promising: the people's minds are agitated about stationed preachers, some for, and some against. The devil would rather they would do something worse than disagree; but this to him is better than nothing. I only exhorted a little at Frazer's chapel, and after meeting rode home with Thomas Forster—of the old stamp and steady.

Monday 30. I rode down to Cambridge, and preached at eleven o'clock: my subject Psalm li. 9, 10.; I felt assisted.

Tuesday, April 1. We returned to Thomas Foster's. I saw Joseph Everitt, feeble, but faithful; in patient waiting for his Lord.

DELAWARE.—Wednesday 2. At Brown's chapel I spoke on 2 Cor. vi. 1. "We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."

I. The Gospel dispensation.

II. The revival of religion.

III. The operations of grace in enabling believers to make advances in the divine life:—this was the grand point urged, to wit: that God giveth grace to prepare for more—grace for grace—convictions for sin that they may repent—repentance that they may believe—justification that they may be convinced of indwelling sin—this convincement will evidence to believers the necessity of sanctification: from whence follows faithfulness unto death, and the crown of glory.

The work of God revives: the chapel will soon be neatly finished: the second generation are filling the house, and joining their labours to value myself and their fathers did in the days of their fathers.

I lodged at brother Davis's. They have built a good chapel at Deep-Creek. I exhorted here on Thursday after Joseph Crawford had preached. We dined at brother Baker's, and came on to Salisbury, Maryland; here the work revives; Joseph Crawford preached; I was unwell.

VIRGINIA.—Friday 5. We came to William Downing's, Virginia. At Downing's chapel I spoke on Rev. ii. 10. After sermon we rode to Accomack, and lodged at Mr. Seymour's: here Joseph Crawford preached in the evening.

Sunday 6. That no time might be lost we started away at eight o'clock in the morning to brother Watts's, twenty-seven miles; my subject was Isaiah xxxiii. 14, 15, 16. "The sinners in Zion are afraid," &c. I preached in the court-house, Accomack: it was an alarming season. The cold was great; and the winds are high. No rain—it is judgment weather—O Lord, arise!

Monday 7. At Snow-Hill my subject was Hebr. iii. 12, 13, 14. A blessed rain came on before sermon and continued after it. We rode fifteen miles to brother Hazzard's, Poplar-Town, state of Delaware.

DELAWARE.—Tuesday 8. We rode forty miles to Broadkiln-Town: I spoke on 1 Cor. xv. 58.

Wednesday 9. I preached at Milford, and then rode on to Dover, and took up father Whatcoat; on the way he was taken with a fit of the gravel, and I was afraid would die. I preached in Dover next day. We afterward rode to Duck-Creek Cross-Roads in a snow storm. Here the people are all very fervent, and the children praise the Lord: Joseph Crawford preached.

Friday 11. We came in on as cold a day as one would wish who was fond of extremes, to Wilmington, forty miles. Ah! but I must preach—well. I gave them a sermon at seven o'clock. The Africans here have a house to themselves, of stone, and equal in size to that of the whites.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Saturday 12, brought us to Philadelphia. From Baltimore, round by the eastern shore hither, has cost us, by computation, five hundred and fifty miles. I have been greatly supported in body and mind; glory be to God!

Sabbath 13. I preached at St. George's upon 2 Peter i. 12, 13, 14.; at the Academy I spoke on James v. 7, 8. Many of the preachers were already in the city for conference. In the sitting of conference we had so much irregular, desultory work, that we went on slowly. We had sixty-three members present for travelling, besides those to be received on locations, and as supernumerary and worn out. Doctor Coke's letter was answered by a committee of ten preachers.

Monday 21. Conference rose. Of seventy-six preachers stationed, all appeared to be pleased but two or three, and they, nor any one else, can know the difficulties I had to encounter in the arrangement of the stations. Brother Whatcoat was left very ill at Dover—perhaps he is dead. Eight deacons and six elders were ordained. I preached three times. I hope many souls will be converted in consequence of the coming together of this conference; having had great peace in the societies, and sound, sure preaching three times a day.

New-Jersey.—Tuesday 22. We came to Gloucester-Point, and on to Carpenter's bridge; here we have a Quaker-Methodist meeting-house: I preached upon 2 Peter i. 4.; heavy as I was, I had some openings. I visited my old friends Thomas and Margaret Taper. At Sharptown on Wednesday—no appointment. I walked to the meeting-house; in the burying-ground I saw the graves of some of the faithful; amongst these that of John Vanneman, once a travelling preacher. We rode to John Frith's, Salem—no appointment.

Thursday 24. We returned to William Dilkes's.

Friday 25. Except a few wandering thoughts, I feel great peace and holiness to God in my soul. I preached at Bethel upon Rom. xii. 1, 2. We lodged at Daniel Bates's. I spoke upon 1 Cor. x. 12, 13. We had a ride of thirty-five or forty miles to-day.

Sunday 28. I preached at Burlington once more: my subject was 2 Peter iii. 9. "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise," &c. The characters to whom *repentance* is essentially necessary—the unawakened; the unfaithful; the backslidden. The *repentance* of believers—the consciousness of indwelling sin, improved by faith and prayer is productive of holiness. The gracious will of God is, to furnish means, men, and opportunities, because he *is not willing that any should perish*, until they have a suitable trial. The *coming of the Lord* was his judicial appearing to say, *depart, ye cursed*; or if understood as some judicial displays of his wrath, his *coming* will not be the less certain because of delay; for one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day with the Lord.

Monday 29. I spoke at New-Mills on 1 Thess. v. 23. I visited Richard Swain: there were several preachers, and some others present, and the Lord's supper was partaken.

Tuesday 30. I preached at Mount Zion, in the woods, near a little town called Egypt. We dined at Fuller Horner's, and rode on to Stephen Brakelow's. We have made nearly forty miles to-day. I enjoy great evenness of mind, and life in my labours.

Wednesday 31. I preached at Lower-Freehold. I came home with Simon Pyle:—Ah! what a death there is in the Leonard family!

Thursday, May 1. I breakfasted with Throckmorton: his loss is his gain—he has lost his birth-right as a citizen of the state, but he has the blessing of God on his soul. I preached at Cheesecake meeting-house; here, a people who have a trick of claiming a right to all free meeting-houses, had shouldered the Methodists out; *but the earth helped the woman*—the people of the world have built a house for us. We lodged at Mr. Wam's.

Friday 2. I feel the effects of my toil. I declined preaching in Brunswick; Joseph Crawford supplied my place. I rode on to B. Drake's.

Saturday 3. I crossed Long Ferry to Staten-Island. It is like winter here: but what cannot the God of nature and of grace do physically and spiritually? I viewed the spot where I first landed on the island in October 1771: I am alive, and about my Master's work still—Glory! glory! glory!

Sabbath 4. At the first meeting, Joseph Crawford preached, I only exhorted; at the second meeting-house, on the north side, I preached: we lodged at Chushong's.

Monday 5. I preached at Elizabethtown, and then came on to Newark. After stopping awhile, we moved forward to Second-River, and called a meeting at which Joseph Crawford preached. We have a warm day, the harbinger of spring: universal nature seems starting into innumerable forms of promise of the fruitful year—Oh, that it may be so spiritually!

Tuesday 6. I preached at Belleville, and rode on to New-York.

New-York.—Wednesday 7. I viewed the ground at Philip's Manor, selected for our camp-meeting. I felt as if God would be there, in answer to our prayers for nine months past. In the evening we came to Sherwood's Vale, and at night I went to the camp-ground, and looked on at the people, busy clearing the ground, fixing the tents, and building the stand.

Thursday 8. I rested and wrote.

Friday 9, began with a storm; but the people came through it, bringing their tents and baggage, weary with walking.

Saturday 10. The weather cleared.

Sunday 11. I preached; it was an open season; companies here and there dispersed, kept up the exercise of singing and prayer through the day, and far into the night: the Brooklyn tent was all prayer the greater part of the time. A marquee had been fixed for the preachers; and provisions came in from both town and country; the brethren from both delightfully meeting in worship and affections. On Monday the people of the world seemed to make a surrender, there was no longer a necessity for guards.

There were between eighty and one hundred official members present; about one thousand Methodists; and some presumed, about six thousand souls were on the ground at different times: the people were so dispersed, and there was such a continual coming and going, I had no means of judging.

We had great order and great power from the beginning to the end: I judge two hundred souls were made the subjects of grace in its various operations of conviction, conversion, sanctification, and reclamation. Glory! glory!

Wednesday 14. We came to New-York.

Thursday 15. I recollected myself and wrote letters.

Friday 16. The conference commenced its sitting, and rose on Thursday. We sat seven hours in each day, in great love, order, and peace. A paper was read, setting forth the uncertain state of the superintendency, and proposing the election of seven elders, from each of the seven conferences, to meet at Baltimore, July 4, 1807, for the sole purpose of establishing the American superintendency on a surer foundation; this subject will be submitted to the consideration of all the conferences. The answer to Dr. Coke's letter, by the conference of New-York, was read, to be submitted to all the conferences. I preached three times, and ordained three African deacons. We had preaching in the Park as well as regularly in the meeting-houses, and a day of fasting and prayer for the health of the city, the success of our conference labours, and the prosperity of Zion. I was greatly supported and blest. The preachers, were, perhaps never better satisfied with their stations.

Connecticut.—Sunday 25. I preached at New-Haven. After meeting I visited sister Thacher, rejoicing in perfect love; perhaps she is near her end. Since the 10th of April, 1805, I have, according to my reckoning, travelled five thousand miles: everlasting glory be to my all-sufficient God!

Monday 26. I dined at Mereden, and lodged at Mr. Pitkin's, East-Hartford.

Tuesday 27. I reached Thompson, forty-five miles, *faint yet pursuing.*

Wednesday 28. At Milford, the people, young and old, were on the green; the active playing at ball, the aged and others looking on; it was election day.

Thursday 29. We dined at Mr. Boyle's, Needham, and rode on to Waltham: a few young people are under the operations of grace here, amongst whom are the two children of George Pickering, my namesake Asbury, aged about ten, and Maria, still younger; and there is a small revival of religion in the district. We rested here on Friday, and I preached at night on Phil. i. 9—11.

Massachusetts.—Saturday 31. We have a gracious rain, it was greatly needed. In the evening we rode to Boston.

Sunday, June 1. I preached in Boston; as usual with me in this place, it was an open season; some souls were powerfully moved, myself for one.

Monday 2. I took a walk to West Boston, to see the new chapel, eighty-four by sixty-four feet. The upper window frames were put in. We came to Lynn at two o'clock: I preached at two o'clock on Haggai ii. 6. After meeting we rode as far as Marblehead: here Joseph Crawford preached. I find that David Bachelor has been useful in this town; a revival has taken place.

Tuesday 3. We came through dust and heat to Enoch Sandbourn's, East-Kingston, forty-five miles. We had a ride of about fifty miles to Old Wells on Wednesday; eight or ten of these we might have saved, had we known the nearest way from Exeter.

Maine.—Thursday 4. We came to Portland; Joseph Crawford preached.

Friday 5. We went towards Buxton to attend the camp-meeting. At two o'clock we came on the ground; there were twenty preachers, travelling and local.

Saturday 6. I preached; and on the Sunday also. Some judged there were about five thousand people on the ground. There were displays of divine power, and some conversions. Our journey into Maine has been through dust and heat; in toil of body, and in extraordinary temptation of soul; but I felt that our way was of God.

Monday 9. We journeyed on through Buxton, Limerick, Parsonsfield, Elfingham, into New-Hampshire, stopping at Sandwich to lodge with Mr. Webster.

Tuesday 10. Through town after town we came to Dorchester, lodging at Deacon Blodgett's. Canaan brought us up on Wednesday.

New-Hampshire.—Thursday 12. We opened the New England conference, and went through our business with haste and peace, sitting seven hours a day. The York conference address respecting the superintendency was concurred in, and the seven elders for this conference elected accordingly. We did not (to my grief) tell our experiences, nor make observations as to what we had known of the work of God: the members were impatient to be gone, particulary the married townsmen.

Sunday 15. I ordained eleven elders in the woods. At three o'clock I preached in the meeting-house; it was a season of power.

Monday 16. I lodged with John Broadhead.

Tuesday 17. My labour is great; but I am blest with a great willingness to duty. We came along through Enfield, Hanover, Lebanon, crossing Connecticut at Lyman's bridge into Vermont, and kept on by Hartford, Sharon, and Ryaltown: we brought up with Samuel Curtis, upon White's River, for the night.

Vermont.—From New-Haven to White's River we have made, by computation, four hundred and sixty miles. I have had sufferings in the flesh, but perfect peace of mind.

Wednesday 17. We reached Barnard: I preached at Thomas Freeman's on Acts xxvi. 17, 18. : here is a lively, large society; we had a full house at a short warning. Our way on Thursday, led through Randolph, Brookfield, Williamstown, Northfield, and Berlin; I preached at Samuel Smith's.

Friday 20. We came upon Onion River, at Montpelier, the contemplated seat of government for the state. I think it eminently well selected; for a site of this kind I know nothing in England or America more suitable. At Palmer's mill I preached on 1 Cor. i. 30.

Saturday 21. Brought us over the heights of Onion River to Russel's bridge; thence to Bolton and Williston, dining at brother

Bradley's. After dinner we rattled along to Burlington, on Lake Champlain: here I saw a grand college, equal, in exterior to that of New-Haven, a state house, meeting house, and other elegant buildings. We passed Shelbourne into Charlotte, on the Lake and put up with Mr. Fuller. We have made forty miles to-day. I am resolved to be in every part of the work whilst I live to preside. It will be the best plan to bring on the sessions of all the conferences as early as possible, that there may be time given to all the preachers to go to work in the dawn of spring: the New England conference should meet about the middle of April, and thus be ready for general conference.

I feel as if I was fully taught the necessity of being made perfect through sufferings and labours. I pass over in silence cases of pain and grief, of body and mind.

From appearances it would seem no great stretch of imagination to suppose there have been many lakes dried up in this country. Onion River Falls, for instance, must at one time have been a boundary: at this narrow pass, as at Harper's Ferry, on the Potowmac, and the French Broad in North Carolina, the weight of waters has broken through the mountain on some day far upward in the history of past ages; they now supply Lake Champlain.

On the Sabbath I preached in an upper room at Fuller's, to about four hundred people; my subject was Luke iv. 18, 19.: and God bore witness to his own word. Why did I not visit this country sooner? By moving the conferences to an earlier period in the year, it might have been done, and may yet be done: what appeared to me to be impossible, I see now is very practicable. Ah! what is the toil of beating over rocks, hills, mountains, and deserts, five thousand miles a year—nothing; when we reflect it is done for God, for Christ, for the Holy Spirit; the church of God; the souls of poor sinners; the preachers of the Gospel in the seven conferences, one hundred and thirty thousand members, and one or two millions, who congregate with us in the solemn worship of God—Oh, it is nothing!

Monday 23. At Vergennes court house, I preached upon Mark i. 15. I had to walk up a great hill, a mile, by the falls of Otter. At Bridport at six o'clock, I spoke upon Titus ii. 11, 12.

Tuesday 24. Passing through Shoreham, Benson, and other towns, we came to Hampton church at six o'clock; I gave them a sermon upon Hebr. iii. 14, 15, 16.

On Wednesday we came along by Granville and Salem, down to Cambridge. At six o'clock at Ashgrove, I preached upon Jude 17 to the end. I have travelled one hundred and fifty miles through New-Hampshire; and two hundred and twenty or more, in Vermont. We have sustained more damage than I can tell, by the absence of the preachers, two or three months, at every conference: this is an evil that must be remedied. Oh! how I felt for the people: this was worse than my incredible toil: help, Lord, for vain is the help of man! Was it not for the aid we receive from the local and official members, the suspensions of the travelling preachers would ruin us. What is to be done? 1. Meet the conferences early. 2. Engage the official members to more engagedness and labour. 3. Let prayer-meetings be more frequent. 4. Let all the probationers stay on the circuits; and let all who are recommended stay on the circuits also, until they can be admitted into the connexion.

Thursday 26. We came rapidly down the pike road to Pittstown, Housack, Lansingburg, Troy, and Greenbush; on Friday through Scodack and Phillipstown, breakfasting at Mr. Bushe's well-conducted stage tavern; and then onward through Lebanon and Canaan, in New-York state; and Stockbridge, Old-Barrington, and Sheffield in Massachusetts. On Saturday we came into Connecticut, breakfasting at Salisbury: our dinner we took on the Sharon camp-ground.

Sabbath 29. I preached in camp on 2 Cor. vi. 2.

On Monday we pursued our route through to Dover, and rested with father Rose awhile; dined, and went on to Salem in New-York state, and slept at Franklin, under the hospitable roof of father Howes.

NEW-YORK.—Tuesday, July 1. We came to Jeremiah Miller's and dined, and reached Elijah Crawford's at the Plains. We have travelled about five hundred miles in the state of New-York. I may remark here, now that I have time to make the remark, that the Lebanon camp-meeting was great as to the numbers which attended, and great in power. We are now, in many congregations and classes, reaping the fruits of the conference camp-meetings, all through the circuit of New-Rochelle: and the Sharon camp-meeting will equal, in effect, those of the conferences. We have a few refreshing rains; the promise of rich crops of wheat; and abundant spiritual harvests. Glory to God.

Wednesday 2. We came to New-York. I had left my little travelling wagon to be sold at the Plains. On Thursday I came on to see Aaron Hunt's: Joseph Crawford came over the ferry with me; when about to part, he turned away his face and wept: Ah! I am not made for such scenes—I felt exquisite pain.

NOTA-BENE.—At Newark I lodged with brother Leocraft: I felt for, prayed with, and spoke to all the members of this family.

Friday, July 4. Noise, parade, seventeen rounds—and then to breakfast. I stole away quietly from this bustle towards Rockaway. I stopped at brother Searman's, with brother M'Lenahan and wife. At Turkey chapel I spoke on 1 Cor. xv. 58.: it was an open season. When there is a stir amongst the Methodists, other denominations send supplies, if they have not a stationed minister:—the process is, to hold a week-day meeting, perform a sacrament or a baptism, to place the new convert within the ark of safety—and all is done; now we may stand *still*, or sit still, *and see the salvation of God!* I rejoiced to hear of the appointment of a camp-meeting on Turkey, in August.

Saturday 5. I came to Germantown, twenty-five miles through a pleasant, beautiful, fruitful land of hills and vales. The place chosen for the encampment on Turkey I found a handsome height, elegantly sloping to the north. I trust four hundred souls will be converted: may it give new springs and tone to the work of God in the Jerseys!

Sabbath 6. At Minerd Farley's I preached upon Gal. vi. 9.; in the afternoon again upon Acts xx. 32. I was led out in an uncommon degree. May it be the prelude to better days! My first visit here was during the revolutionary war; now the children of people not then married are born, grown up, and married. After meeting I rode on to Pennytown, housing for the night with Jonathan Burns.

Tuesday 8. I was on the road at five o'clock. The bridge over the Delaware is said to have cost three or four hundred thousand dollars. I reached Manly-Hall about four o'clock. From New-Haven to Philadelphia, I judge I have made one thousand sixty-five miles, going and returning; and about one thousand eight hundred miles since I left the Philadelphia conference: much suffering and much toil:—not unto me, but unto Thy good providence, O my God, be all the glory! After writing some letters, I preached at Kingston at five o'clock, on Acts xx. 24. On my return, I found a letter from Doctor Chandler, declaring the death of Bishop

Whatcoat, that father in Israel, and my faithful friend for forty years—a man of solid parts; a self-denying man of God: who ever heard him speak an idle word? When was guile found in his mouth? He had been thirty-eight years in the ministry: sixteen years in England, Wales, and Ireland, and twenty-two years in America; twelve years as presiding elder, four of this time he was stationed in the cities, or travelling with me; and six years in the superintendency. A man so uniformly good, I have not known in Europe or America. He had long been afflicted with gravel and stone, in which afflictions, nevertheless, he travelled a great deal, three thousand miles the last year: he bore in the last three months excessively painful illness with most exemplary patience. He died in Dover on the 5th of July, and his mortal remains were interred under the altar of the Wesley Dover church: at his taking leave of the South Carolina conference, I thought his time was short. I changed my route to visit him, but only reached within a hundred and thirty miles—death was too quick for me.

DELAWARE.—Friday 11. I came to Wilmington; and on Saturday to North-East. On the Sabbath I preached. Monday brought me to Perry-Hall: and on Tuesday I reached Baltimore.

MARYLAND.—Thursday 16. Busy writing letters to the south, and to England. I enjoy great peace, and am in the spirit of prayer. On Friday I visited three families on Elk Ridge. On Saturday I came to [illegible] Riggs's; dined, and went on to Doctor [illegible]'s. I preached at Goshen meeting-house. We have, it is [illegible], the greatest drought that can be remembered in this country; the springs seem to be failing every where. Monday I went to Rachel Hall's, dined, and rode on to Samuel Howard's: here I had a bilious attack, and became quite bed-sick.

Tuesday 22. We have a most blessed, glorious shower of rain. I received it as an answer to prayer. The oats in the fields are unpromising; but the corn looks green, and the people are diligent in ploughing and dressing—a fine example this to Christians: O, how diligently should we labour! The heat is great.

Wednesday 23. I called upon Joseph Perkins, the superintendent of the U. S. armoury. Here is a factory of stores of instruments of death, tastefully arranged in the several apartments: there may they remain for ever! But will it be so? Alas! no. I was caught in a rain upon the river, the effects of which I felt next day.

August 3. I am here at John Davenports. I have been sick, and laid up since Thursday last. Copious bleeding, emetics, cathartics and bark have had their *turns*. The fever, since the day before yesterday, has left me. I have been providentially favoured with a good physician, kind friends, and temperate heat; and the Lord hath done this well. I might have been taken amongst strangers, and have had more pain. Rain was wanting; and I may hereafter have better weather for the toilsome journey before me. Happily I laid my hands on *Simpson's Plea for Religion*, in which we have a wonderful and interesting account of good and bad men for three centuries. The author has drawn aside the purple curtains of the church of Rome, and the black robes of the antichristian church of *England*, to lay bare the abuses of bad systems, and the vices of mitred heads: he has raised his warning voice against the corruption of manners and morals in all orders, which will, he predicts, without a speedy reformation, cause the downfall of all ecclesiastical establishments; he has magnanimously renounced his living as a minister, which his conscience would permit him no longer to hold: he said he knew not where to go; but the Lord has taken him to *the church of the first-born*. O, what a warning is here given to all churches, to all ministers, to all Christians, and to thee, O my soul! Recollecting I had never preached in the neighbourhood, and feeling a little unwilling to pass another dumb Sabbath, we called a solemn assembly, as much as if we had come to the funeral of one of the family; my subject was 1 Kings viii. 35—39. I was rapid for about an hour; they are faithfully warned—let them look to it.

VIRGINIA.—Wednesday 6. I came to Winchester. Wrote to Myles and Dougharty. Report says, that a copy of Dr. Coke's letter was taken by stealth; the British are wounded, and the Americans are not pleased; but they seem calm in counsel. I lodged at sister Phelps's.

Thursday 7. Came to the camp-meeting at Crissman's Springs, now Stover's Springs. Necessity compelled them to come here for the sake of the water in this great general drought. I moved on to Stoverstown.

Friday 8. I breakfasted at Millerstown; rode to Wire's to dinner, and by driving two hours in the night reached Rocktown, or Rockingham, and put up with Mr. Williams. I have travelled fifty miles to-day, over rough, rocky roads. I rested my feeble body on Saturday.

Sunday 10. Our house here, forty by forty-eight feet, may contain fifteen or eighteen hundred people: now that we have a place of worship of our own, I hope we shall have another revival. I preached the first sermon, my subject, Isai. lvi. 8. We had an open time.

Monday 11. I rested.

Tuesday 12. I came away to Staunton: I preached in the court-house on Isai. lv. 6, 7.

Wednesday 13, brought us to Fairfield: I lodged at Mr. Moore's tavern. At Lexington I found Mr. Shield, my host, sick; I prayed with them; it was a time of tenderness. I set out, faint indeed, for M'Conkey's, a decent house: here I prayed as amongst the Methodists. This excessive delicacy of feeling, which shuts my mouth so often, might appear strange to those who do not know me; there are some houses in which I am not sure that I could speak to my father were he alive, and I to meet him there: bystanders might have cause to exclaim with wonder, *what a son!*

Friday 15. I rode fifteen miles and breakfasted with Mr. Topcotts; eleven miles farther brought me to Mr. Thomas's, near the camp-ground, at a little town called Amsterdam. I have been afflicted; but this may be for good. Had it not been for the top of the sulky, perhaps, sultry as it was, I should have been obliged to stop: faint and feeble, the kindness of good men, and the affectionate attentions of good women supported me: may a gracious God bless those who were thus made blessings to me! In prayer I have had uncommon life and liberty; but I had not strength to talk as much as I wished about God and religion. On Saturday I felt unwell.

Sunday 17. I ventured to the camp. I preached at eleven o'clock to about three thousand souls: I held on, loud and long; it was the Lord, not me. Notwithstanding matters were not as I could wish, I trust, much good will be done.

Monday 18. I rested at Mr. Thomas's.

Tuesday 19. I ventured on the camp-ground again, and preached at eight o'clock; I was weak and unwell, but was divinely aided, whilst enlarging on Philip. i. 1.; may this weighty subject rest on the minds of the preachers, and on none more than the heart of the speaker! I came away with Samuel Mitchell. Friendship and good fellowship seem to be done away between the Methodists and Presbyterians; few of the latter will attend our meetings now; well, let them feed their flocks apart; and let not Judah vex Ephraim, or Ephraim Judah; and may it thus remain, until the two sticks become one in the Lord's hands!

Wednesday 20. Being unwell I rested.

Thursday 21. We came away through excessive heat to Thomas Barrett's, at the foot of the Alleghany mountain.

Friday 22, brought us over the rough, rude mountain: they are making a turnpike here. After breakfasting at brother Haymaker's, we came on to Pepper's ferry, sometimes directing our route by chance. Since the 23d of *May* to this day, I believe we have not had a steady rain for six hours together; yet it is a miracle and mercy that the prospects of corn are so good. We rested for the day at Pepper's; and need we had; weary men and horses.

Sunday 24. At Page's chapel I spoke on 2 Chron. vii. 13, 14. It was an awful talk, and the people were alarmed. We dined at Mitchell's, and lodged at Whygler's, that we might lose no time.

Monday 25. I was in danger of being cast away on my route to Crocket's, but was mercifully preserved: I felt exceedingly grateful that not even the skin of either horse or man was broken: I jumped out of the carriage. Ah! I see that old men will fall in great danger.

Tuesday 26. We came to Wythe court-house, eighteen miles, to breakfast, and reached David Stewart's to lodge.

Wednesday 27. I came to Charles Hardy's. I have not slept well. I am faint with toil, and excessive heat—like an oven in the afternoon.

Thursday 28. Brought us over the dreadful roads to the Salt Works. The great drought has not prevailed so greatly on Holston, of Tennessee.

TENNESSEE.—Saturday 30. I preached at the widow Russell's; my hostess is as happy and cheerful as ever.

Sunday 31. I preached at the Manahan meeting-house. I once thought we should scarcely ever have a tabernacle of our own in these parts; we have now three in a triangle of eight miles extent.

Tuesday, September 2. I was weak, but attended the appointment of the stationed preacher, A. Houston: my subject was 1 Thess. v. 12—15.: strong in spirit, but feeble in body. Next day I rode thirty miles over to Edward Cox's.

Thursday 4. I preached at Bethel. I was faint; and felt the effects of sickness and the rough roads. I lodged at the widow Lewis's, on Beaver-Creek.

Friday 5. I felt that I was done, and must lay by awhile.

Saturday [illegible] I preached at Charles Helton's, upon Main Holston; weak as I was it was an open time.

Sunday 7. We crossed Holston at the mouth of Watauga: the Sabbath I do not often employ in travelling, [illegible] when I fell in with the circuit preachers. I was very [illegible] in my discourse at Dingworth's on Psalm 8. 10—13. the people have sat under a Calvinistic ministry. I lodged at William Nelson's, an ancient house and stand for Methodists and Methodist preaching. I have gone over rough roads, and a wild country, rocks, ruts, and sideling difficult ways, sometimes much obscured; it was thus I lost my way, and travelled twenty miles farther than I needed.

Monday 8. Prepared for conference.

Saturday 13. My bowels for some days past have been much disordered; and I have been otherwise ill; but constant occupation of writing, reading, and praying has diverted my attention from my sufferings: the medicine taken to day has done good. I am obliged to avoid the sun as I would a burning fire.

Sunday 14. I preached at the stand in the woods: brother M'Kendree followed: it was a season of feeling.

Saturday 19. the Western conference commenced its sitting, and ended on Monday. The Mississippi missionary preachers could not be spared, they thought, from their work, and therefore did not come. We had great peace. There are fourteen hundred added within the bounds of this conference. Of the fifty-five preachers stationed, all were pleased. In unison with the preceding conferences, an answer was given to Doctor Coke's letter. We had preaching at noon and night, and good was done. The brethren were in want, and could not suit themselves; so I parted with my watch, my coat, and my shirt.—By order of the conference, I preached a funeral discourse, on the death of our dear friend Whatcoat, from John i. 47—50. there were not far from two thousand people present. If good were done, which I trust and hope, it is some compensation for my sufferings—thirteen hundred miles in heat and sickness on the road; and in the house, restless hours, the noise of barking dogs, impatient children, and people trotting about, and opening and shutting doors at all hours.

Wednesday 23. We came to Buncombe: we were lost within a mile of M'Killon's, and were happy to get a school-house to shelter us for the night: I had no fire, but a bed wherever I could find a family; my old, [illegible], had a bear-skin, and a dirt floor to spread it on.

Friday 26. My afflictions returned—considering the food, the labour, the lodging, the hardships I meet with and endure, it is not wonderful. Thanks be to God! we had a generous rain—may it be general through the continent!

Saturday 27. I rode twelve miles to Turkey-Creek, to a kind of camp-meeting. On the Sabbath I preached to about five hundred souls: it was an open season, and a few souls professed converting grace.

Monday 29. Raining. We had dry weather during the meeting. There were eleven sermons, and many exhortations. At noon it cleared up, and gave us an opportunity of riding home: my mind enjoyed peace, but my body felt the effects of riding. On Tuesday I went to a school-house to preach: I rode through Swannanoa River, and Cane, and Hooper's Creeks.

North Carolina.—Wednesday, October 1. I preached at Samuel Edney's. Next day we had to cope with Little and Great Hungry mountain. Now I know what Mills Gap is, between Buncombe and Rutherford; one of the descents is like the roof of a house, for nearly a mile: I rode, I walked, I sweat, I trembled, and my old knees failed: here are gullies, and rocks, and precipices; nevertheless, the way is as good as the path over the Table-mountain—bad is the best. We came upon Green-River, crossed, and then hobbled and crippled along to Martin Edward's, a local preacher: my host had waited two years; I ordained him to deacon's orders. I feel as if I ought not to preach one sermon without being pointed and very full upon the doctrine of purity.

Saturday 4. Crossed Green and Broad rivers, to attend a meeting in the woods in Rutherford county. I preached on the Sabbath, on Psalms ii. 6—11. and on Monday at eight o'clock in the morning on 1 John i. 6, 7. it was a moving season. I made my lodging with brother Driskells on Sunday night, and on Monday at Major George Moore's, twenty miles from the ground. On Tuesday we came rapidly through a part of Lincoln, to South Carolina, about thirty miles, and lodged at Alexander Hill's; and next day staid with Mr. Felton. My mind is in constant peace under great bodily exertions. I preached at my host's, upon Matt. xxiv. 12, 13.

South Carolina.—Thursday 9. At the Waxaws. We crossed Catabaw at M'Lenahan's ferry, and came to Robert Hancock's to lodge. We have had a blessed rain. On Friday we came to the Hanging Rock—death! death! The death of our friend, Daniel Carpenter, makes a great breach; but he has gone safe. Thursday, Friday,—closely occupied in writing. On the Sabbath I preached at the Hanging-Rock—few people; but a good season. On Monday I copied the minutes. I am full of God, glory to God! On Tuesday I went over to Thompson's Creek, Anson county, to see George Dougharty; but his friends had conveyed him away on a bed. I spent Wednesday in reading, meditation, prayer, and Christian conversation in the family of Thomas Shaw.

Thursday 16. Rode back to the Hanging-Rock: I felt the effects of the ride, as the exercise was somewhat new. I prayed in two out of three families we visited; it seemed to me as if they were cases of life and death. It is the duty of a general officer to be careful of all his men, especially those composing his staff. A drought is the cause of want and affliction: in such seasons, we should use humiliation, fasting, penitence, and prayer.

Friday 17. Closely occupied in writing. On Saturday, rode to Camden. I have received a full account from Doctor Chandler, Delaware district, of the work of God from May third, to August twenty-fourth; what hath God wrought!

Sunday 19. I preached upon 1 Cor. xi. 28. *Let a man examine himself.* After making some general observations on the sacrifice of Abel, of Abraham, and the nature of the passover and the Lord's supper, I enforced the necessity upon sinners, seekers, backsliders, believers, and ministers, to examine themselves. In the afternoon, I heard the Rev. Mr. Flinn, and was pleased with him as a Presbyterian minister. Mr. Smilie, a Presbyterian, preached for us in the tabernacle.

Monday 20. I rode to Rembert Hall, eleven hundred and twenty miles from Philadelphia—in health, and, I trust, in holiness. Glory to God!

Tuesday 21. Reading closely. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, reading the eighth and ninth volumes of Wesley's sermons: they wake the powers of my soul. Abstinence and prayer. I feel my mind in great peace, and a stayed trust that the Lord will provide for the South Carolina conference: let the preachers go, as they have done, to their farms and their merchandise, yet I am greatly confident of the success of the cause of God in these parts.

Sunday 25. At Rembert's chapel I preached on 1 John iii. 1—3. 1. The manner of *love*—not that of a master, a father, a mother, or a Christian; but *love* of a peculiar character—the *love* of God, demonstrated in Christ for our redemption and salvation. 2. A view of the past, present, future, and eternal state of believers—First, The low estate; Secondly, Adoption, and regeneration, and sanctification. Thirdly, Glorification of soul and body. *Behold*, and wonder whilst ye adore. Lastly, the men of the world know not the *Father*, how then should they know the *children* of God the *Father*.

Monday 26. I am bound for the city of Charleston. We sought lodging at two houses at Bruton's Lake: we found it at Mr. Martin's. On Tuesday we made twenty-five miles to Murray's ferry, instead of fifteen: at Long Ferry, to which we were obliged to steer, we were detained five hours through the swamp:—heat, moschetos, gallinippers—plenty. We rode twenty miles after sundown to get to Mr. Hatchett's, at Monk's Corner; the family being sick, we went to Mr. Jones's, who kindly entertained us; we made fifty miles to-day, and came to lodgings about ten o'clock at night. On Wednesday we came through heat and heavy roads to Charleston, where we found all things well, and in good order: Lewis Myers is an economist.

Sunday, November 2. At Cumberland-street church I preached in the morning; and at Bethel in the afternoon.

Monday 3. Neither unemployed, nor triflingly. If we call for social prayer seven times a day, there are none to complain; the house is our own, and profane people board not with us. My time is spent in reading, writing, and receiving all who come, whites and Africans: I am sometimes called away in the midst of a letter. God the Lord is here. I am happy that we have finished our new church, and bought an acre of ground; should I live long, I shall see a house in the northern liberties of Cooper-River. On Tuesday I wrote a letter to Dr. Coke, giving a general statement of the late work of God upon our continent.

Sunday 9. I preached again in Cumberland church on 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18. I spoke under serious depression of body and mind: in the afternoon, I gave them a discourse at the Bethel church, upon Philip i. 27—30. I have read many pages of Church History, wrote twelve long letters, preached four sermons, and received all visitors, and spoke to them on the concerns of their souls.

Monday 10. It appears that there is a work amongst white and black—some have found the blessing. I received a letter from Daniel Hitt, giving an account of the Long-Calm camp-meeting, in Maryland: it held from the eighth to the fourteenth of October; five hundred and eighty were said to be converted; and one hundred and twenty believers confirmed and sanctified. Lord, let this work be general!

On Tuesday I left my prison, and got as far as Captain Perry's, thirty miles; and next day, by riding two hours in the night, reached Barr's. On Thursday we rode up Edisto to Benjamin Tarrent's, twenty-two miles: next day we reached Weathersby's, twenty-five miles.

GEORGIA.—Saturday brought us to Augusta: we have made a journey of about six days in five, through the deep sands.

Sabbath 16. The morning was cold, and few hearers; my subject was Rom. xiii. 2.—*High time* indeed. In the afternoon I spoke again on Hebr. xi. 25, 26. I wrote to Daniel Hitt on things sacred. I am grieved to have to do with boys. Hugh Porter had written to this town about a station; and added to the mischief he had formerly done: I shall take care of these youngsters. And behold, here is a bell over the gallery—and cracked too; may it break! It is the first I ever saw in a house of ours in America: I hope it will be the last.

Monday 17. Pleasant ride to Sindall's, sixteen miles. Here, after the second generation is risen up, we have a revival in Columbia county. By being lost, we made a ride of thirty miles to Thomas Haine's, on Tuesday. A few met for prayer: I spoke to them on 1 Peter i. 3—6. On Wednesday we rested. At Fountain's on Thursday I preached on 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14. On Friday I rested, wrote, and visited.

Saturday 22. Rode to the west end of Wilkes county. At Stevenson meeting-house we held a three-days' meeting: there were present four travelling, and two local preachers: I read the letter from P. Chandler, in Delaware, and exhorted a little.

Sabbath 23. I preached on Luke iv. 18.; there might be one thousand souls. We hope three were converted, and many quickened—preachers and people. I ordained James Allen a local deacon.

Tuesday 25. Rained. I kept close; read, wrote, and prayed. A thought struck me that I would take the names and numbers of our congregations in Georgia; this I effected with the assistance of Josias Randall, and found them to be one hundred and thirty; which I calculate to consist of one thousand souls each; so that we preach to one hundred and thirty thousand souls in Georgia: some of these once in a year, others once in a quarter, others in four, some in two, and by the labours of the travelling and local ministry, to some every week. The return of members for this state will be about five thousand for the present year. It is quite probable we congregate two hundred thousand in each state, on an average; and if to these we add those who hear us in the two Canadian provinces, in the Mississippi and Indiana territories, it will perhaps be found, that we preach to *four millions* of people. What a charge!

Wednesday 26. A clear sky—and a soul unclouded. On Thursday we rode to Arthur Matthews's, a healthy, decent, serious family in Warren county. Friday brought us to William Hardwick's, Jefferson county.

Next day I preached at Bethel chapel on 1 Thess. v. 6, 7. I took lodging at Benjamin Bryan's.

Sabbath 30. We had very cold weather after a rain: the house was badly calculated for the change: my subject was 2 Cor. iv. 2. I lodged at Russell Brown's.

Monday, December 1. Came back to Rehoboth. I have rode eighty-four miles to attend this meeting at Bethel—to little purpose, I fear, unless for the trial of my own faith and patience: I was greatly chilled in my system. On Tuesday I read and wrote; and rode through a storm two miles to see Billy Stith. Next day we had rain, snow, and excessively cold weather: I preached upon Rom. xii. 12, 13.; there were twelve souls present. On Thursday we had our horses shod. The excessive rains and freshets have done damage: the bridges on Ogeechee are generally carried away; so also upon Little-River.

Friday 5. We passed Williams's Creek; and afterward Little-River, where the bridge once stood: I lodged at Thomas Grant's, and left a family exhortation.

Saturday brought us along through Washington to Petersburg, thirty-two miles. We fed our horses on the route, though we starved ourselves. I preached at seven o'clock in the evening. Reverend —— Cummins, and Reverend —— Doke, our Presbyterian brethren, were present.

Sabbath 7. At Tait's meeting-house I preached upon Luke xii. 40. It was a very cold day; and the house was so open we had little satisfaction. I visited Charles Tait, a judge; I did not present myself in the character of a gentleman, but as a Christian, and a Christian minister: I would visit the President of the United States in no other character—true, I would be innocently polite and respectful—no more. As to the Presbyterian ministers, and all ministers of the Gospel, I will treat them with great respect, but I shall ask no favours of them: to humble ourselves before those who think themselves so much above the Methodist preachers by worldly honours, by learning, and especially by salary, will do them no good.

Monday 8. We had cause to rejoice at James Allston's that parents and children love the Lord: the old people have I known for twenty-seven years. I preached here on Monday on 2 Pet. iii. 2. On Tuesday I came to Blackwell's: the widow is my hostess—the former head of the family is gone to rest.

Wednesday 10. At Ralph Banks's. Where shall we find so healthy and happy a man and wife as we have here? the mother is but thirty-seven, and she has twelve fine children. I was determined to go to the meeting-house, excessive as the rain was: we had one woman and thirty men: we rejoiced in God. They have had a camp-meeting blessing at Coldwater—the people are lively.

Thursday 11. We rode twenty miles to James Mark's, Broad-River quarterly meeting. Another plentiful and powerful rain. On Friday night we held a feeble night meeting. On Saturday at the meeting-house, I spoke on Galatians vi. 9.: it was penetratingly cold. We held a meeting in James Marks's dwelling-house at night.

Sabbath 14. At ten o'clock we had prayer-meeting. S. Matthews preached at eleven o'clock; and I held forth at twelve o'clock in the open air: I faced the sun, but my glasses saved my eyes. We felt cold enough.

Monday 15. Rode to Oglethorpe, and put up with Henry Pope. Our thirty miles' ride was made without feeding man or beast. Reaching Athens on Tuesday, we had an evening lecture at Hope Hull's. I wished to have crossed the river into Jackson county, but the rain came on and we returned to Blanton's and Pope's. General Clarke and L. Crawford had been dwelling on Indian lands: they and their company, five in all, lodged at

Pope's with us; in my presence they restrained their wild, fearless, frontier character, and behaved with great decency and politeness.

Thursday 18. Great rain. Reading and writing. On Friday I visited James Freeman. At Blanton's, on Saturday, I spoke on 1 John ii. 15, 16, 17. I preached at Pope's church on Rom. viii. 7—9.: elders Mead, Hull, and Matthews were present, and bore a part in the public religious exercises. John, a black man, preached in the evening.

Monday 22. We rode to General Steuarts. Very warm—like a summer's day. What amazing changes we have in this country! I gave them a sermon. On Tuesday we had a night meeting at John Crutchfield's: I spoke on 1 John ii. 1, 2, 3.: we had a gentle gale of grace. On Wednesday we were at liberty. Alas, for poor Samuel Mayo, the son of pious John, a local Methodist preacher in England! I have no children to blot my name by drunkenness or murder.

Thursday 25. Our new chapel at Liberty is thirty by fifty feet. I gave them a sermon in it on 1 Peter iv. 3, 4, 5. Lodged at Joshua Moore's. On Friday I found Myles Green preaching; I ordained him immediately; and then gave a discourse on Hebr. xii. 1, 2. After meeting I came on to Sparta. I received a dozen letters from the north. More good news from Doctor Chandler. The work of God is wonderful in Delaware. But what a rumpus is raised! We are subverters of government—disturbers of society—movers of insurrections. Grand juries in Delaware and Virginia have presented the noisy preachers—lawyers and doctors are in arms—the lives, blood, and livers of the poor Methodists are threatened: poor, crazy sinners; see ye not that the Lord is with us?

Sabbath 28. Prayer meeting at six o'clock. John M'Vean preached at eight o'clock. At twelve o'clock I read the letters narrative of the *great work*, and preached upon Col. iv. 7, 8. Brother Kendrick occupied the pulpit at three o'clock; and brother Mead at night.

Monday 29. We began our conference. The subject of the delegated conference was adopted, with only two dissenting voices: these members, however, cheerfully submitted, and one of the dissentients was elected a member. All was peace respecting the stations. We had prayer-meeting at six o'clock; at eleven, at three, and at seven o'clock at night we had preaching. I was called upon to deliver a funeral discourse for Bishop Whatcoat. On the Sabbath morning we had a band-meeting in the conference, and I preached in the open air at eleven o'clock; my subject Mark xvi. 19, 20. From Philadelphia to Augusta I count it one thousand eight hundred and twenty miles, the route we have made. We have fifty travelling preachers in this conference this year, and an increase of one thousand members.

South Carolina.—On Thursday, January 1, 1807, we set out for Columbia, dining in the woods on our route: it was excessively cold. I preached in Mr. Harrison's house in the evening. Next day we came to Camden. Saturday brought us to Rembert-Hall. We have been redeeming time by riding two hundred and twenty miles in five days. It has been so cold, I have not been able to pray and meditate as I wished. I must now answer thirteen letters in two days. My body is afflicted, but I am kept in perfect love.

Sabbath 11. We attended, as was meet, at Rembert's chapel. I gave them a sermon on 1 Chron. xxviii. 9.

Wednesday 14. We came away to M'Collom's ferry. I had finished my writing on Monday and Tuesday. On our way we dined at Woodham and lodged with Jeremiah Heath. On Thursday we crossed Pee-Dee, and came to Colonel Bathie's.

North Carolina.—Friday brought us through Lumberton in North Carolina, lodging with Peter Gautier. We found ourselves obliged to ride on the Lord's day, through the cold, to Wilmington, crossing two rivers in a snow and hail storm. I have rode four hundred and twenty miles in ten days and a half—cold, sick, and faint: it was as much as I could well bear up under.

Monday 19. Busy making extracts from letters, and planning for conferences. Tuesday occupied as yesterday: in the evening I preached. I feel that God is here. On Wednesday brother Kendrick preached. Thursday reading and writing; Joshua Wells preached.

Friday 13. I preached in the tabernacle upon Matt. xi. 28—30. It was a time of some quickening. On Saturday, reading Wesley's Sermons, 1st volume; those who feel disposed to complain of the brevity of his notes should recollect the wonderful amount and variety of his literary labours, polemical and practical, besides *the care of all the churches* in three kingdoms.

Sabbath 25. A *high day* on *Mount Zion*. At the rising of the sun, John Charles began the worship of the day; he chose for his subject Rom. viii. 1. At eleven o'clock I held forth on Hebr.

iii. 12—16. I spoke again at three o'clock on Isaiah lv. 6, 7. Stith Mead preached at six o'clock in the evening. O that by any means we may save some! On Monday and Tuesday still reading Wesley's Sermons: I have completed thirty nearly. On Tuesday evening I preached, and it was a serious time.

Wednesday 28. We took our flight from Wilmington: what I felt and suffered there, from preachers and people, is known to God. At Nixon's, Topsail, I preached on 2 Pet. iii. 14. On Thursday I rode forty miles to the Richlands, and preached at Lot Ballard's. Friday evening found us at Perry's. Saturday brought us to Newbern: we had an awful storm of rain.

February 1. I preached on Sunday at eleven o'clock.

Wednesday 4. We have used great diligence in our conference labours, and have been faithful to the pulpit. I preached to-day on 1 Cor. ii. 5. On the Sabbath I preached to the whites on John iii. 16.; and to the Africans on Ephes. vi. 5—8. Much might be said; I will only observe that we have sixty-seven preachers, and have added three thousand one hundred and fifty nine to this conference bounds; we have, since our sitting here, known that there are twenty whites converted, and as many blacks: these blessings on our labours pay all expenses, reward all toils in the midst of sufferng and excessively cold weather.

Monday 9. I gave them my last discourse on Psalms xxxiv. 15, 16.; and next day came away to the widow William's. On Wednesday at Pinner's. The Roanoke had broken away with its ice. Thursday brought us to Murfreesborough: I preached upon 1 John iii. 10, 11. It was the day after the celebration of Washington's funeral: many of the *respectables* had come to town on this occasion, and still remained; these attended. I lodged at Doctor Key's.

VIRGINIA.—Friday 13. We came to Suffolk. I had sent on a messenger, and found a congregation, to whom I spoke a few words on 1 Pet. iii. 10—12. We felt a present God. Brother Yerbury—*as dying and behold he lives*—spiritually. I have time to make but few observations. We have had rain for three days past; bad roads for two hundred miles. Since I left Philadelphia I calculate having travelled two thousand four hundred *and* forty miles. At Norfolk I preached for them, and at Portsmouth. On Monday we came away; to General Wells's, Isle of Wight county; and next day called upon Willy Blunt on our way to Birdsong's. Wednesday brought us through a *proper* storm to Petersburg: the streets were not easily passable. We lodged on Thursday night in Richmond at the house of the widow Tucker: the roads hither had well nigh mired us. On Friday we lodged at William Smith's: these are friends to camp-meetings, and gracious souls. A long ride of forty-two miles brought us to Fredericksburg on Saturday; we got a little fodder for our horses, and took a cut of dry bread on the cold ground ourselves. My mind enjoys great peace: and yet there are subjects that might disturb it—but I pass them over; I am not fond of hurting the feelings of people.

Sabbath 21. I preached in the church; and then came away to Aquia-Town, sixteen miles, and lodged at Mr. Bailey's. On Monday I went over to Sandford's on Poick; next day the rain followed us to Alexandria: at night I gave them a discourse on Rev. xiv. 12, 13.

MARYLAND.—Wednesday 24. We crossed over into Maryland at Georgetown.—Surely the roads are bad! My mind is in great peace. I had to preach a kind of funeral discourse on the death of Bishop Whatcoat on Thursday: and on Friday I came away to Bladensburg. Here I baptized a child, and prayed with the afflicted, and resumed my march eastward through mud and mire, arriving in the night in Baltimore.

Saturday 28. Snow. I rested and wrote.

Sabbath, March 1. Light-street chapel; I preached upon Hebr. xii. 2. At the African church my subject was Colossians ii. 6.

Saturday 8. Our conference commenced its sitting on Monday, and rose this evening. There were a hundred and one members upon the list, eighteen of these were additions made. We sat six hours a day, and did much work in great peace. In the multiplicity of things that necessarily came before me, much must be left in shades; there were few complaints about stations. The increase within the bounds of the Baltimore conference, is two thousand eight hundred and seventeen members. We had a great deal of faithful preaching. On the Sabbath I preached at the Point; and at Light-street I gave them my last discourse. I was in affliction and unwell; but always in peace—God is all in all.

Tuesday 11. I left Baltimore for Perry-Hall. I spent one night with the elders of the house and my old friends Jesse Hollingsworth, and Daniel Hitt, the faithful companion of my travels for three thousand miles. On Wednesday we left our kind friends, and came to Bennett's. Next day I preached in brother Howell's house, and came to North-East. Friday brought us through rain and snow to Georgetown Cross-Roads; here we called a meeting in the evening; my subject was 2 Corinthians xii. 9. On Saturday we came in to Chester Town; it was damp and cold.

Sabbath 15. Hail, blessed day!—The Sun of Righteousness within us; and the material sun once more gladdens the earth with his beams! Although we have taken five days to come from Baltimore to this place, a distance of one hundred miles, the stage drivers can tell that we have been pretty busy. At Chester I find that unpleasing prejudices have been excited by the publication of a pamphlet on *succession in the church*; the author is one Kewley, who went from us. In the morning I preached upon Psalm xxx. 17. "Come ye children" &c. 1. *Who* are to be taught. 2. *What* they are to be taught. 3. Who are the teachers. 4. The happy consequences of being taught aright, and receiving and practising the instructions given. I spoke again in the afternoon on Rev. vi. 13, 14. My mind is in perfect peace.

Monday 16. Came to Centreville, and I preached. After dining with Thomas Wright, the brother of the present governor of Maryland, we came to Easton, and lodged with Mr. Lockerman. On Tuesday Daniel Hitt preached; I only exhorted. We met Joseph Everett, who conducted us to William Frazier's to dine. On Wednesday we came to Thomas Foster's. I was unwell, and Daniel Hitt preached. We rode on to Cambridge; Daniel Hitt preached in the evening.

Thursday 19. I took the pulpit at eleven o'clock—it was court-time, it was cold, and the notice was short. My subject was 2 Cor. vi. 7. "The word of truth"—the grand doctrines of the Gospel, with special and general application. "The power of God"—in operation upon the souls of the people in numbers and degrees. "Armour of righteousness"—such as described in Ephesians, *helmet of salvation*, and so on. But more fully explanatory of the general subject in its analogy to the justifying and sanctifying operations of grace, and practical righteousness as it respects our relation to God and his church. We returned to Thomas Foster's.

Friday 20. At Bethel, Brown's chapel, Daniel Hitt preached, I only exhorted. We dined at Father Davis's, and lodged at his son William's. The weather is excessively cold, and disagreeably windy. On Saturday I preached at Deep-Creek, and ordained two local preachers to the office of deacon. The day was unpleasant, and the house open. We dined with Deacon Baker, and then drove to George Parker's, within four miles of Salisbury, for the night. I suffered so much in the two last days, that I could not keep my mind constantly engaged in prayer; this was my grief; but my patience bore me up.

Sabbath 22. At Salisbury I preached upon Ephes. iv. 1. The Episcopalians have had their day. Our appointment had not been made, nevertheless, we preached; Daniel Hitt at eleven o'clock, and at night, and I at three o'clock in the afternoon, and we had people to hear us.

VIRGINIA.—Monday 23. We came to dear William Downing's, Accomack: I came in late and unwell.

Tuesday 24. When I should have gone to preach, I went to bed ill with a bilious cholic and fever. We came to Snow-Hill on Wednesday; my chill and sickness continued, and Daniel Hitt preached. We kept on to Poplar-Town, and stopped at C. Hazzard's: still unwell.

DELAWARE.—Thursday 26. We called to see brother Davis: he seemed to be dying by inches in a close room. We stopped at Mr. Clayton's, Dogsbury, in Delaware: from hence we fled with speed to Lewistown, stopped, and took coffee. I preached on 1 Thessalonians ii. 11, 12.; we had a crowded house and a gracious time.

Friday 27. At Milford Bishop Whatcoat preached his last sermon; and as I preached here upon 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. it came as a matter of course to make some observations on his character, labours, piety, and death.

Saturday 28. I preached in Dover, and the numbers present were so great, that I stood up outside to speak; the wind was cold, and I uncovered. I preached the same day at Smyrna, at four o'clock. I hear many things of the weal and wo of the work of God.

Monday 30. I gave them a sermon in Wilmington.

Tuesday 31. Yesterday's excessive cold is explaining itself in a snow-storm.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Wednesday, April 1. We arrived in Philadelphia.

Friday 10. Our conference commenced its session on Thursday the 2nd, and finished to-day. We progressed and finished in great peace. The impeachment, trial, and examination of R. Lyon took up most of a whole day: the affair was managed with prudence and impartiality, and after a patient investigation of the case, it was determined not to give him the charge of a circuit this year. The preachers took their stations very willingly—for aught I knew. The excessive labour of the two last days drove me to my bed during the recess of the sitting. Seven deacons and four elders were ordained. I may mention that a short reply was given to Doctor Coke's long letter. On the Sabbath at St. George's I preached on Rev. ii. 10. The subject of Bishop Whatcoat was incorporated into my discourse at the Tabernacle: my text was Rev. xiv. 13. There was preaching in our houses as usual on conference occasions.

NEW-JERSEY.—Saturday 11. I came into Jersey, and lodged with Daniel Bates.

Sabbath 12. I stood up once more at Bethel, and spoke on Rev. xxii. 14, 15. God hath been in this society—in the last year forty converts were added at one quarterly meeting: the people came to oppose.—We hope there have been three hundred souls converted in one year in this neighbourhood. John Duffield is buried to-day: he had fallen away, but was restored at the last quarterly meeting, and intended to have rejoined the society: we hope he has joined the church triumphant.

Monday 13. A great storm of rain located us to the house of William Dilkes's.

Tuesday 14. Rode to Salem, and preached; I was still very unwell. At Pittsgrove on Wednesday I was unable to preach: I rode home with father Early. The widow Airs, one of the first Methodists in the place, has lately died in peace.

Thursday 16. I gave an exhortation, and we then came on to Daniel Bates's. At brother Azail Coates's on Friday I was fit for bed only: Daniel Hitt preached at Lumberton.

Saturday 18. At New-Mills I gave a kind of funeral for Bishop Whatcoat. From Baltimore to this place I count having made six hundred and thirty miles. Sick or well, I have my daily labours to perform. I am hindered from that solitary, close, meditative communion with God I wish to enjoy. I move under great debility. I found old grandfather Budd worshipping, *leaning upon the top of his staff—halting, yet wrestling* like Jacob.—Ah! we remember when *Israel was a child*; but now, *how goodly are thy tents O Jacob, and thy tabernacles* (camp-meetings) *O Israel!* Since October 1771 I have visited Jersey, but never have I seen such prospects: to God the Lord, be all the glory!

Sabbath 19. In the Baptist chapel, Mount-Holly, I spoke on Rom. x. 26. I preached at Burlington at six o'clock.

Monday 20. I gave them a sermon at Trenton; and once more at Hopewell I stood up in my Master's name. We had one hundred souls, but we want more fire: the time will surely come to favour them.

Wednesday 22. We came to Redding: I spoke to an insensible people upon Acts ii. 21. I might weary myself in vain to heap up spiritual riches, if others will not gather them, and take care of them.

Thursday 23. At Asbury-Town I gave them a faithful talk upon Hebr. ii. 3, 4. There are about forty houses in, or near this village of all descriptions. In Philip Cummins's kitchen I spoke to a few souls on Friday: my hearers were serious whilst I commented on Luke xi. 9—13. Rough roads, damp weather, and daily preaching has brought me low: wherever I come, being a stranger, people expect me to speak. O that I could see as great a prospect in east as in west Jersey! *Come thou south wind, and blow upon this garden!*

Saturday 25. We came to Andrew Freeman's: our route brought us by the Drowned Lands upon Pequest-Creek; this, doubtless, has once been a lake. I preached at Freeman's, and we had a feeling season. About twenty years ago I once preached at Log-Jail church: I spoke once more on the Sabbath: my subject was Rev. iii. 20. and I felt some enlargement. Daniel Hitt preached after me, and closed the meeting. We have preached, I suppose, to three thousand people in the Jerseys; and had we had good weather, it is quite probable we should have had six thousand. Next week we shall push right on to the York conference.

NEW-YORK.—Monday 27. We rode forty miles to lodge near Warwick.

Tuesday 28. We came to Ellis's at Windsor.

Wednesday 29. As we pursued our journey the rain came on whilst at Major Ostrander's, and we halted. At New-Paltz on Friday we found there was no passage to be had across the river, so we drove six miles down to a new bridge; we dined, and came on to Kingston, or Esopus; here we also were disappointed, so we turned aside to Cornelius Cole's, at Hurley. On Friday we made forty miles over desperate roads, and lodged at a tavern, seven miles short of Coeman's Patent, where the conference was to sit.

Saturday, May 2. We met such of the members of the conference as were present.

Sabbath 3. I preached once more on the subject of the death of our dear departed brother Whatcoat.

Saturday 9. We concluded our labours. The preachers took their stations with the simple-heartedness of little children. I find two thousand and one added to the bounds of this conference. Eighteen preachers and three missionaries. We had much labour, and great peace; and, although from the badness of the weather, we came home every evening through damps and mud, I had more rest than I should have had, had we convened in a city. We had preaching every noon.

Sabbath 10. I preached at Albany on John iii. 17. I dined with one English family and lodged with another.

Monday 11. We set out on the turnpike road to brother Carpenter's, dined, and lodged at Cambridge.

VERMONT.—Tuesday 12, brought us through Salem; we dined, talked, and prayed at Ruput's: possibly God may save the tavern-keeper. We lodged at Branch's: here we also prayed, but there was a tavern bar: we left, and came to Mr. Hirsten's; here the landlady wept and talked, but my faith for the poor woman was not strong. We came to Carpenter's, at Chittenden, and hearing that Z. Andrews's was a home for preachers, we turned aside to tarry for a night.

Thursday 14. We boldly engaged the Green-Mountains, of which we had heard awful accounts. I match it with rude Clinch, or rough Allegheny. We found snow in the gap. A tree was laying across the path; in leading the carriage over, it upset, but sustained little damage. Having dined at Pittsfield, we took fresh courage and proceeded on. When we came to White's River, we were obliged to lead the horses as they dragged the carriage up the heights, over rocks, logs, and cavings-in of the earth; arrived at the Narrows we found that the bank had given way and slidden down; I proposed to work the carriage along over by hand, whilst Daniel Hitt led the horses; he preferred my leading them, so on we went, but I was weak, and not enough attentive, perhaps, and the mare ran me upon a rock; up went the wheel, hanging balanced over a precipice of fifty feet—rocks, trees, and the river beneath us; I felt lame by the mare's treading on my foot: we unhitched the beast and righted the carriage, after unloading the baggage, and so got over the danger and difficulty. But never in my life have I been in such apparent danger. O Lord, thou hast saved man and beast! We gladly stopped in Royal-Town at brother Ayres's. I have been happy under great temptations and hard labour. In every house, tavern and private, I have prayed and talked; this is part of my mission. I have two hundred miles before me for the next week—and can I accomplish this labour? what is impossible with me is possible with God.

Friday 15. We came to Cox's, and next day I preached at Barnard, and had an open season. I ordained five deacons, namely, Carpenter, Currier, Peck, Sterling, and Perkins. On the Sabbath day I preached in the woods: my text was 1 Tim. ii. 15. It hailed, and in the afternoon snowed. We had three discourses, in and out of the house, and held a love-feast. The work revives in this town.

Monday 18. We came down White's-River, and crossed the Connecticut at Lyman's bridge. We have made forty miles to-day.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE—*Tuesday* 19. We crossed the mountains and came into New-Hampshire at Andover, and continued on, dining and praying at Salisbury, to Concord, forty miles: we lodged at Mr. Anderson's tavern: our host was polite and attentive. We came on Wednesday, eighteen miles to dinner at Mr. Harvey's, Northwood; then through Durham and Dover, into Berwick, the first town in the district, where we put up for the night. On Thursday morning, we came sixteen miles to breakfast, but I had taken medicine. We kept on through Kennebunk, Saco, and Scarborough, into Portland: I was unwell, had travelled hard, rising at four o'clock every morning, yet I had to preach here at eight o'clock in the evening. God is here: brother Batchelder's labours have been blest. I lodged with Major Ilsley, still our good friend.

Friday 22. We took up our journey through Falmouth to New Yarmouth, and stopped at our brother Jabez Bradbury's, we had six hours' rain. It is an awful backward spring, and there is a great scarcity of hay. The wet weather prevents ploughing and seeding. Cold! cold!

Saturday 23. We lodged with Mr. Dearborn, in Monmouth. We count having made two hundred and thirty miles this week, over hard roads in many cases: my work is for God—my reward from him: may I be made perfect through Christian and ministerial trials and sufferings!

Sunday 24. I preached in Monmouth on Isaiah xxxv. 3—6. At Major Cobb's, where I lodged in Gray, I left my glasses when starting on Tuesday morning. On Tuesday I preached at Scarborough at five o'clock in the evening, upon Heb. iii. 12—14. We sent forward the preachers to call a meeting in the town of Berwick in the District of Maine: on Wednesday I preached there, and the people were attentive:—this is the beginning of Methodism in this place.

Thursday 27. We dined at Epping, New-Hampshire, and came on within six miles of Haverhill. To travel forty miles a day, and be under the necessity of going into dram and ale-infected taverns: it is such a journey that teaches us the value of hospitality in the South, and the excellency of Methodism every where: how laborious has it been—and expensive; and, it may be, unsuccessful! But my work and my judgment is with the Lord.

Saturday 30. At Waltham, I gave them a sermon on 1 Cor. x. 12, 13; several preachers were present. It rained on the Sabbath. My Bible, and plans for conference stations occupied my mind, and became the devotions of the day.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Monday, June 1. Came to Boston. On Tuesday we opened our conference, ninety-two preachers being on the list.

Saturday 6. Our conference rose. There were eight hundred dollars paid; and we were nearly three thousand insolvent. It kept us busy to preach five times a day, ordain fifty-nine to office, and inquire and examine into characters, graces, and gifts; and appoint the numerous stations. I preached on Wednesday, and an ordination sermon on Thursday, and on Saturday evening came away to the pleasant town of Lynn. And must I walk through the seven conferences, and travel six thousand miles in ten months?

Sunday 6. I preached in Lynn, administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and came to Waltham. At Westbury I preached on Monday, on Luke xix. 10. I lodged at brother Nicholson's. In spite of heat and lameness, we were favoured to reach Wilbraham on Tuesday. To Westfield on Wednesday, crossing the new bridge at Springfield. I am in peace—I dare not murmur, though in pain. I had an interview with a Baptist minister: he scoffed at prayer—he called it talk to any sinner: the answer is, they cannot pray.

CONNECTICUT.—Thursday 12. We crossed the mountains to Litchfield, thirty-seven miles: we had a violent wind, excessive cold, and I was very lame. Methodism prevails in this quarter: in two societies, two hundred members have been added. A camp-meeting is appointed to be held on Monday next. On Saturday we made a great ride of forty miles to Westerlo, in New-York state. I was very lame on the Sabbath day; but I stood and preached; my subject was [illegible] 15.

New-York.—Monday 15. Faint, sick, and lame. I made twenty miles to Schenectady, and was entertained at James Johnson's; he is a disciple of Wm. Hammett's, gained by preaching in the streets of Brooklyn, Long-Island. I rejoiced to hear that Robert Dillon preached in the market-house of Troy. On Tuesday it rained and I rested. Wednesday brought us over Yankee Hill to Frank's. We came to [illegible] on Thursday, crossing Schoharie Creek. O [illegible] Hibbard's! On Friday we rode ten miles out of our way, and made a long journey of forty-five miles; we came in at nine o'clock at night to Elijah Davis's. We have travelled one hundred miles up the Mohawk. My feet are much swelled, and I am on crutches; but I have been supported amongst strangers. Oh that we had two Low-Dutch missionaries for the parts of Jersey and York west of Hudson!

Sunday 21. After E. White had preached in the meeting-house, I went into a beautiful grove, where I spoke to about fifteen hundred people on Colossians i. 28, 29. I ordained three deacons, namely, Stebbens, Parker, and Trueman, and rode to Westmoreland. I retired to D. Hannah's, my feet highly inflamed and painful.

Monday 22. At B. Holmes's, in Vernon, I preached on Rom. x. 12. Next day I rode to Silas Bliss's, in Cazenovia. On Wednesday, on 1 John v. 14, 15; the Lord is with the people. Ten years have I been absent from this kind family; and Oh! the kindness of all the brethren —I cannot express it, nor my gratitude for the favours shown. I came home to Ebenezer White's. I spoke at brother Nichols's, in Manlius, on Thursday; my text was chosen from John xxi. 15—17. it was an open time. I ordained E. White an elder.

Friday 26. We came fourteen miles to Onondago court-house; truly we were [illegible]; my text was John xiii. 17. After taking a cup of tea, we rode to Skaneateles Lake, about sixteen miles in length, and three in breadth, at its widest part. Six more miles brought us to Owasco Lake, about the same size; the outlet of [illegible] River is here. We have had a day's work of forty miles. I am still lame on both feet. Our lodging at Brutus was with B. Updike. I preached on Saturday, in the widow Carpenter's house: in the afternoon I rode fifteen miles to David Eddy's, in Scipio; here we were truly at home.

Sunday, 28. [illegible] to about two hundred souls, in [illegible] [illegible], my subject was [illegible] 18, 19; the people were very attentive, but not much affected. Bathing my feet may have done good; they began to mend. On Monday we rode to Milton, [illegible] and meeting-[illegible], where I preached to about two hundred souls [illegible] [illegible] was faint, yet animated in speaking. We dined with Daniel [illegible], and came back to Cayuga Lake: this sheet of water is about forty miles long, and four miles wide: it feeds the St. Lawrence. At Samuel Wayborn's I preached on Tuesday, and on Wednesday we came by Milton to Bailey's, where we also had meeting: my subject here was 1 Peter iv. 17. It was a most insensible congregation of about one hundred souls. Daily preaching, and daily difficulties, keep me very low. I feel with sorrow the spiritual death of the people—it brings on great heaviness of body and mind.

Thursday, July 2. We dined at Geneva, on Seneca Lake: the lake is about forty miles in length, and from one to five miles wide. Our entertainer, Mr. Hepley, was exceedingly kind. We rode on to Daniel Dorsey's, late of Liberty, Frederick county, Maryland, now an inhabitant of Lyon's Town. This is a great land for wheat, rye, and grass; and the lakes, with their navigation of vessels and boats, and moving scenes, make the prospects beautiful.

Saturday 4. We were greatly crowded in a small house in Lyon's Town: my subject was Matt. xvii. 5. After meeting and dinner, we rode on to the Sulphur springs, near Canandaigua, and lodged at the widow Ferguson's.

Sunday 5. I preached to about one thousand souls assembled in White's barn: my subject was 2 Tim. iv. 2. "Preach the word."—

I. The primitive qualification, the call and commission to "preach the word"—the Gospel.

II. The right use of the Gospel, to convince, to reclaim the backsliding and disorderly.

III. "Exhort," all characters, "with long-suffering and doctrine." Hear ye him; observe the dignity, eloquence, and power of the speaker. "Doctrine," hear him on this point; hear him all men, of all grades and characters. My congregation was an unfeeling one. Now that my mind is in a great measure lightened of its load of thought and labour for the conferences, I feel uncommon light and energy in preaching: I am not prolix; neither am I tame: I am rapid, and nothing freezes from my lips.

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I suppose we shall preach to more than ten thousand souls in this district.

Monday 6. In R. Wren's barn, fifteen miles from Canandaigua, I preached to about four hundred [illegible] souls on Acts iii. 22, 23.

Tuesday 7. We passed the lake, sixteen miles long, and one mile wide. At James Stokes's, Ninth Town, I preached in the woods to a very attentive people on Hebr. x. 38, 39.

Wednesday 8. I preached in the Friend's settlement with some power.

Thursday 9. At Cressa's. We set out, dining at Dow's, and came to Catring, at the head of Seneca Lake, thirty miles; the swamps, sloughs, ruts, and stumps made it awful moving. We lodged at Baldwin's tavern.

Friday 10. We directed our route through Newtown, upon the East Branch of the Susquehannah, to Showning; rested a while at Jacob Cressa's, and then passed the narrows of the river, continuing on by Shepherd's mill to Taylor's tavern; it was ten o'clock, and I was fearful of driving farther in the dark.

Saturday 11. Brought us to the camp-meeting on Esq. Light's ground: we found it had been in operation two days; God is in the camp and with us. Since the last Sabbath we have travelled one hundred and twenty miles; and with good roads and even ground we might have made three hundred miles in the same time. The heights of the Susquehannah are stupendous; the bottom lands very fertile; but this river runs through a country of unpromising aspect, morally and physically; rude, irregular, uncultivated is the ground; wild, ignorant, and wicked are the people: they have not been wearied by my labours; except the neighbourhood of Lancaster, and by what I may once have done in a visit to Wyoming, they are strangers to them. I am now on my first journey of toil and suffering through Genesee and Tioga.

Sunday 12. I preached on the camp-ground from Matt. xviii. 3: some few were a little disorderly, but the greater part of the congregation were very attentive; weak as I was, I did not spare myself, my subject, or my hearers. It may be, I spoke to one thousand people.

Monday 13. My subject was 2 Cor. v. 20. my congregation may have doubled in numbers to-day; and there were no troublesome drunkards. I feel as if God would own this meeting now, and continue to own it many days, in various families and places. I erdained five worthy men, local preachers, viz. Daniel Wilcox, John B. Hudson, Samuel Emmet, John M'Cane, and Nathaniel Lewis to the office of deacons: had I not made this visit, these men might have waited four years, or taken a long ride to find me. In the afternoon, (Sabbath) there was an uproar amongst the people; some intoxicated men seated themselves by the women, and refused to move when compelled; they fought those men who came to take their seats, and when the presiding elder interfered they struck at him and one of the guards also, who was helping by order of the constables. There were magistrates, (such as they were) to keep peace. The Owego gentry fled away spreading falsehood like wild geese. One Kemp, chief bully, arrested A. Owen, on Monday morning, for the Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, and fighting of this Kemp and his crew. The presiding elder was charged with having struck Kemp, and then running away; nor was the poor bishop spared; he too had been fighting: it was well for him that he was not on the ground at the time: I was quiet in my room.

Monday 13. We rest in Tioga, and brother Shippey gave us [illegible]. A ride of sixteen miles brought us to Mincer's, where we lodged. Tioga Point, at the junction of Shemung and the river, is a pleasant spot.

Tuesday 14, we came six miles to Judge Gore's: here I preached upon John xi. 17. When we set out on Wednesday we found we were obliged to take the carriage over a precipice by hand. The road to the ferry was rough; and behold, the boat was gone, and the bank caved and washed away; a lock upon the wheel, and the assistance of a strap enabled us to pass the sulkey down by hand. Major Gaylor at Wyalusing lodged us well and freely.

Thursday 16. We came eleven miles to breakfast at Sturdevant's; and eleven miles more brought us to Hunt's ferry: after dining at Frosbury's, free and kind, we went on to Newton Smith's, ten miles farther; I ordained my host a deacon in his own house.

Friday 17. To Sutton's ten miles; the house neat as a palace; and we were entertained like kings, by a king and queen; it was no small consolation to lay down on a clean floor after all we had suffered from dirt and all its consequences. Once more I am at Wyoming. We have wearied through and clambered over one hundred miles of the rough roads of wild Susquehannah. Oh, the precipitous banks, wedging narrows, rocks, sideling hills, obstructed paths, and fords scarcely fordable, roots, stumps and gullies!

PENNSYLVANIA.—Saturday 18. I must take medicine; the preachers wish me to remain in my lodging.

Sunday 19. I went to the woods and preached and ordained Thomas and Christian Bowman, deacons. Before I got through my discourse the rain came on, and I made a brief finish: the people were attentive. In the afternoon the preachers and many of the people went to a barn; there were showers of rain and thunder whilst service was performing. My first visit to Wyoming was in great toil and to little purpose; I am afraid I shall have no better success now.

Monday 20. We set out upon a turnpike road, but Oh, dreadful! I came sliding down a dug road precipice, dark and deep, but safe. About nine o'clock we made Mr. Mawin's tavern; and here were drink, and smoke, and wagoners—*but we closed with prayer.* We came along, early on Tuesday, through the Wind Gap, seventeen miles to Heller's, and breakfasted. I took a look at the Moravian town of Nazareth; it may contain forty houses built in the German taste and style; the brethren's house is a large building of, possibly, one hundred and forty feet in length, and fifty feet in width, with a dutchified tower like a cupola, in the centre; the whole edifice has the exterior appearance of a college. The land in the vicinity was not so fertile, nor the grounds so highly improved as I expected to have found them. Seventeen miles further brought us to far-famed Bethlehem, which I had long wished to see. The stream that runs west of the town is pretty and useful, as it works a machine which raises the water one hundred and fifty feet into two reservoirs, for the use of the inhabitants. We found ourselves at the grand tavern at the north end, the property of the brethren: the house is large, but a plain building: the entertainment good at a dollar a night for man and horse. On the second step of the high grounds on the main street, which begins on the hill above, stand the church buildings: on the east and west are rooms appropriate to the institution, and certainly the west end has a grand appearance. On the same street below stands the brethren's house, one hundred feet front, five stories high, very plain, and much German taste discoverable every where; add to this the majestic Lehigh, and you have the most striking features of this celebrated place. But, Ah! religion—Reader, I am a Methodist. I asked the young man who managed the tavern, if they ever permitted any minister to preach amongst the brethren; he could not answer, he was a servant, and knew not how to answer. Next came the master of the ceremonies, the *cicerone* of the establishment who shows the wonders of the place; I asked him—I was told that for that night there was private worship in the church—the minister must perform himself. Daniel Hitt and two gentlemen from York, who had given money for the sights shown here for money, went to the church meeting. And what did they see and hear? A man read in German they knew not what, sung and played upon the *four* thousand dollar organ: sermon or prayer they heard not. I doubt much if there is any prayer here, public or private, except the stated prayers of the minister on the Sabbath day. But the brethren have a school for boys at Nazareth, and one for girls at Bethlehem; and they have a store and a tavern; the society have worldly wealth and worldly wisdom: it is no wonder that men of the world, who would not have their children spoiled by religion, send them to so decent a place.

Wednesday 22. We crossed the Lehigh to Allentown, beautifully situated—superior in this respect, perhaps, to Bethlehem. We breakfasted at the end of twelve miles, and came on to Kutztown. On Thursday morning we bent our course through Reading; the sight of meadows and fields were grand—beautiful. Reading may have two hundred houses, one street in a style of grandeur approaching to that of Philadelphia, as it respects the houses; the rest have much of the German feature. Through Adamstown, where we breakfasted, we came on over rocks and hills to New-Holland; here, as at Reading, there are fine new churches for the German Lutherans and the German Calvinists: these are the citadels of formality—fortifications erected against the apostolic itinerancy of a more evangelical ministry. Ah! Philadelphia, and ye, her dependencies, the villages of the state of Pennsylvania, when will prejudice, formality, and bigotry cease to deform your religious profession; and the ostentatious display of the lesser morals give place to evangelical piety?

At Soudersburg we rested one day. I wrote three letters.

Saturday 25. We came through Lancaster to Columbia. On the Sabbath day I preached in a lot near the river: we may have had seven hundred people: my subject was 2 Cor. v. 14. The missionaries, Boehm and Hunter, were present. On Monday I came to Little-York. Here I met with Nelson Reed. This week I am occupied in writing about thirty letters; yet, not unmindful of the word of God and prayer. It is but too manifest that the success of our labours, more especially at camp-meetings, has roused a spirit of persecution against us—riots, fines, stripes—perhaps prisons and death, if we do not give up our camp-meetings: we shall never abandon them, but shall subdue our enemies by overcoming evil with good. What hath God wrought in America! In thirty-six years we find one hundred and forty-four thousand five hundred and ninety in number: in England, after seventy-seven years, they count one hundred and fifty thousand nine hundred and seventy-four: they may have thirty millions of souls in the three kingdoms to labour amongst; and we not more, perhaps, than five millions. Our travelling preachers, five hundred and thirty-six, at present; the rest, local and official, about fourteen hundred; but all these are poor men, and unlearned—without books, money, or influence. Not unto us, not unto us!—Oh, *Lord*, take thou the glory!

Saturday, August 1. Constant application whilst here. Reading the Bible and writing about sixty pages of letters found me employment. On the Sabbath I preached at eleven o'clock at our chapel in York: I spoke on Coloss. i. 27, 28.—short and temperate. We might have about six hundred hearers. In the afternoon I spoke on Coloss. iii. 12, 13.: I spoke longer than in the morning. We have the *form* of the *power of godliness*, for we shout, and we stamp, and jump, and are very happy—who but we!—But we are contentious, and mingle and mix, by off-hand marriages, believers with unbelievers, and other things we do: but, for once, I have delivered my own soul. I think it begins to be time for another visitation at York.

I have my paradise at brother Pentz's; but I have much labour, and some temptations. I now fare sumptuously every day; but, Oh! what is before me—three thousand five hundred miles before I reach the Georgetown conference.

Tuesday 3. I took my leave of my kind friends at Wierly Pentz's, and rode to dinner to George Nailor's: that night we passed under the roof of the widow Hollopeter. On Wednesday I preached at Stickles school-house: the room was full, and I spoke for an hour on 1 Peter iv. 10, 11. We came that evening to Lewisburg. O my God, help me in soul and body, through my approaching labours and sufferings! Thursday brought us through an obscure town to brother Weaver's; our host and his wife are Germans—in their first love.

Friday 6. At Carlisle. Saturday occupied in reading Burder's Village Sermons, &c.

Sabbath 8. I preached upon Gal. v. 7—9.; in the afternoon on 2 Cor. iv. 1, 2.: my body faint; my spirit fervent. On Monday, at Shippinsburg. I preached upon 2 Peter iii. 17, 18., and ordained John Davis a deacon: it was very warm, but we had an open season. We lodged with brother Scott, one of my hearers thirty years ago, in Chester county, now warm in the cause of God. After a heavy rain had passed away on Monday, on Tuesday we began our mountain toil: we crossed three, dined with the junior, and lodged with the senior Ramsey: no people need be kinder than were these.

Wednesday 12. We set out again, and the rain attended us into Bedford. We lodged at the stage-house: Mr. Graham, my host, had known me in my early visits—I had preached at his father's: the son was kind as a king could be, and charged us not a cent for our entertainment: in a hundred public houses, possibly, that I have thus stopped at in the year, I have received no such favours. We reached Berlin on Thursday, and found friend Johnson and his wife kind indeed.

Friday 14. We dined and prayed at the Twenty-Mile house, and were obliged to stop at an ordinary twelve miles farther—drunken people; but they behaved as well as they could: any port in a storm. On Saturday we came on eight miles to breakfast at Anthony Benings: from thence we rode through Connellsville to Union. We put up with the widow Keuthorn, intending to be at the camp-meeting. And now I have rode since I left Baltimore in March, two thousand five hundred miles; and have had, as usual, many a jolt over rocks and rocks again on the American Alps, and dangers and difficulties, and a head bruised by the iron rods of my carriage: I have been enabled to suffer patiently pains and sickness for the good of souls.

Sabbath 16. I ordained, on the camp-ground, Dobbins, Fell, and Wakefield, to the office of deacons. I preached on 2 Cor. v. 11. "Knowing the terror of the Lord." I made two general heads. 1. The Gospel is a general, gracious, persuasive, characteristic ministry; in which the ministers thereof are manifest to God, and to the consciences of their hearers in their characters, their sins, their sayings, ways, &c. 2. The Gospel was armed with terror to the disobedient, impenitent, and to apostates from it. *Knowing the terror of the Lord*—Knowing how God is to be feared—when insulted by disobedience, the Trinity is roused into indignation; every attribute, and all the perfection of Deity is arranged on the side of vengeance and vindictive wrath. There was not a sufficiency of seats for the congregation; but they behaved as well as could be expected; there was nothing vicious seen—no plan of opposition was discoverable. On Monday I went to camp again, and spoke upon Matt. v. 46, 47. What the followers of Christ professed more than others; and what God had done for them more than others, as Christians and ministers; that therefore God the Father, Son, and Spirit require more from them than from others. By application—to a variety of cases;—what do ye more than others?

Tuesday 18. We found our horses had been taken or had strayed away. I read Hervey on the Tombs, and wrote the Station Book.

Wednesday 19. We set out and came to the Old Fort; crossed the Monongahela, and lodged with Dr. Wheeler; he and his lady are Londoners; and Oh, how kind they were! How did the salvation of the souls of these kind friends rest upon me! The Doctor's mother had been in band society with Mr. Wesley. From six in the morning to seven in the evening of Thursday, we made about forty miles, over some rough roads and desperate hills: we wished to redeem time, that we might refit at John Beck's, near West Liberty; so we ate not on the route, though we fed the horses twice. I had bad pain of a rheumatic kind for some days.

VIRGINIA.—Friday 21. Marked letters to transcribe, read, took medicine, and nursed myself. On Saturday I preached in Beck's new house on Philip. ii. 12, 13. On the Sabbath I preached in an excellent stone meeting-house, at Short-Creek, to about one thousand souls, from 2 Cor. iii 7, 8. We crossed over into the state of Ohio on Monday; and I gave them a sermon in the court-house at St. Clairsville.

OHIO.—By hard labour we reached Frankfort on Tuesday; thence we made Spears's on Wednesday; on Thursday came to Dessenbury's; on Friday to Teal's: in four days and a half we have travelled one hundred and thirty miles—mud, gullies, stumps, and hills. I was sick with an inflammatory sore throat; my trials were great, nature failed, but grace supported. Every family shall know me by prayer. Saturday I devoted to rest. I have hastily marked above two hundred hymns, taken from the congregational hymn-book, to add to a new American edition, which, I hope, will be as good as any extant.

Sabbath 30. At the stand on the camp-ground near Hockhocking I spoke on Hebr. iv. 1. "Let us therefore fear." There were about eight hundred hearers, and it was a time of feeling and solemnity to professors. Monday was diligently taken up with my pen, and prayer with my friends: the hymns for a new collection occupied my mind much. My poor mare is worn down, and my carriage is wrecked somewhat, and must be repaired. On Thursday we came to New-Lancaster; I preached in a school-house on Luke xix. 10. We afterward came on to Mr. Vanmeter's, and just escaped an awful storm of thunder, hail, and rain.

Friday, September 4. We came away to Chilicothe: O, the mud and the trees in the path! Reading closely on Saturday. In our neat, new house I preached on the Sabbath morning to about five hundred hearers on 1 Peter iv. 17, 18.; I spoke about an hour. There are some pleasing and some unpleasing accounts here—some little trouble in the society; but great prospects all around in the country. The sitting of conference will be of God for good to souls: we have been praying the whole year for this. By letters from brothers Mead and Bruce I learn that prospects brighten in old Virginia: they have had blessed camp-meetings.

Monday and Tuesday closely reading. On Wednesday we rode to Deer-Creek. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday selecting hymns and reading Marshall's Life of Washington, nearly 3000 pages in four volumes: only as *a Life of Washington* can I give it the preference to Gordon's History of the Revolutionary War.

Sabbath 13. At the Deer-Creek camp-ground I gave them a discourse on 2 Cor. vi. 1. In the evening we returned to Chilicothe.

On Monday we opened our conference in great peace and love, and continued sitting, day by day, until Friday noon. A delegation of seven members was chosen to the general conference. There were thirteen preachers added, and we found an addition of two thousand two hundred members to the society in these bounds; seven deacons were elected and ordained, and ten elders: two preachers only located; sixty-six preachers were stationed.

Finding my work done, and my carriage sold, I ventured once more to take horse, with a determination to visit the frontier settlements on the Great-Miami River. We came away, leaving fifty or sixty preachers at the camp-meeting near the seat of conference, and got to brother Waugh's for the night.

Saturday we reached Hinkstone's to dine, and thence, by riding late, got into Cesarsville, and stopped with Peter Pelham: we have made sixty-five miles from Chilicothe. A great rumour is abroad of an expected Indian war; and many fled for fear; but the report was idle wind. The whole matter was, that about a thousand Indians had assembled upon the frontiers for social, and it may be, religious and moral purposes. General Worthington and

Colonel M'Carthy magnanimously offered to take a talk and a belt of wampum from the governor to the congregated savages: the ambassadors found peace; and brought in four chiefs as hostages, with assurances that no ill was designed to the whites. It is said there is a prophet risen up among the Indians.

At Frederick Bonner's I preached upon Heb. iv. 1, 2.: it was an open season.

Monday 20. I rested at John Sale's. Busy writing. On Tuesday we started away and came to Samuel Hitt's; dined, prayed, talked, and came away to Lebanon: we found the court in session. We lodged at Jeremiah Lawson's. There is now a great talk about the Shakers; they are said to consist of two hundred people: three Presbyterian Ministers have joined them—*a heavy defection!*

Wednesday 22. We bent our course down Little-Miami: there are many fine situations for mills on this stream, and the land appears to be, generally, very fertile. We found a lodging with Andrew M'Grew, lately from Baltimore county, Maryland. I preached on Thursday at Philip Gatch's, on Hebr. iv. [illegible] On Friday we stopped in Cincinnati, and dined with Mr. Farris: Solomon and Oliver Langdon had come on, and were of the company.

Saturday 25. Rested, read, and wrote. I am young again, and boast of being able to ride six thousand miles on horseback in ten months; my round will embrace the United States, the Territory, and Canada—but Oh, childhood, youth, and old age, ye are all vanity! My companions and myself are busy compiling the new hymn-book. Our brethren here have built a proper little stone house for worship, forty feet by thirty.

Sabbath 26. I preached at eleven o'clock: many could not get seats. I met the society. I also ordained W. M'Neschan and William Whitaker to the office of deacon. Notwithstanding opposition from more than one quarter, our last camp-meeting was successful; the fruit is immediate; and where it is not, it will yet be seen: we live by faith in a prayer-hearing, soul-converting, soul-sanctifying, soul-restoring, soul-comforting God.

KENTUCKY.—Monday 27. Our morning's ride brought us, hungry and weary, into Kentucky: after refreshing at the widow Stevens's, we pushed on to Grant's Lick, and lodged at John Daniel's. In the morning we came away across the forks, and over the hills of Licking, twenty-eight miles, to sister Ritchie's—a widow indeed. Our evening's ride was dark and rough, along an unknown path to Cynthiana: we stopped at J. Jacques's. I judge we have made fifty miles to-day.

While resting on Thursday and Wednesday, I read Atmore's Memoirs, of about five hundred pages; and I wrote a memoir of George Dougherty. All my occupations, however toilsome, are pleasant when I enjoy God in pure and perfect love.

Friday, October 2. Attended the camp-meeting at Mount Gerizim. On Saturday I spoke on 2 Tim. ii. 19. On Sunday my text was Isaiah xlv. 22. Possibly we had two thousand souls to hear us; there were fifteen tents, and twenty wagons. We had a Sabbath love-feast and sacrament; and doubtless there were precious souls converted, (report says about thirty,) and sanctified. I conversed with Valentine Cook on the subject of a mission; he held back—Ah! how hardly shall they who have families [illegible] our latter line and keep in the travelling connexion! I came from the camp-ground every night to Samuel Brodwell's. My host has put my name upon one of his sons: Lord, put thy new name upon the lad, that he may bear it for generations to come, and to be born!

Monday 5. We set out, and stopped at Martin Hitt's, took dinner and continued on a dark ride through the woods, to William Burke's, thirty miles. On Tuesday we held a hasty meeting at Irvine's, Madison county. Wednesday we reached Williams's; Thursday, Freeman's; Friday, Dorton's; and on Saturday came to Peter Huffacre's, Powel's Valley.

Sabbath 11. I preached on Luke iv. 18.—Oh! when shall this wilderness rejoice! I have perfect peace, but great toil. Since the conference we have travelled three hundred and sixty miles. there is a serious want of water, generally, in the western lands.

Monday 12. We had a heavy ride to Holston, forty miles. We stopped with Martin Stubblefield.

Tennessee.—On Tuesday we rested; and it may be allowed, considering our six days' ride through heat, great dust and drought. At night I preached from 1 Thess. iv. 3.; and weary and faint as I was, I felt strongly disposed to sing and shout away as loud as the youngest. I have been, and am happy in God.

Friday 16. We reached Wamping's. I suffered much to-day; but an hour's warm bath for my feet relieved me considerably. On Saturday we rode to Killon's.

North Carolina.—Sabbath 18. At Buncombe court-house I spoke from 2 Kings vii. 13, 14, 15. The people were all attention. I spent a night under the roof of my very dear brother in Christ, George Newton, a Presbyterian minister, an Israelite indeed. On Monday we made Fletcher's; next day dined at Terry's, and lodged at Edwards's. Saluda ferry brought us up to Wednesday evening.

Sabbath 25. For three days past I have been busy in seeking appropriate portions of Scripture for the new hymns designed to enlarge our common hymn-book. Our journey hither from Chillicothe has brought us through five states. Report says there is an awful affliction in Charleston—the mortal fever! I preached to-day at Salem on 2 Chron. vi. 29, 30, 31.; we had a gracious time. My mind is kept in great peace: surely, God is love!

At Elijah Moore's on Monday I preached on Luke xi. 9, 10.: my labour I think is not entirely in vain. On Tuesday at Jeremiah Robinson's, we had but twelve souls to hear us; the people are too busy with their fine crops of corn. My body fails, but I have great peace of mind.

GEORGIA.—On Wednesday Daniel Hitt preached at John Oliver's: our host has a son-in-law converted at camp-meeting. Our preachers have passed by this town, but the Lord will not pass by Petersburg, but will visit precious souls here.

Thursday to Tait's: here I spoke to a few persons on Rev. iii. 4, 5.; and God was with us of a truth. On Friday I preached at James Halston's on 1 John i. 6, 7.: it was not in vain: both colours filled the house. On Saturday we rode to Coldwater.

Sabbath day, November 1. I preached on 1 John ii. 17.: I had help.

It is wonderful to see how flush the streams are, and excellent the crops, considering the want of rain for three months past. In the sandy lands the waters do not fail in a drought as they do elsewhere. My soul is happy in God continually: it has been reported to me that at the two camp-meetings held, the one in Elbert county, the other in Franklin county, about one hundred souls professed converting grace.

Monday 2. We came to James Marks's.

Tuesday 3. Both Daniel Hitt and myself preached.

Wednesday 4. We were diligently occupied with our projected hymn-book. I make it a rule where I stop to pray after every meal.

Thursday 4. I felt the tears and sorrows of the family when parting. We crossed Webb's ferry into Oglethorpe county, passing through Lexington to James Freeman's—a ride of thirty miles, through wind and rain. James Halston told me that his cousin, Colonel Halston, had unfortunately beaten and killed a pious soldier during the war of the revolution: the Colonel settled in Georgia, and whilst every thing seemed to prosper round him, he was one night shot in his bed by one of his slaves; the child which lay in his arms was unhurt.

Friday 5. We were engaged with our collection of hymns. I preached at Henry Pope's at night: it was a time of power and liberty.

Saturday 6. We came to General John Stewart's.

Sabbath 7. Daniel Hitt and myself both preached: we felt the state of the people. Oh! what necessity is there to urge the doctrine of sanctification in this state—it is a doctrine almost forgotten here.

Monday 8. I preached at John Crutchfield's on 1 Peter i. 4. Oh! the precious promises! We did not speak without a present God. Next day Daniel Hitt preached at B. Bush's, Liberty: there has been a good and gracious work in this society.

Thursday 11. I was taken ill with an influenza.

Monday 22. I have been one week sick at Sparta. This evening I arrived, a sick, weak, old man, at Mr. Bush's. I take another emetic.

Wednesday 24. We rode to W. Bomar's: I found it good to stay here and take some more medicine. My complaint is a pleurisy, and deep affection of the breast.

Monday 29. It was much as I could this day do to reach Tindall's.

Tuesday 30. We came into Augusta.

Wednesday, December 1. I rode up to Martin Hitt's, on Stephen's Creek.

South Carolina.—Thursday 2. We reached Spann's. I judge we have travelled nine hundred miles since the western conference. Judge William Stith died at Milledgeville, suddenly, and I believe, safely called home in peace. The mortality has been very general and very great in these parts. We had a blessed rain in Georgia. The weather and indisposition hold me at Spann's. My soul is happy in God in sickness and in health.

Sabbath 6. I preached.

Monday 6. We started away to Fridge's, thirty-six miles. As it was a day of general parade on Tuesday at Columbia, I returned to General Huchinson's. Next day we reached Camden. Thursday I preached in Camden. I spent Friday at Rembert-Hall, reading and writing.

Sabbath 13. I preached at Rembert's chapel. Mr. Rembert was thrown out of his sulkey, but there was no mischief done, except that some old bruises were waked up. My subject to-day was Matt. xxiv. 45. The good servant—in spiritual wisdom, in fidelity, his diligence to perform his duties. The wicked servant backslidden, false, and falsely secure. His Lord delayeth *his* coming, therefore he maltreats his fellow-servants who are better than himself. He is sensual; his portion hell.

Sabbath 20. At Rembert's chapel I spoke on Deut. v. 29. Oh that God would visit these people! Last week I have occasionally rode out for exercise; but I am pretty busy with writing, family duty, and reading. My mind is wholly devoted to God and his work.

Monday 21. It rained. On Tuesday we went to Bradford's. Wednesday evening we lodged at Simpson's tavern. On Thursday at Monk's Corner. Friday, Christmas day, brought us to Charleston. Saturday was devoted to reading and receiving visits.

Sabbath 27. I preached at the old church on Matt. vii. 21. At Bethel on Deut. x. 12.

Friday, January 1, 1808. Our conference began. We sat six hours a day, had great harmony, and little or no trouble in stationing the preachers. Preaching every noon to the conference and others. In my sermon on Sabbath day, at the old church, I took some notice of the life and labours of Bennet Kendrick and George Dougherty. The increase of members in the bounds of this, and the western conference, for this year, is three thousand seven hundred members; preachers twenty-three.

Wednesday 6. We rode back to Rembert-Hall. Busy writing letters. In the midst of restless days and nights of pain, my mind enjoys great peace. On Saturday I rode to Camden.

Sabbath 10. I preached from 1 Cor. i. 30. I had some openings of mind, but there was little unction in preaching or sacrament. Busy writing letters. On Monday after the rain we went up to John Horton's, at the Hanging-Rock. We reached Pressley's by chance on Tuesday.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Wednesday 13. We reached Mecklenburg, and stayed with our friend Mecham Wilson, a Presbyterian minister, where we were comfortably and kindly accommodated. On Thursday we found the main branch of Rocky-River unfordable: we stopped at Esquire M'Curdy's. Friday brought us through Concord to Savage's. Yesterday was very damp and cold; to-day there is ice probably an inch thick. On Saturday we set out over the frozen roads, and stopped at the end of ten miles to breakfast with the Rev. John Brown, a Presbyterian minister in Salisbury:

thence we came away to John Hill's. I have preached to his father and mother, who have now fallen asleep: the grandson, Jacob, son of *John*, *feeleth* as if he had a call to preach. In this journey, on the one side I may put down cold, hunger, rain, floods, frost, bad roads, and a lame horse; on the other, prayer, patience, peace, love: the balance is greatly in my favour.

Sabbath 17. At Hill's I gave them a sermon from Hebr. iv. 9. Next day we pushed away, thirty miles, to Charles Clayton's. My spirit is greatly grieved with the ungodly children of this *family*, particularly one who has fallen *from* grace. On Tuesday I preached at Joshua Clayton's on Hebr. iii. 7, 8. Joshua Clayton has no children to grieve me. The loving old souls in this house are early Methodists from Maryland. I ordained E. Breyer and Robert Field. We went over to father Doub's on Wednesday. My ride over hard roads on my poor, lame mare was a trial to me. We crossed the Yadkin at Clement's bridge—well constructed, and well secured. In three hours' notice at Doub's we had a large congregation, to whom I spoke a few words on Rom. xii. 2. We came through Haverstown, (having my lame mare shod) to Germantown: both these villages are small; the first may have thirty families in it, the other about half the number. We lodged at Mr. Ennally's, where we have a small society; the grandfather left us, but the grandson is a preacher in the connection. On Friday we rode through the rain ten miles to breakfast at Brooks's. Amidst all my little difficulties my soul is very happy in the Lord. The prospects in the highland circuits are very good. On Saturday we were water-bound by the Mayo branches. We called a congregation at night. We set out on Sabbath morning, and had a most severe ride, crossing the first, second, and third branches of the *Mayo-River*. At brother Travis's, in *Henry county*, we had a congregation at a short warning. I ordained Thomas [illegible] a deacon. We crossed Smith's *River* on *Monday morning*, at [illegible] ford, bending our course down upon Snow-Creek. We stopped with one *Herman* Cook, a rich man and a kind man.

VIRGINIA.—Tuesday 24. Brought us over Pig-River, and forward to Anthony's ford—fearful to the sight: we stopped at Stanton. I endure considerable pain: my beast starts and stumbles. The perpetual changes of weather, and the company sometimes *forced* upon one on the road is disagreeable; but *it* is much worse in the cabins crowded with men, women, and children—no place to retire to reading, writing, or meditation: the woods are too cold for solitude at this season. We are weather-bound; I amploy my time in reading, writing, praying, and planning. I ordained two deacons. On Thursday we set out for Murphy's, on Otter-Creek. We visited brothers Leftwich and Wheat, and then made a toilsome march over Little and Big Otter, about thirty miles, to Price's: we arrived late, and it was cold. On Saturday we reached Lynchburg.

Sunday 31. I preached at Lynchburg to about six hundred hearers. I feel paid for all my toil. On Tuesday our conference opened. We progressed with great speed, and in good order, preaching each day. I ordained nine elders, nine deacons of the travelling order, and as many local deacons.

Sunday, February 6. I preached on 2 Cor. xiii. 5. I was blest in my soul. The rainy weather and miry roads, kept our congregations small and manageable, except on the Sabbath day. The people of the town honoured us—they were attentive to hear, and were very kind.

My company came away on Tuesday, to Colonel Meredith's, New-Glasgow. Wednesday, to Key's. Thursday, we dined at the widow Key's; and lodged at B. Gillum's. I ordained Nathan Anderson a deacon. On Friday we rode twenty-four miles through mire, and a heavy cold rain, crossing the Rapid Ann, to John Stockdale's: our host made us comfortable after our toil. By deep wading, and plunging through mud, we reached Lott Fry's: I ordained him a deacon. It was the day appointed for preaching; I spoke, and had five preachers and two others to hear me. What will become of the children of this household?—I cannot predict much good for either their souls or bodies. I could not willingly rest here on the Sabbath, so I came away to John Kobler's, and arrived just as sermon had ended. I ordained D. M'Masters a deacon. Monday brought us to Beshaw's. Next day we got in to Harmon Hitt's. Oh, the rocks, rivers, mud, frost, hills, cold, and hunger! Possibly, we have rode seven hundred miles from Charleston, in twenty-two days.

Tuesday 24. For some days we have rested under the roof of Harmon Hitt: he is now eighty-six: he has lived to see four generations: he is the head of eighteen families; three of his sons are preachers, Martin, Daniel, and Samuel, and his grandson William also. I am occupied in reading and writing. I preached at the new house in Rector-Town: the wind blew, and it was cold; but we had an open season. I preached to-day to a full house at Mount's. On Wednesday we visited the widow Russell, and her afflicted children. I called on brother Dunaw—weak, but faithful.

There is a blessed work of God in the east end of Loudon county. Wednesday, I preached at Leesburg. On Thursday we came to Doctor Wright's, and thence went on to William Watters's: here I rested, and read and wrote on Friday. We arrived in Alexandria on Saturday.

Sunday 28. I preached on 1 Thess. v. 16—18. It was an open time—I was helped and honoured of God before the people.

Wednesday, March 2. Our conference began. We laboured diligently, and in great peace. On the Sabbath I preached, and ordained deacons: souls have been converted since we are here.

MARYLAND.—Wednesday 9. Our conference ended; and I came away to Annapolis. We came into the city about six in the evening—have travelled all day without fire, food, or water. Since the twentieth of this month (1807,) we have travelled five thousand miles according to my computation. I rested on Thursday, and preached; and next day went to Baltimore: it was excessively cold, but we did not stop on the road. At seven o'clock I preached at Old-Town. Saturday was a day of rest.

Sunday 13. I preached at Fell's Point in the forenoon; and at Light-street in the afternoon. I hear, see, and feel many serious things—but I must take care of my own soul: my care is to love, to suffer, and to please God.

Monday 14. I took a view of our new house—large, and well constructed. I preached to the African congregation. On Tuesday we moved off to Bennett's. Wednesday noon found us at Howell's; at night we were in Delaware, at Kenny's. O my soul, rest in God! I am sometimes led to think the whole world will rise up against the pretensions of England to the dominion of the seas. Will Bonaparte conquer the world? He may—but will he govern it, and reign universal emperor over sea and land? no—no—no. Here I rest.

PENNSYLVANIA.—I preached in passing through Wilmington on Friday, and on Saturday we got into Philadelphia. I preached at St. George's twice; at the Academy, at Ebenezer, and at Bethel, African. We sat from Sabbath to Sabbath in conference; our business was conducted in great peace; but I did not please every body by the appointments of the stations.

Monday 28. We set out for the Jerseys, through which we passed swiftly to New-York: we arrived on Wednesday: Jersey and York are blest with revivals of religion.

NEW-YORK.—Wednesday, April 6. Our conference for New-York began in Amenia. On the Sabbath I preached in the town meeting-house, and ordained seven elders. It was a time of solemnity, and we had nearly fifteen hundred people to hear. This conference is pleasant to me: I am near my work; I am not disturbed by company, and we make good progress with our business.

Connecticut.—Wednesday 13. We rose. I stationed eighty-eight preachers. We came away to Goshen, twenty miles, and lodged with Mr. Munson, a respectable brother. On Thursday we made it thirty-five miles to East-Hartford: we lodged with Esquire Pitkins. Next day brought us to New-London. It was *Good Friday*, and had been appointed a state fast day: I took only a cup of coffee, and a small bit of bread. At father Lattimore's we were kindly received, and comfortably fixed. My two last days' rides were severe; my flesh is not brass, nor my old bones iron; but I was in peace and communion with the Father and the Son. On Saturday we had a great storm. Confinement in doors gave me an opportunity of preparing papers for the conference.

Sunday 17. Easter-Sunday. I preached in the Baptist meeting-house, the Baptists occupied ours; theirs was the larger building, and we had it crowded. Conference sat until Friday; we wrought in haste, in great order, and in peace, through a great deal of business. There were seventeen deacons, travelling and local, ordained; and nine elders ordained in the Congregational church, before fifteen hundred or two thousand witnesses. I know not where large congregations are so orderly as in the eastern states. There was a work of God going on during the sitting of the conference. The general conference hastened our breaking up, the delegates thereto requesting leave to go. There were deficiencies in money matters, but no complaints.

Monday 25. We came in haste through Milford, Stratford, Bridgeport and Fairfield, to Stamford, forty-two miles. On Tuesday, a thirty-eight miles ride brought us into New-York: we had very heavy showers on the way. I feel my shoulders eased a little, now that I have met the seven conferences. I have lived to minute five hundred and fifty-two preachers in this country. The increase this short year is 7,500 in round numbers.

New-York.—Wednesday 27. I preached at the African church, and ordained D. Coker, and W. Miller.

Thursday 28. We set out, and reached a place ten miles beyond Brunswick, in New-Jersey. On Friday we reached Hancock's. Saturday brought us through Burlington to Philadelphia, where we dined, and stopped. At Kensington I preached a Sabbath sermon. At the African Zoar I also preached.

Maryland.—Monday, May 2. We set out, and reached Kregy's, forty-two miles. On Tuesday we arrived at Perry-Hall:—truly we came to the house of mourning—the master is possibly dying: Mr. Gough is dead: I saw and touched his dying body. When the corpse was moved to be taken into the country for interment, many of the members of the general conference walked in procession after it to the end of the town. Harry Dorsey Gough professed more than thirty years ago to be convicted and sanctified; that he did depart from God is well known; but it is equally certain that he was visibly restored: as I was the means of his first turning to God, so was I also of his return and restoration: certain prejudices he had taken up against myself and others, these I removed. In his last hours, which were painfully afflictive, he was much given up to God. Mr. Gough had inherited a large estate from a relation in England, and having the means, he indulged his taste for gardening, and the expensive embellishment of his country-seat, Perry-Hall, which was always hospitably open to visitors, particularly those who feared God. Although a man of plain understanding, Mr. Gough was a man much respected and beloved: as a husband, a father, and a master, he was well worthy of imitation: his charities were as numerous as proper objects to a Christian were likely to make them; and the souls and bodies of the poor were administered to in the manner of a Christian who remembered the precepts, and followed the example of his divine Master.

Friday 6. Our general conference opened in peace. On Saturday one hundred and twenty-nine members took their seats. The new church in Eutaw-street was opened on the Sabbath day, and I gave a discourse on the occasion from 2 Cor. iii. 12. On the 26th the conference rose. We have done very little except making the rule for representation hereafter:—one member to the general conference for every six members of the annual conferences; and the electing dear brother M'Kendree assistant bishop: the burden is now borne by two pair of shoulders instead of one—the care is cast upon two hearts and heads.

Friday 27. Heavy rain and awful thunder. On Saturday I visited Samuel Owings of S——. I baptised G. Howard's three pretty children. At the request of some preachers in England, and the desire of the general conference, I sat to Mr. Bruff, who took my likeness in crayons.

Sabbath 29. I preached at Old-Town, and visited the house of mourning. In the afternoon I gave the Africans a talk. I visited a grandson of mother Tribulet:—her house, in my first and early visits to Baltimore, was my home. The young man's mother, Mary, married one Killen; she died in peace and joy; and I hope the young man will be brought home to heaven and to God. On Tuesday I rode up to Daniel Ellicott's and preached: it was an open season. At St. James's chapel Doctor Warfield heard me, who had heard me thirty-six years ago. Ah! I should not regret riding many miles to be the means of converting this dear man to God. I returned to Baltimore. On Friday I preached at Gatch's chapel.

Sabbath, June 5. Harry Dorsey Gough's funeral sermon was preached; there might be two thousand people to hear. George Roberts spoke first on "He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself:" my subject was Acts xiv. 22. I spoke long, and was obliged to speak loud that all might hear: my subject was very much a portraiture of Mr. Gough's religious experience and character.

Monday 6. Bless the day! I escape from a month's location to the pleasant fields. Never were my friends more attentive, kind, and affectionate: but Ah! the death of religion—in this I die. I preached at Cole's meeting-house: feeble as I was, the people waited and heard with patience, and I delivered my own soul. At Reister's Town I gave them a discourse on Romans xii. 1, 2.; it was a time of freedom. After dining at Christopher Carnan's I came away to James M'Cannon's, Richland. On Wednesday I preached at the stone chapel. I went, next day, to see the wife of William Durbin in her affliction of body and mind: thirty-six years ago I visited this house: I have seen three generations. We dined with Ann Willis and her aged mother Honour Willis: I prayed with them, and embraced the six children, and blessed them in the name of the Lord.

Friday 10. At Alexander Warfield's on Sam's creek. I am wholly for God. Our fields promise abundant crops; our stores and barns will be filled with the fruits and productions of field and tree while they are starving in Europe.—O, sin! O, ingratitude! I spent the Saturday with Joshua Jones.

Sabbath 12. At Lingamore chapel my subject was Ephes. v. 15, 16. In the afternoon at Liberty new chapel I gave them a short discourse: I was feeble but fervent. I am kept at work by my friends; but they do what they can, Methodists and others, to pay me in affection, in attentions, in honour; *Lord, keep me humble and holy!* I went to Stephen Shelmerdine's on Monday, preached at Frederick on Tuesday, and returned to this afflicted family.

On Wednesday at brother Martin's, in Frederick, I met with my old acquaintance of York, Pennsylvania, the Rev. Waggoner; he is now fifty-eight; it is many years since our first interview, and this may be our last. Our meeting ended in prayer, and when going, I gave him a book of our discipline, and recommended to his attention the Portrait of St. Paul by Fletcher: O, that all ministers would read it, and labour to impress it upon their hearts, and show a likeness in their lives and labours! After the rain we pressed on to Samuel Philips's. On Thursday my companion, Boehm, went to Middletown: I staid at home, and read. Friday, rain. I preached on Rev. iii. 20.: brother Boehm also spoke in German. Saturday we rode to Hagerstown. Our German brethren of Otterbine's, have shouldered us out, but have failed to establish themselves.

Sabbath 19. I preached on Rom. i. 16. Henry Boehm spoke in the afternoon and at night. Death without; but there are some lively souls in the society. I feel the effect of riding in the heat; but I have great peace. On Monday I preached at St. Leger Neale's, and on Tuesday at Prather's. The heat and rough roads have brought on a bilious headach. I begin to fail. Wednesday evening brought us to Richard Dowler's, at the mouth of Licking. I preached at Hancock on Thursday:—the people were very attentive. Alas! no man careth for these people. We were driven by a storm into 'Squire Yates's; I talked, prayed, dined, and left a book:—Lord, give us this family! At Clark's tavern on Friday, where I gave a book, and prayed, I did not know that my host was a Romanist—it was all one to me. We lodged with Lenox Martin. On Saturday we came to J. Jacob's.—Ah! *because he saith the old wine is better.* King James used to call for his old shoes—*they fit me best.*

Sabbath 26. We had about four hundred souls at the chapel in Old-Town. I spoke on Romans xii. 1, 2.: brother Boehm concluded and met the society—it was an open season: hot as it was, we sung and prayed away the day. On our way to Aquila Brown's, Evitt's Creek, on Monday, we were glad now and then, to stop and shelter ourselves under the trees from the extreme heat. I gave advice for the body and soul of the wife of my kind host. At the Lutheran church, Cumberland, on Tuesday, we had a full house; my subject was 2 Pet. iii. 17, 18. I was very pointed on sinners and backslidden souls. I was expected to dine at only three several houses. Only let me declare myself, and work is soon found for me; a serious adult of forty years, and three children to baptise—one for Bell, one for

Scott, and one for Brown. Brown was a Deist; he is now a brother: many think Bishop Whatcoat's prayers were heard for him. We have Georgia heat. I preached in the chapel at Cressap-Town on Wednesday. We breakfasted at four o'clock on Thursday, that we might climb the Alleghany.

Friday, July 1. Moved at four o'clock, after breakfasting: at five in the evening we landed at Jacob Murphy's; our twenty two hours' ride has brought us seventy miles. I have suffered much—I am pained and sore, and poor Jane stumbled so often! But my limbs and my soul are safe: Glory! Glory! We rested on Saturday.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sabbath 3. I preached at Union-Town on James v. 19, 20. We started away for the widow Henthorn's, where we spent a solitary fourth of July in reading, and drafting conference plans as far as Baltimore. My mind is wholly devoted to God. On Tuesday I read à Kempis, and copied off a list of preachers for the western and south-western conferences. Brother Boehm preached to the people in English and German: he also preached at Middletown on Thursday: I spoke for about half an hour at the widow Stephens's on Friday; my subject was 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. On Saturday I read a part of the 7th volume of Wesley's Sermons. Confinement is excessively irksome, but the rain for four days past is tremendous, and I feel my old rheumatic affections. Edward Dromgoold, from old Virginia, is just on his return from a visit westward: he thinks he has seen *an end of all perfection*: and he has been preaching at the camp-meetings beyond the Ohio: he thinks forty souls were converted.

Sabbath 10. At Connellsville I preached in our new house, sixty by forty feet. Brother Boehm spoke in German. The inflammation of my throat I laid aside as well as I could, and spoke on. Page Doughady and Boehm each added a few words; and so we dedicated the walls of the house of God; the roof was not yet on. On Monday I went to Colonel Mason's, and was kindly received in his splendid, useful, good house. I was constrained to put a blister to my ear. At William Ball's new house I spoke, on Wednesday, to about two hundred people. We were satisfied to stop at the widow Woodfield's at the crossings of Monongahela. One of my feet was inflamed, my blister was running, and the heat was excessive. Brother Boehm preached. I had a conversation with Asa Shinn, respecting a removal to Baltimore. On Friday I preached at Taylor's chapel. I visited Doctor Wheeler—risen from a dangerous fall from his horse, and from apparent death. Rested on Saturday; I am lame and sensibly feel the great heat.

Sabbath 17. With the aid of two crutches I hobbled into meeting at Brownsville, and preached on John iii. 17. I am sorely lame. I dined with Mr. Hogg; a kind, polite English family. On Monday I had an awfully severe ride to Chalfant's; and then on to John Brightwell's. I am fairly arrested in my course; my knees and feet are so disabled that I am lifted to bed. I can neither ride, stand, or walk.

Sabbath 24. I feel revived this morning; but O, what an awful night of pain! The people gathered in the house; and I taught them from Acts xxvi. 18. I have a clean house, an excellent nurse as any in the country, and kindly attentive people. How am I honoured! Thornton Flemming paid me a visit, and with him came Mrs. Hebert, and a daughter of Edward Bailey, of Amherst, Virginia; these dear souls came sixty miles to see me. I suppose I must get a four-wheeled carriage. Wednesday was a serious day, but prepare to move we must—pain and death are nothing when opposed to duty. On Thursday we set off to Washington. We had two hours rain, but this was not as bad as pain of body. Mr. M'Faden was as loving and kind as need be. We found a home at John Beck's on Friday. Saturday rested.

Sabbath 31. At Bethel chapel, Short-Creek, I gave them a sermon. I spoke in great weakness.

Monday, August 1. I preached in the court-house at Wheeling. I have great pain. At Colonel Zane's, where I lodged, the aged people were kind indeed. At Newellsville I gave them a discourse. We first stopped at Galbert's on Wednesday, and then went on to Moore's: we had a great heat, and I was almost overdone. On Thursday we came to Will's creek to dine, and then rode on. There is a great want of water. I rested well last night, but my case is pretty serious: I am so disabled, that the riding and the long hills especially, almost make me cry out.

Ohio.—Sabbath 7. On Saturday we visited the camp-ground, and returned to Daniel Stevens's. Wire and Layton, two young preachers, died lately upon their circuits. I preached to-day at Bush-Creek upon 1 Tim. iii. 14—17. I ordained James Watts an elder. It was a solemn time. Some wagoners attempted to sell whiskey on the camp-ground: we stopped our preaching—the people soon knew how deeply we felt the insult, and they were driven away. Henry Boehm spoke in German. We had about a thousand people to hear. The house where I staid was much crowded, which ill suited me in my afflicted state. I paid a visit to John Manly, on Monday; staid there to rest and refit. We moved to the widow Taylor's on Tuesday; and on Wednesday came into Chilicothe. On Thursday I preached in the chapel; it was quite comfortable to know that people dropped the scythe and laid by the plane to come to the house of God. Chilicothe has been cursed with apostate Methodist preachers: but if I am not deceived, God will yet do great things here. I was invited to pass a night under the hospitable roof of General Thomas Worthington at Mount Prospect Hall. Within sight of this beautiful mansion lies the precious dust of Mary Tiffin; it was as much as I could do to forbear weeping as I mused over her speaking grave—how mutely eloquent! Ah! the world knows little of my sorrows—little knows how dear to me are my many friends, and how deeply I feel their loss—but they all die in the Lord, and this shall comfort me. I delivered my soul here; may this dear family feel an answer to Mary Tiffin's prayers!

On Friday we went to the camp-ground at Deer-Creek. Saturday rested—damp, rain. The work of God went on night and day, nevertheless. There were twenty-three travelling and local preachers on the ground: perhaps tents and wagons one hundred and twenty-five; and about two thousand people: forty souls professed converting grace. We rested on Monday, and on Tuesday came up Short-Creek. We found the family of Mr. Wood, at the New Purchase, as kind as need be. The prairies have once been, I suppose, lakes of water; they furnish grand and beautiful views still. O, the flies! the heat! We dined at brother Cutler's on Wednesday, and came on, through Xenia, to Frederick Bonner's, Little Miami; thirty-two miles. I have more than once put the wrong foot foremost in my journeys to the west; the spring will not do because of wet, and deep, and dismal roads: the summer's extreme heat, and the small and the green flies make disagreeable travelling. I make a decree, but not of the Medes and Persians, never, in future, to cross the mountains before the first of September, nor leave Carlisle before the first of October. On Thursday I rested. Friday at John Sale's. Saturday rested.

Sabbath 21. At Xenia court-house I preached from Colos. i. 28.; we had about five hundred souls to hear; it was a searching season. On Tuesday left Peter Pelham's, and came to Samuel Hitt's.

Wednesday 24. I preached at the widow Smith's. On Thursday we passed Lebanon, journeying down the Little Miami, calling at Clark's to escape the rain. It cleared away, and we came in haste by Waldsmith's mill, to M'Gree's. Camp-meeting commenced at Philip Gatchell's on Friday: here I saw many whom I had not seen for years—how delightful to see our old friends after a separation, and to find them still on the Lord's side! I spoke twice: then much faithful preaching, and we believe much good done: fifty souls professed converting grace. I talk more than is truly spiritual. I rejoice to think there will be perhaps four or five hundred camp-meetings this year; may this year outdo all former years in the conversion of precious souls to God! Work, Lord, for thine own honour and glory!

September 1. I preached at the chapel, Little Miami; we had a full house at a short notice. I was grieved to see an unfeeling man take away a poor widow's horse for debt: but brother Gatchell soon relieved me—he paid the debt, and restored the horse to the distressed woman to be hers for life.

Friday 2.————Great work in Spain—the old king resigning to his son, and his son outwitted by Buonaparte. The old king is persuaded by the enemy of both to make Murat, duke of Berg, his viceroy.—This, I hear, is the news. Ah! the poor Spaniards will have blood to drink. The first victims will be the priests; and the *House of Mercy*, the Inquisition, what will become of it.—Is Europe prepared for free governments and freedom in religion? Buonaparte will establish himself for one year; and then he goes, goes, goes. We cried to God yesterday for rain; to-day we have it in abundance. After one o'clock we came away from M'Grue's to Cincinnati. The waters of the rivers have failed more than I ever knew them before. I read a book to-day, and wrote two letters. I have advised the society here to invite the western yearly conference, to hold their session in Cincinnati.

Sabbath 4. I preached at ten o'clock, in great bodily weakness; the heat was great, and the house was crowded, but I felt sensible of divine aid. Brother Boehm spoke after me in German. At three o'clock I preached again at brother Lakin's: brother Boehm also spoke at six o'clock in the evening, in English: thus we improved the day. My temptations are hidden, but great.—I have need of great strength, for I am greatly responsible: Lord, help me! On Monday we had plentiful rain. I rested. I advised the brethren to enlarge the house to eighty feet. On Tuesday we took our flight; it was not pleasant travelling. We stopped and dined at Murphy's, and so avoided the rain. At Judge Simmes's new improvement, we crossed the Great Miami. We saw the paroquet here as upon Santee-River. After crossing White-River, we came to Lawrenceburg, the first town in the Indian territory. In this wild there may be twenty thousand souls already: I feel for them. Elijah Sparks received us gladly. We dined with J. Wilson, and stopped at Dickinson's: after beating the shore of the Ohio for two hours, we crossed in a crazy flat, at the mouth of Kentucky-River.

KENTUCKY.—On Thursday we lodged at the widow Masterton's: I sighed over the heaps of dust raised upon the bodies of her husband and children. Nathan Wyre, a promising youth upon trial on the circuit, has been called away—he died with consumption. Ah! what blessed numbers have gone home triumphantly within the last forty years: surely we may praise the dead, for they died in the Lord! Friday brought us through Williamsport, Gallatin, Henry, and Shelby: we brought up with my old friend Billy Adams, grandson of William, son of Simon. We have rode about one hundred miles in three days. Our fare has been rough, but sister Lakin, and the preachers who accompanied us, bore the fatigues of the ride very well. I feel for the people of this territory; but we must suffer with them, if we expect to feel for them as we ought: and here are the disadvantages of a local episcopacy—that it cannot be interested for its charge as it should be, because it sees not, suffers not with, and therefore feels not for, the people. On Saturday at Edward Talbot's.

Sunday 11. At the brick chapel I spoke on 1 Cor. xv. 58.; a more attentive congregation I have not seen. But Ah me! to pant for breath, and unable to walk, kneel, or stand up straight to preach, makes public speaking serious work to me: brothers Lakin and Boehm spoke after me; we were about four hours in the house. I see, I feel what is wrong in preachers and people, but I cannot make it right. I saw some dear old friends from Virginia and Maryland. We rested on Monday at Edward Talbot's. On Tuesday we passed Shelby, and came to Philip Taylor's; the swelling in my feet had returned—I was weary and willing to rest. We called a meeting on Wednesday, and I gave them a sermon from 2 Cor. v. 2. Gabriel Mayo received, and kindly entertained us after crossing Salt-River. On Thursday we hasted away to Joseph Ferguson's, Nelson county. I met Benedict Swoop by accident—I knew him at first glance; but he would not have recollected me: it was pleasing to meet after so long an absence; but Ah! how time, and toil, and suffering have worn us down, one of us, at least; I preached at Furguson's on Friday. We had a warm, heavy ride to Colonel Thomas's, Haden-Creek, Washington county.

Sunday 18. At the new chapel I spoke on 1 John iii. 1—4.; it was a time of seriousness. I could not stand—I sat to preach. My kind brethren, M'Kendree and Thompson, came miles to see me. On Monday I parted from sister Lakin, wife of Benjamen; so far from being a troublesome companion, she was very useful to me as a nurse and servant for Christ's sake. We crossed the Rolling Fork of Salt River, passed Murder's hill, dined at M'Murry's, and then hasted on to Georgetown, crossed Green-River by fording, and stopped at Noah Lasley's. We have made forty miles to-day. My lame feet were in a poultice; it was unusually warm, but I enjoyed great peace in my soul. I preached at Lasley's. On Tuesday we had a full house at sudden warning. Here I saw William Price and family—great joy, as if we were risen from the dead. I preached at Robert Price's, Adam's Creek, upon Colos. i. 7. David Rice stepped in whilst I was speaking, and when I had closed, withdrew without speaking to me. On Thursday we came to Glasgow, where I visited brother Crossenbury, and Henry and Edward Cowell. Friday evening brought us up at brother Porter's, from Maryland, now of Warren county. On Saturday we came in upon the camp with bishop M'Kendree. On Sunday we had preaching as usual, and a gracious rain—in mercy, if not in answer to prayer. We came no farther than Woolard's, twenty-two miles, on Monday. On Tuesday we passed through Nashville: this town has greatly improved in eight years: there are several valuable houses built, an elegant court-house, and a college. We put in at Green Hill's, Williamson county. We have important business here to engage our attention; seven districts there are, and a call for eighty preachers.

TENNESSEE.—Saturday, October 1. I began conference. I preached twice on the Sabbath day; and again on Tuesday. Our conference was a camp-meeting, where the preachers ate and slept in tents. We sat six hours a day, stationed eighty-three preachers, and all was peace. On Friday the sacrament was administered, and we hope there were souls converted, and strengthened, and sanctified. We made a regulation respecting slavery: it was, that no member of society, or preacher, should sell or buy a slave unjustly, inhumanly, or covetously; the case, on complaint, to be examined for a member by the quarterly meeting; and for a preacher an appeal to an annual conference. Where the guilt was proved the offender to be expelled. The families of the Hill's, Sewall's, and Cannon, were greatly and affectionately attentive to us.

Saturday 8. We came rapidly to Stone River, and thence to Crane's. At the meeting-house I preached on the Sabbath day from 2 Pet. iv. 17. I called upon Hardy Hunt. We rose at four o'clock on Monday, and started away for Henry Tooley's. The heat is great; we may give it five months' continuance this year. The increase of the western conference for the year will be two thousand five hundred. On Tuesday we rested and refitted, preparing ourselves to breast the wilderness. The rain caught us on Wednesday, and fell on us with little intermission, until we got to our home at Shaw's, in Carthage. On Thursday evening I came in very unwell to Johnson's. We had not above fifty travellers in company! At Haily's, next night, we were not so crowded, and did better. There is order observed under this roof. We breakfasted at S. W. Point on Saturday, and then hastened on to Winton's; since we left the conference ground, we have made two hundred miles. My sufferings have been great—I had the piles, and pains of body, and sultry weather, crowded houses and rough roads, and bad men for company; but my mind enjoyed great peace, notwithstanding my starting, stumbling horse, that ever and anon would run away with me. I preached on the Sabbath day at Winton's chapel, a crowd within and without; the wind prevented our taking the woods. There is a special revival of religion in the society here. After preaching we crossed Holston, and rode ten miles to meet the people at John Saffle's. We started in the rain on Monday to Marysville, called upon Mark Moore, and continued forward to Esq. Black's, and lodged.

Tuesday 18. Came to Mitchell Peter's, on Pidgeon-River. Wednesday, rain; Thursday, rain; we crossed the river twice. I preached at the chapel on Matt. v. 8. On Friday James Riggin came twenty miles, breasting the rains, and plunging through the swoln streams, to see me; he wept over me and bade farewell: but shall we not meet where all tears shall be wiped from all eyes? We started away on Saturday, wade or swim, foul or fair, across the east forks of Little and Great Pidgeon: the waters were full enough.

Sunday 22. At Ohavers a camp-meeting had been appointed by the preachers and people. Bishop M'Kendree and brother Boehm spoke, as well as brother Blackman and myself. Brother Bowman spoke at night, and some souls were affected. On Monday I spoke again; there was a flood of speaking to about three hundred souls, some of whom joined society. It was very cold on the ground. Our party came away to George Wells's. On Tuesday we rode twenty miles to the Warm Springs; and next day reached Buncombe, thirty-two miles. The right way to improve a short day is to stop only to feed the horses, and let the riders, meanwhile, take a bite of what they may have been provident enough to put into their pocket. It has been serious October to me; I have laboured and suffered; but I have lived near to God.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Saturday 29. We have rested for three days past. We fell in with Jesse Richardson: he could not bear to see the field of Buncombe deserted by militia men, who fire a shot and fly, and wheel and fire, and run again: he is a veteran who has learned to "endure hardness like a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ." On the Sunday I preached in Buncombe court-house upon 1 Thess. i. 7—10. I lodged with a chief man, a Mr. Irwin. Henry Boehm went to Pidgeon-Creek to preach to the Dutch. On Monday I went to David Jay's; I thought I was unknown, but the woman of the house, the mother of seven children, quickly told me I had joined her in matrimony to her present husband. Here we met with Daniel Asbury; great news from Georgia, South, and North Carolina! Thirty, or forty, or fifty souls converted at camp-meetings; but in old Virginia, the work is still greater, and brother Bruce's labours have been blessed in an extraordinary manner.

November, Tuesday 1, Wednesday 2, Thursday 3. I rested, read, and preached but once. On Friday we descended the heights of Cooper's Gap, to our friend David Dickey's; fasting, and the labour of lowering ourselves down from the mountain top has made us feeble. Bishop M'Kendree preached upon "Cast not away your confidence." On the Sabbath brother Boehm spoke in the morning at eight o'clock; I preached from Matt. xvii. 5.; exhortations followed, and brother Boehm ended our Sabbath labours by preaching at night, when there was a considerable move. We came away on Monday by Rutherford court-house to G. Moore's. At Moore's chapel on Tuesday I preached from Coloss. ii. 6. Henry Boehm spoke at night: verily we had a shout! Bishop M'Kendree preached at Lucas's chapel upon Little Broad, and we lodged at Lucas's. A noble ride of forty miles brought us next day to Williams's, in Lincoln. I preached on Friday. My mind hath great peace, but my body is weak. The prospects are reviving and cheering in the South Carolina conference, and they will grow better every year. On Saturday I preached. I ordained Samuel Smith and Enoch Spinks. The Sabbath day was windy and cold; I had taken an emetic, and kept the house.

Monday 14. Rode thirty-three miles, hungry, cold, and sick, to Harrison's, Mecklenburg county. I came, unwell and taking medicine, to Robert Hancock's, Waxaw's: I suffer, but it is the will of God. Eighteen hundred miles since leaving Baltimore. I have ordained Robert Hancock a local deacon. We came rapidly to Hanging-Rock on Wednesday, and next day reached Camden, and lodged with Samuel Matthews.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Sabbath 20. I preached in the tabernacle in Camden in the morning, and brother Boehm in the afternoon, and Bishop M'Kendree at night. Letters from the presiding elders announce great times in camp-meetings.

Monday 21. This day I renew my covenant with God; to do nothing I doubt is not lawful, and at all times, and in all places to live as if it were my last hour—may God help me so to do! On Wednesday I went to the encampment, four miles from the city. Bishop M'Kendree preached. It was very unpleasant weather. I took cold sitting in the stand. Thursday, dwelling under curtains: I took an emetic: wrote two letters to Elders Soule and Beale, Province of Maine. I am still at Rembert Hall. I visited, and preached upon the camp-ground; we had an exceeding strong wind, but the people were very attentive. The superintendency had a hut with a chimney in it: there were forty tents and cabins: Bishop M'Kendree was three days and nights on the ground, and there was a powerful work amongst white saints and sinners, and the poor, oppressed, neglected Africans.

Sabbath 27. At Rembert chapel my subject was Rev. vii. 14—17. Brothers Smith and Boehm followed with energetic exhortations. I felt dejected in mind, and my soul was humbled. I suffer much from ill health, too close application to business, and from having preached in the open air. I filled an appointment made for Bishop M'Kendree at Rembert's. On Monday I rode forty-five miles to Mr. Keel's; we crossed Murray's next day and stopped in the evening at the widow Kennedy's. Wednesday we had a heavy ride, and I felt it from top to bottom. Great news!—Baltimore taken fire—Bohemia has a great work—camp-meetings have done this: glory to the great I AM!

Sunday, December 4. At Cumberland church, we had a sacramental day. I preached at Bethel in the afternoon. We have a great change and a glorious prospect here in Charleston, and in the neighbourhood among both descriptions of people: by our coloured missionaries the Lord is doing wonders among the Africans.

Monday 5. I am closely employed in reading and writing letters and receiving company: our house is a house of prayer ten or twelve times a day. I read Mr. Wesley's Journal: Ah! how little it makes me feel—the faithfulness—the diligence of this great man of God!—I cannot meet the classes like him, but I have a daily throng of white and black who apply for spiritual instruction.

Sabbath 11. I preached in Cumberland-street: it was a serious parting time. At Bethel I also gave them a talk in the afternoon:

this was a heavy day—I felt the weight of souls. Some may think it so great matter to build two churches, buy three lots, pay fifteen hundred dollars of back debt, and raise a growing society: this has been done in this Sodom in less than twenty-four years:—O Lord, take thou the glory! We dined in the woods on Monday, and made it thirty-two miles to Perry's. On Tuesday we crossed Edisto, dining at Coger's, and came into Benjamin Risher's. Next day, at the Green-Ponds chapel. Bishop M'Kendree, brother Boehm, and myself, all spoke. We lodged at Lewis's, niece to one who had first received the Methodist preachers. Next day we called on B. M'Lellan, a preacher, and lodged with Benjamin Tarrant:—O that it was with him as in years past!—once, how holy and innocent! We reached Benjamin Weatherby's on Friday evening. Cold, very cold weather. We came into Augusta on Saturday evening; we dined in the woods. One disorderly man has given great trouble, and awful Osborn Randall has shot a man!

Georgia.—Sabbath 18. I preached in Augusta chapel. My flesh sinks under labour. We are riding in a poor thirty dollar chaise, in partnership, two bishops of us, but it must be confessed it tallies well with the weight of our purses: what bishops! well: but we hear great news, and we have great times, and each western, southern, and the Virginia conference will have one thousand souls truly converted to God; and is not this an equivalent for a light purse? and are we not well paid for starving and toil?—yes; glory be to God! We came away to Whysing's on Monday, and next day toiled through a very heavy rain to the widow Fountain's. We remained Thursday and Friday in Sparta, and went on Saturday to brother Bush's.

Sabbath 25. Christmas day. I preached on John iii. 17. We opened our conference on Monday. We had great labour, which we went through in great peace. Between sixty and seventy men were present, all of one spirit. We appointed three missionaries—one for Tombigbee, one to Ashley and Savannah, and the country between, and one to labour between Santee and Cooper Rivers. Increase within the bounds of this conference, three thousand and eighty-eight. Preaching, and exhortations, and singing, and prayer—we had all these without intermission on the camp ground, and we have reasons to believe that many souls will be converted. The number of travelling and local preachers present are about three hundred. There are people here with their tents who have come one hundred and fifty miles. The prospects of doing good are glorious. We have already added two new circuits, and gained six preachers. There may have been from two to three thousand persons assembled. I preached once: we had finished our conference concerns the evening before.

January 1, 1809. We came away on Monday morning in haste. We stopped to dine with our friend Doughty in Powelton; this is a strong hold of the Baptists; nevertheless, we have a house to preach in, and a society. We went as far as W. Bonner's to lodge. On Tuesday we dined at pleasant Tindall's, and reached Augusta about six o'clock. A cold rain, and freezing ride brought us on Wednesday to Speir's: next day, Arthur's, near Granby: there was an appointment here for a local preacher, and I filled it for him. I ought to record that the good old folks where I lodged gave up their rooms to me. A hard ride on Friday, between the hours of eight and five, brought us into Camden. I scarcely have time to make these few brief journalizing remarks.

South Carolina.—Sabbath 8. I preached in our enlarged meeting-house in Camden: it was a feeling season—in anticipation of great things here. We came away on Monday morning through clouds and a cold rain, twenty-six miles, to brother Woodham's, on Lynch's Creek. I ordained Stephen Thompson a deacon. In crossing Cashaway-Ferry on Tuesday, it was a mercy we were not thrown into the water, like poor Hilliard Judge. We were kindly and comfortably lodged by Esquire Nevil; my mind most deeply felt for the salvation of this amiable family.

North Carolina.—Wednesday 11, was cloudy and very cold; but we took horse and made it thirty-three miles to Lumberton, and stopped at the widow Thompson's: I am most at home when I am housed with the widow and the orphan. We reached Fayetteville on Thursday. My limbs, my patience, and my faith have been put to severe trial.

I preached in the morning on the Sabbath, and Bishop M'Kendree and brother Boehm after. Since Friday morning I have been occupied in writing, forming plans, and occasionally reading. I baptized a daughter for Mr. Newby. Eli Perry came fifty-six miles for deacon's orders: I advised him to tell his father, a backslidden Baptist preacher, that he (Eli) would set apart once a month a day of fasting and prayer for his father's restoration.

We set out on Monday the solitary path on the north side of Cape Fear, to the widow Andrew's, forty-five miles: we were in the night, and I was very much disordered. Tuesday brought us to Wilmington, forty-five miles; again in the night, and my pain [illegible]. I was compelled to preach on Wednesday at eleven o'clock. I gave them a sermon also on Thursday. My body is in better health, and my mind enjoys great sweetness and peace. We had morning preaching on Friday at five o'clock, to about two hundred souls. We came away afterward, and a ride of twenty miles brought us to the widow Nixon's: the dear old man, her husband, died in Georgia—died in prayer. I gave those present an exhortation and my evening prayers. Saturday brought us to New-River; and next day, the Sabbath, I preached in our enlarged chapel on 1 Tim. ii. 3, 4. It was unusually warm, and so great a wind at night that it frequently waked me. We were most kindly and comfortably entertained at Caleb Rowe's: God is worshipped in this house: Oh! what a change is here!—the poor Africans, once oppressed, have now great privileges allowed them. We came to Adonijah Perry's on Monday: may he follow his father, who followed Christ! Newbern brought us up on Tuesday. I preached on Wednesday, and it was an open season: God will visit Newbern again. A cold ride brought us to Washington—a disagreeable place to me; but there are souls here, and God can convert and save them. We have a neatly finished house, in which I preached on Friday in great heaviness of body—it is a day of abstinence. I spent my Saturday at Williams's—a secluded house, and social family.

Sabbath 29. I preached at Williams's chapel on Habakkuk iii. 2. I felt myself in the spirit of the work. In the evening we had snow and hail. We set out on Monday and had a very disagreeable ride through deep swamps and snow. At Williamston I preached to a few people. A cold ride of thirty-two miles brought us to Tarborough on Tuesday.

Wednesday, February 1. Opened the Virginia conference. We had eighty-four preachers present—sixty of them the most pleasing, promising young men; seventeen preachers were admitted; in all the conference there are but three married men. The high taste of these southern folks will not permit their families to be degraded by an alliance with a Methodist travelling preacher; and thus, involuntary celibacy is imposed upon us; all the better—care and anxiety about worldly possessions do not stop us in our course, and we are saved from the pollution of negro slavery and oppression.

Bishop M'Kendree preached an ordination sermon on Friday. On the Sabbath I gave them a discourse on humiliation before God. Bishop M'Kendree ordained eight elders, and I fourteen deacons. I suppose we have had two thousand souls to hear us in the two churches, and our friends are very attentive to entertain us in their houses, abundantly better than we deserve. Our increase in numbers, unless we allow for a great waste by death, and loss by removals, is not very encouraging; the east and south have given more than three thousand each; whereas, here it is not three hundred. We are defrauded of great numbers by the pains that are taken to keep the blacks from us—their masters are afraid of the influence of our principles. Would not an *amelioration* in the condition and treatment of slaves have produced more practical good to the poor Africans, than any attempt at their *emancipation?* The state of society, unhappily, does not admit of this: besides, the blacks are deprived of the means of instruction—who will take the pains to lead them into the way of salvation, and watch over them that they may not stray, but the Methodists? Well; now their masters will not let them come to hear us. What is the personal liberty of the African which he may abuse, to the salvation of his soul—how may it be compared!

We adjourned on Wednesday, to hold our next session in Petersburg in Virginia. A general contentment appeared in the preachers with regard to stations. I came away instantly, and had a rapid ride of twenty-eight miles to Mr. Linicomes, near Edward's ferry, upon Roanoke. We next day crossed the river, and breakfasted at Pinner's. We lodged with Jesse Battle—forty-three miles to-day. Friday brought us to James Lunsford's. We reached Norfolk on Saturday by ten o'clock.

VIRGINIA.—Sabbath 17. I preached on Psalm xxxvii. 3, 4. and felt liberty and life. Met the society; and preached at Portsmouth. Preached on Monday at the Western Branch; and at night again at Suffolk. I found Richard Yerberry greatly afflicted with the gout—his hands and feet had burst; but he was resigned and patient. On Tuesday we came away to General Wells's: his brother Willis Wells, an early Methodist and local preacher, died last year—he died in great peace. He had been led away by the misrepresentations of O'Kelly, but he came back into our bosom. I expected to have found religion more lively in this district; but we are on our lees. I grieved to find that some of the preachers went about visiting instead of being at their work; the spirit of the world, and still worse, politics—Oh, death, death! O Lord God, keep thy ministers faithful! I preached at William Bland's to a few people who had come through a dark night at a short warning. We had, after meeting, hail and rain. I rode next day, very cold, to Ogburn's, in Sussex, thirty miles in six hours: I have need of patience and courage for the roads and weather. It was exceedingly cold on Thursday; nevertheless we reached Petersburg, about forty miles. We lodged at Edward Lee's; Joseph Harding is no more. He joined as in Norfolk in 1772; he was a man of labour and sorrow; meek and [illegible]. I had hoped to find religion more prosperous, but I [illegible] a few places in the district, there is great languor and [illegible] observable: we hope for better times. We have added [illegible] preachers in the three conferences, western, southern, and that of Virginia; and have located twenty. Many of these are the most elegant young men I have seen, in features, body, and mind—they are manly yet meek. I preached in Petersburg on Friday. After meeting I rode home with John Ryall Bradley, now warm in his first love: he was strangely brought to God. He was alone on a Sabbath day and was reading, what he [illegible] seldom read, his prayer-book; suddenly he was powerfully struck with keen conviction; he began to pray without book, and with all his might: what followed came of course. At his conversion he had a stud of race-horses to part with. We reached Richmond on Saturday, and I preached next day in the city; and at Manchester in the afternoon: there is a change here for the better. I lodged at A. Foster's.

Monday 13. We rode twenty-four miles to brother Cross's—twenty-four miles of heavy roads. I preached at night to a respectable congregation on 1 Thess. v. 14. The young men prayed, and there was life and feeling. C. Hines is likely to be an instrument of great good in Hanover circuit. On Tuesday we had an uncommonly large congregation for a two hours' notice: bishop M'Kendree preached to them. A forty-five miles ride, without food for man or beast, brought us in, after being twice lost in the woods, to brother M'Gruder's. We reached Frederick Gilliam's, beyond the Green Mountain, on Thursday. We seldom lodge at a house without the company of preachers: we are pleased to see them, but would be better pleased to know they were on their circuits, faithfully at work. On Friday we passed Charlottesville, within sight of fair Monticello, the seat of Thomas Jefferson. We rested at Daniel Maupin's: his father and mother are gone to rest. We crossed the ridge at Brown's Gap, and came to Port Republic, and lodged with Doctor William Douglas.

Sabbath 26. I preached upon Acts ii. 21. We found it dangerous riding through the snow to Harrisonburg on Monday.

Thursday, March 2. Our conference opened. Friday, fast day. We wrought with order and industry, and did much in a little time. There were travelling and local deacons ordained, and we had preaching three times a day.

Sabbath 5. In the morning we had a general band-meeting. I preached—we had German preaching also; and a sermon at night. On Wednesday we closed our labours in great peace. We [illegible] away on Thursday morning, and had a heavy, cold ride of thirty-six miles to Woodstock. We took a by-road on Friday to Stephensburgh. We called a congregation, who came through [illegible], and mud; and I gave them a talk from 1 Thess. v. 16, 17. There were some unhappy contentions in the society here, but I did not know it, although from my preaching, some of the congregation might well suppose I did; God maketh the mind and the mouth of man. We reached Winchester on Saturday, and on the Sabbath I gave them a discourse on Habakkuk iii. 2.; it was a season of freedom. An awful storm of snow overtook us on our way to Thomas Key's, where we were made comfortable for the night. We crossed Harper's ferry on Tuesday, and came to Joseph Perkins's—my friend and neighbour has gone to rest. Next day we had deep roads to Fredericktown. I had scarcely sat down when I heard the bells ring; it was an invitation to the people to come and hear me preach; well, go I must. About three hundred people had collected in the German Presbyterian church; they were devoutly attentive. Next day we reached Mr. Helms's, near Patapsco bridge; a number of workmen were deeply attentive whilst I officiated in the family evening devotions. We reached Baltimore on Thursday. Friday and Saturday received letters and visitors. My soul is greatly humbled in this city; I tremble for the ark, and fear my own soul will suffer loss.

MARYLAND.—Sabbath 18. At Light-street my subject was 2 Chron. xv. 2. In the evening I preached again upon Hosea vi. 1. On Monday we went to the camp-meeting near Perry-Hall; and I preached in the chapel upon Philippians ii. 12—15. As I rode by the graves of the elders of the Gough family, the image of my dear departed Harry Gough was very present to me. We stopped in our way at R. Bennett's; his prodigal son has enlisted, and gone as a sergeant to New-Orleans: the mention of this place kindled strong desires in my mind to send another missionary to that quarter; I wrote to John M'Lure, presiding elder of the Mississippi district, on the subject. Tuesday was cold. We crossed the wide Susquehannah with a gentle breeze. There was no appointment for us, and it was as well thus. On Wednesday I preached at John Carman's, Back Creek; my subject was 1 John iii. 1, 2. I preached at Smyrna on Thursday. We went to the state of Delaware on Friday, but there had been no notice given: we, however, gathered a few, to whom we gave a word of exhortation, and went on to Choptank. I preached on Saturday from Luke xii. 40. It is still excessively cold, and we suffer much. After sermon we rode twenty-six miles to Milford.

Sunday 24. At Milford my subject was Ezek. ix. 4.—very open and alarming time to saints and sinners. On Monday, at Barratt's chapel I preached and baptized some children. I had powerful feelings of sympathy for the children and grandchildren of that holy man in life and death, Philip Barratt. We felt the wind on our way to Dover like the piercing of a sword. My dear friends, Governor Bassett and his lady, came nearly forty miles to meet me. I preached in Dover, and baptized James Molison, advanced in life. I have suffered incredibly by the cold in the last hundred and thirty miles: souls and their Saviour can reward me, and nothing else!—Lord, remember Francis Asbury in all his labours and afflictions! Friday I preached at Keagy's. Brother M'Kendree and father Boehm met me once more, and we greatly rejoiced in God together. In Wilmington I preached on Thursday. On Friday I spoke at the Bethel chapel, a beautiful new house, about seven miles from Wilmington: brother M'Kendree in the evening. I preached at Matson's chapel; this is a house of much the same kind as the former. I sat down to teach the people, and we had an open season.

PENNSYLVANIA.—April 1. I forestalled a meeting at Derby; but few attended. I dropped them a few hints on the shortness of time. I suffer by the unusual heat, and by soreness from riding. We came safe into the city of Philadelphia. I found letters from Savannah, Tombigbee, Mississippi, Ohio, and also from the eastward.

Sabbath 7. At St. George's my subject was Haggai i. 7. I was fervent; we had a sacrament, and the Lord was present of a truth. On Monday we opened our conference in great peace and good order. I preached on Wednesday, and it was recollected that I had preached on the same subject in the same place in 1771. Friday we observed as a day of fasting and prayer. Both elders and deacons were ordained. There was some little difficulty with respect to our money concerns; and some of the members had been rather warm partizans as politicians; this is always wrong for them, let them take which side they please. There was general satisfaction given as to the stations—about eighty-four in the whole. The Philadelphia conference has subjected itself to a demand for twelve preachers who have no stations: six of these are married, and there is a widow's maintenance to be added, making an expense of two thousand dollars.

Sabbath 14. I preached at Kensington chapel on Habakkuk iii. 2. Here I ordained Jacob Tapsco, and James Champion, both Africans. I gave the congregation at the Academy church an exhortation in the evening. With difficulty we got out of the city of Philadelphia, and ran some risk in crossing the river into Jersey. I preached at two o'clock at Carpenter's bridge. We lodged with father Early, twenty-four miles from the city. Here I take a little rest. I am not conscious of indulging or feeling wrong tempers in the mighty crowds in which I daily labour; but I never wish to meet the conference in the city of Philadelphia again—But possibly my time is short.

New-Jersey.—On Wednesday I preached at Union chapel. It is a neat building, two stories high, forty by thirty-six feet—built on the plan I furnished them. I spent a night with J. Abbott, a local preacher. Snow on Thursday; I preached at Pittsgrove. Lodged under the roof of Joseph Newkirk; here I found the children and grandchildren of Susanna Ayars, who first received the Lord's prophets in this town. There was no proper notice of our appointment at Broadneck chapel on Friday, so that we had but few people. I lodged at Heyward's. I rode away to Cohansey on Saturday.

Sabbath 16. At the chapel I spoke on Philippians iii. 8. "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things loss," &c. 1. The object of the apostle's knowledge, *Christ Jesus my Lord*. 2. The nature and degrees of this knowledge in the apostle's own experience. 3. The excellency of this knowledge—a saving knowledge; a life-giving and sanctifying knowledge; it is the spiritual and experimental knowledge of repentance, faith, regeneration and sanctification, producing a holy life, a triumphant death, a joyful resurrection, and a crown of eternal glory. I had certainly part of a gay congregation; how good is not for me to say; they were serious and attentive. I met the society. Brother Boehm preached in the afternoon. I must needs hold forth again in the evening: I preached as it was desired, and we had an open season. A heavy ride brought us on Monday to Port Elizabeth. I preached on 2 Cor. xiii. 5: it was a searching season. This is a new town, and we have a large house built here: the Baptists are building a grand house. We lodged at Benjamin Fisler's. At Tuckahoe chapel my subject on Tuesday was Ephesians iii. 8.: I sat down and taught with pleasure. I dined with N. Swain: Richard has gone to his rest and reward. The people told me that my time of absence on this path was twenty-five years. I feel the heat and labour, and painful weary nights appointed to me; but God, even my God is with me! I heard of several spots where the work of the Lord is reviving powerfully. At May's Landing, Great Egg Harbour, there was power in the word whilst I lectured on Hebr. xii. 25. We hasted away to Blackman's, to be there at three o'clock, but we lost our way in the woods, and after riding fifteen miles instead of eight, we arrived at five o'clock. Tuesday evening closed rather uncomfortably upon us at a tavern: my spirits were low and my body very feehim. The work of God revives in the society here. Leonard Blackman has been raised up from small appearances—possibly to very considerable consequences. At Absecum, on Thursday, I gave them a sermon. We dined in haste at brother Peacock's, and came to George Peterson's, Pleasant Mills. At the Forks, on Friday, I preached in our elegant chapel on John xii. 26; it was an open time. Who should I see but dear aged Jesse Chew and wife! I went home with friendly William Richards:—dear Sarah, his former wife, so often my kind and attentive hostess—I only saw the marble that covered her dust! Some demur was sent by a certain preacher about his station; these things give me more pain than all the labour of the conference. On Saturday I called to see Rebekah Sevier on a sick bed, praising God; she is a true daughter of Sarah Richardson. I rode on to Tuckerton—very damp and cold.

Sunday 23. At Tuckerton my subject was 2 Cor. iv. 2. In the afternoon I preached again. On Monday I preached at Waretown. I staid awhile with Samuel Brown, and then came to Thomas Chamberlain's: I was compelled by uncomfortable feelings to go to rest at six o'clock. At David Woodmansie's, on Tuesday, I preached on 2 Tim. ii. 15. On Wednesday, after a rain, I set out for Pilmore chapel, where I preached. My friends were exceedingly kind, and I was very sick. I rose unwell on Thursday, and took medicine, and set out for Squan-River. My host here, Derrick Longstreet, has been married twenty-four years; his wife once had twins, and she has made him the father of sixteen children, all of whom are alive and well. I had a noble congregation here of women and children; the men were generally gone from the neighbourhood, either to the waters or to work. I was seriously unwell. On Friday, at Newman's, on Shark-River, I had women not a few: I suited my subject to my hearers, and preached from Luke x. 41, 42. Ah, how many Marthas are there, and how few Mary's. In the afternoon I spoke again at P. White's. We have meeting twice a day, and sometimes at night; and the prospects are pleasing. The weather is severely cold. I have read Simpson lately—his *Plea for Religion*, how strong! If Simpson is right, the old Church of England has the mark of the Beast in her hands at least. Great news! The British Orders in Council are withdrawn, and the American embargo and non-intercourse are forthwith to cease. I fear much that these expected good times will injure us:—the prosperity of fools will destroy; therefore affliction may be best, and God may send it, *for* this is a favoured land: Lord save us from ruin as a people! I rested on Saturday.

Sunday 30. At Long-Branch my subject was Acts iii. 26. It was given me to speak strong words—words of God, and from God. At three o'clock I preached in the Episcopal church at Shrewsbury. I came home with John Throckmorton.

Monday, May 1. No appointment at Mount Pleasant: we came on to James Throckmorton's; and thence through Brunswick to Staten-Island: we dined at Drake's; and supped at Elder Tuttle's. I have had great peace of mind; and have been greatly in the spirit of preaching, of faith, and of prayer. God has visited, and will yet powerfully visit Jersey; probably in the last five years, five hundred souls have been converted: Glory to the great I Am! he will bare the arm of his power, and save millions in the world.

New-York.—I preached on Wednesday at the tabernacle on Staten-Island: my subject was 1 Peter iii. 15, 16. It was a feeling season: my mind was greatly enlarged. Lodged at Gilbert Totten's. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists—all upon the stretch to be greatest upon the island. The Methodists have a stationed preacher; and they have a camp-meeting in contemplation. On Thursday I preached at the old meeting-house: there was some tenderness manifested. On Friday I preached in our meeting-house at North End. I found brother Cushon in a languid state: I sought to administer consolation to his mind and body. Behold, the Low Dutch have built a church, and the Episcopalians one at the North End near them: there are three local preachers of our order, and a presiding elder; if good be not done, the people must be hardened. I found my old friend Morrell, solitary—his wife is called home. My attention was strongly excited by the steam-boat: this is a great invention. Brother M'Kendree preached at Elizabethtown; and I after him at six o'clock in the evening. We have a beautiful house here two stories high, elegantly finished, forty-five by forty feet; and well filled. On Monday I came to York, where I found letters bringing good news from the south and the west.

On the tenth our conference began, and continued until the fifteenth; about one hundred and twenty preachers present: we had great peace, and good order. We had an ordination of elders at John-street church on the Sabbath day. We had a great deal of faithful preaching. As I wish not to relate the trials met with, I will let every thing but what is printed rest in shades: there were some critical cases, but nothing appeared against any member to justify expulsion. There were one hundred and fifteen preachers stationed; and there were few complaints. If I have slumbered five hours per night, it is as much as I have done in the matter of sleep.—On Saturday I rode through excessively warm weather, twenty miles, to J. Sherwood's. I retire to sacred solitude, and great and delightful communion with God; but want of sleep comes upon me like an armed man. Hail, holy day! On the Sabbath I preached at Sherwood's chapel; afterward at New-Rochelle chapel: we had an open season in both congregations. The Quakers are offended because their errors in sentiment and practice are spoken against. But they have a *higher dispensation.* And will this authorise the violation of a positive law of the land, which forbids unnecessary labour on the Sabbath day? Will it justify the putting asunder what God has so solemnly *joined* together, *to wit,* the ordinances of God and the influences of his Holy Spirit? So thought not the eunuch, when Philip, sent by the Holy Ghost, *preached unto him Jesus.* The celebration of the Lord's Supper is idolatry, say the Quakers: so thought not Paul, when exhorting the church of Corinth to the worthy commemoration of our Lord's death and passion, he says, *For I have received of the Lord, that which also I delivered unto you. A higher dispensation!*—And had not God already revealed his will before the appearance of George Fox! But, hush! the *respectable society of people called Quakers—respectable:*—Ah! there is death in that word; *wo unto you when all men shall speak well of you.* I fear what is properly *the reproach of Christ* has long been wiped away from this respectable people: O Lord, save thy *now* despised Methodist children from the praises of the people of the world!

On *Monday* I dined with Bryan B. Banks, and then moved on, through heavy thunder-showers, to Norwalk. I had wished them to build a house here, but *Mr. G——n* had told the Methodists they were poor, (poor may they *ever* be!) and it would ruin them. I gave the good folks a discourse on Rom. xvi. 24.

CONNECTICUT.—On Tuesday I came to Peck's, Stratford, a faithful friend, and thence on to father Jocelin's, New-Haven, weary, and sleepy, and glad to rest. I dined with W. Griffin in Guildford: here is a lot to build a house of worship on, and God will work here. In the afternoon I preached at Jeremiah Miner's, in *Killingworth;* thence crossing the Connecticut-River, came into *New-London.* I here had great temptations, and great consolations. The weather has been extremely warm, and my clothes are too heavy. My horse twice attempted to run away with my chair, so I was obliged to quit it. I must needs preach in New-London; I gave them a discourse on 1 John ii. 6. The house was soon filled, and many went away who could not get in: surely the society, and preachers too, have been blind to their own interests, or they would have occupied every foot of ground; but we have never taken advantage of circumstances as they offered in this place, and have lost by our negligence. We crossed Naraganset Bay on Friday, and came into Newport. Grand house—steeple, pews—by lottery: the end is to sanctify the means—Ah! what pliability to evil!

Sabbath 28. I preached twice—in the forenoon on Col. i. 1, 2.; 1 John iii. 3, 4, 5. in the afternoon: I spoke with difficulty and with little order in my discourses. From New-York thus far we have had dust and rough roads, and I have been much tried and greatly blessed. We have rode two hundred miles in six days.

Last night we had a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. This morning (Monday) I visited Captain Beall, at Fort Wolcott. I preached to the soldiers on Isaiah lvii. 6, 7.—baptized some children—visited the school—prayed with the sick in the hospital—exhorted the poor sinners to turn to God; but Ah! I might have said and done more.—Here I saw discipline, order, correctness—it was grand and pleasing.

What changes I pass through! How hardly shall they who travel much keep a constant eye on duty, the cross, holiness, and God!

On Tuesday we came to the pleasant town of Bristol. The Methodists here have a house, with pews, and a preacher who has not half enough to do: poor work! I gave them a discourse on 1 Cor. xv. 58. I have as much as I can bear in body and mind. I see what has been doing for nine years past to make Presbyterian-Methodists. At Warren I lodged with Samuel Childs; his wife is a Shunamite. We had freedom in our meeting here: I preached on Hebr. ii. 3.

Thursday, June 1. I had a feeling season at Somerset chapel whilst speaking from 1 Peter iv. 2. Brother Brayton's was my home. Levi Walker has not laboured in vain; but it seemed as if there had been three preachers to do one man's work. There are here two hundred and ninety one members. We reached Easton, and I was indeed tired; the carriage horse was too wild for me to drive, and the saddle horse started and jolted very much.

Massachusetts.—We reached Boston on Saturday: our route hither from New-York has cost us eight dollars for turnpike-gates, ferries, bridges, &c.; we called at but one tavern. The family who opened the door for us here is gone; but the house is in the possession of the stationed preachers and their wives.

I preached at the old chapel on Sabbath morning, and administered the sacrament. In the afternoon I gave them a discourse in the new chapel; it was an open time of much feeling, and deep attention was paid to the speaker. Had I not spoken sitting, pain and weakness would have prevented my finishing. May the Lord water his own word! I hear of a considerable revival in several places, and that the Lord is bringing out some children to do the work of men: "out of the mouths of babes"—so let it be!

On Monday we had a great show; the Governor came to town. I reached wretched Waltham dripping wet. I found the four generations in health, and I got, (O, how sweet!) a comfortable night's sleep, the first I have had for many nights. How good is rest to soul and body, after hard labour for the good of the souls and bodies of our fellow-men!

Awaking on Tuesday morning, I recollected that in the solemn hour of midnight it was strongly impressed upon my mind that I must go by Lynn: this was from God. I preached to a family congregation.

On Wednesday I passed through Menotomy, Medford, and Malden to Lynn. In the evening I preached. There have been awful times here for two years past—the preachers are a burden; they do not preach evangelically, do not visit families, neglect the classes. I have my load; but leaning to one side: one story is good until another is heard. Our hard going horses brought us through the dust to Marblehead on Thursday. I held forth on John viii. 31, 32. Poor Bachelor is in ill health, and shortly to be bound to a wife: so we go. We rode onwards through a goodly prospect of fine buildings and fine meeting-houses. At Beverly mine host did not quite understand praying in the daytime. At Joseph Weak's in the evening at Greenland. From this unpromising place, and other surrounding towns, God has raised up a society. On Saturday I found a happy, simple-hearted society at brother Gardener's. The labours of George Pickering and brother Stevens, have raised up, under God, a promising society here.

Sabbath 11. Henry Boehm spoke at six o'clock, myself at ten o'clock, H. Boehm again at two o'clock, when the holy sacrament was administered. I gave another discourse in the evening. We had crowded audiences. We returned for the night to Gardener's.

We passed through Berwick on Monday morning, and continuing on, stopped and supped with one Wells. We were here two years ago; we then prayed earnestly for, and with this kind family. It was not a forlorn hope it seems: the young woman who waited on us was brought out last August. We rode on through Kennebunk to Saco. Lodging in a tavern, we were opposed, but persisted in having prayer night and morning. Asa Heath gave us our breakfast, and we pushed on to New-Gloucester, making about eighty-four miles in the last two days. On Thursday we opened our conference, and sat closely at work.

Sunday 10. I preached to about three thousand deeply attentive people, from Isaiah xliv. 23. ; it was an open season. We have eighty-two men to do the work, forty of whom compose the conference. I have to lament my want of information respecting both the preachers and the circuits. We have ordained twenty-one deacons and seven elders. We have located eleven elders, re-admitted one, and added seventeen preachers upon trial. There is a small increase here, and fair prospects for the future. I am kept in peace.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—On Tuesday we came away through New Gloucester to Bradbury's. We rested a few minutes at Dennett's, Standish Corner, and rode onwards to Samuel Bachelor's, upon Saco; making forty miles for our day's journey. The rain overtook us at Brownfield on Thursday, but we continued on, and were most kindly entertained at Samuel Fox's, in Conway. On Friday I forded Saco: the rest of the company were in a boat. We came through Bartlett to Judge Hall's, and were kindly received. We hasted on to Rosebrook's, supped and went other six miles. Oh! the rocks, roots, pole-bridges and moschetos. We fell asleep about ten o'clock, and sprung up at four o'clock, and were away, without breakfast, towards Bethel; we stopped here awhile. Winding down along a river bank, we came to the bridge and crossed the Connecticut into Vermont, stopping at the widow Sias's, in Johnsbury. On Saturday morning we came away over awful roads, and made about forty weary miles to Danville.

VERMONT.—Sunday 25. In the court-house I preached from John vii. 17. I could only speak sitting. From New-York to Danville, we compute our ride to have been seven hundred miles: we passed many a fertile hill, and saw many fruitful vales, through which flowed noble rivers. We refit, expecting to fill an appointment for Tuesday. At Danville meeting-house on Tuesday, I attended with two of our preachers: I took a pew near the pulpit, and taught from thence, from Hebr. iii. 12—14. The court was in session, the congregation were large nevertheless. I received a polite invitation to preach to the court, but I had no strength and no time for this. We took a bite at the widow Sias's, and came on to Cabot. Near Jok-Pond, a heavy storm of rain and thunder overtook us, and drove us into shelter. I lodged with Mr. Dana. On Wednesday our route brought us through Marshfield, Plainfield, (exploring to the head of Onion-River as we went) to David Parson's, near Montpelier. I preached in the evening. In passing through Montpelier on Thursday, we remarked their fine state house, worthy of the seat of government of Vermont; to this, the Hotel is an appropriate appendage. Our way lay through Middlesex, Waterbury, Richmond, on to Williston, where, about mid-day, a storm overtook us. On Friday I preached at Fuller's, on Lake Champlain, from Titus iii. 7, 8. Here I ordained Joseph Sampson, a native of Canada, and sent him a missionary to his countrymen. The day of small things will be great; but the day is not yet come—rather, it is still afar off: patience, my soul! Do I not feel for the lost sheep? yea, verily.

Sunday, July 2. We had this day a crowded audience at Bridport. I sleep this night under the roof of Luther Chamberlain, near Ticonderoga Fort. On Monday I spoke in Hampton church on Galatians vi. 7—9.

New-York.—On Tuesday we kept along down Burgoyne's road, to Fort Edward. At four o'clock I preached in Doctor Lawrence's store, to about five hundred attentive hearers. It has been serious times for some days past; I feel the effect of riding thirty or forty miles a day, fasting long, and expected to preach every evening. I spoke on Romans viii. 1. at M'Cready's barn: it was an open season, but the flesh suffered. Thursday brought us to Father Hart's, on Saratoga Lake, to dinner. After refreshing, we went out under a plentiful rain, and mounting our beasts, directed our course away to General Clark's: here I preached in the bar-room, and had life and liberty. We have made nine hundred miles since we left New-York, as we compute. There will be an increase of eleven thousand this year. On Friday I rest and fast. On Saturday I visited Ballston Springs buildings—approximating in elegance to those of Bath in England. The water, a taste of beer, of lemon juice, and of salt of tartar. A ride of about forty miles brought us to Kingsbury in the evening.

Sunday 9. We took the wood for the shade, and I spoke to about a thousand people, from Matt. xvii 5. all were attention, and some felt the word. Brother Boehm closed a meeting of three hours continuance. There were twelve travelling and local preachers present. There is a contention between soul and body. I wish to fast as when young, and when fast day comes, the body has a journey of forty miles to make, perhaps, and do its part in preaching: but Christ is strength in my weakness. At the end of a thirty miles ride on Monday, I preached in Favill's barn. The young men here is pious, but without great gifts. Great men had passed them in the way to Canada. They were disappointed who hoped to have a meeting.

house, and congregations, and eminent teachers. Complaints are no new things to us, and I told them we expected such treatment. We tarried a minute at Morale's, Fallstown, and pushed up the turnpike to Caleb Willis's, Deerfield, where I preached. It was an open time. We passed Utica at the head of the Mohawk: this is a flourishing place, and we shall soon have a meeting-house there. Our route brought us through Hartford to Westmoreland, where, at four o'clock, I held forth from John vi. 66, 67. We had a number of travelling and local preachers present. My body is afflicted, and sore with heat, long rides, and labour. I preached in Silas Bliss's barn, in Zenovia, on Thursday; we had a profitable meeting. My bed was on the floor at night—it was cooler thus, and I accommodated my friend. Next day I again held forth in a barn in the village of Pompey. Here brother M'Kendree left me to serve alone. The evening brought us up at Paddock's, in Manlius. I laid along the floor, in my clothes. There was a lady in the corner, and brother Boehm in bed, like a gentleman. The female could not possibly occasion reproach, and so I was persuaded; but I wished I was somewhere else: my fear was not commendable. I rode to Doctor Holland's, Onondaga, on Saturday, and preached in the court-house.

Sunday 16. Spoke in the court-house at eleven o'clock; we had a full house. Contrary to my usual practice I directed my course away, and brought up at friend Young's, at Auburn. No food or rest to-day. The rain and Monday morning finds us at our friend Young's. The New-York and New-England Presbyterians are labouring to monopolize this country by building meeting houses, and other establishments. They will flourish awhile, but a despised and dispersed people will possess the land: Oh, the terrors of a camp-meeting to those men *of pay and show!* In the evening we mounted our beasts in the rain, and came six miles, dripping wet, to Asa Cumming's cabin, twelve feet square. On Tuesday morning we were well soaked before we reached David Eddy's; we dried, dined, prayed, and again got in motion and reached Milton, making thirty miles for the day's journey. Lodged at Baker's. We learn there is a revival in this place. We called upon James Egbert on Wednesday; he is a child of faith and prayer; I had visited his father's house. We had an awful time on Thursday in the woods, amongst rocks and trees, living, and dead, and prostrate, and barring our way; when we thought the bitterness of death was past, behold, the back-water had covered the Causeway. A kind soul, one Hathaway, directed us over the point of a hill, and so we got safe along and came to Ludowick Light's.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Friday 21. We were comfortable while resting at Doctor Hopkins's. Arrived at the ferry-house, no boat appeared, so I came back and called a meeting. Since we left Baltimore in April, we have rode, we compute, two thousand miles. Such roads, such rains, and such lodgings! Why should I wish to stay in this land: I have no possessions or babes to bind me to the soil: what are called the comforts of life I rarely enjoy; the wish to live an hour such a life as this would be strange to so suffering, so toil-worn a wretch. But God is with me, and souls are my reward: I may yet rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. I might fill pages with this last week's wonders. We are eighty miles behind our Sabbath appointment. I called at a certain house—it would not do—I was compelled to turn out again to the pelting of the wind and rain. Though old, I have eyes. The hand of God will come upon them; as for the young lady, shame and contempt will fall on her; mark the event. I preached on Friday at Tioga Point. We were at Judge Gore's by eight o'clock on Saturday morning. We took thence through the Narrows, and a late and rough ride brought us to a tavern lodging.

Sunday 23. We must needs ride to-day. Our route lay through Walnut-Bottom, but we missed our way, and the preaching of George Lane. A twenty-four mile's ride brought us to breakfast at Otis's. Brother Boehm upset the sulky and broke the shaft. Night closed upon us at Osterout's tavern. Passing along on Monday, we stopped to dine with Esq. Sutton. We lodged under the roof of the widow Dennison. On Tuesday morning we found the ferry at Wilkesbarre only just passable. Mervine gave us shelter for the night. We have rode thirty-eight miles to-day, and sore trials have we passed through. On Wednesday we rode through the beautiful villages of Nazareth and Bethlehem, and put up for the night at Allentown. Here are gambling sinners. We made a rapid ride of forty-two miles on Thursday. On Friday a thirty miles' ride brought us to Martin Boehm's. Delightful rest! but it may not be. Saturday morning put us into motion for Lancaster, where we tarried a few minutes, as also at Columbia, and continued forward for York, where I preached at six o'clock in the evening.

Sunday 30. I spoke on "Let your light so shine." I have at least twenty letters to answer, and but one day. Monday, company and business enough; and little time to refit. On Tuesday at eight o'clock at night I preached in Carlisle. Twice on the road hither we alighted, stopped, talked, ate, and prayed.

Wednesday, August 2. At Shippensburg. I have been simple enough to put plaisters too powerful to my knees; they are in blishere; so here is a bishop who can neither stand to preach, nor kneel to pray. My body is very feeble, but my soul enjoys perfect love, and perfect peace. Thursday brought me and my sufferings safe over three mountains to friend Thompson's. I preached at Littleton's on Hebr. iv. 12. we had few hearers, but it was a liberal season. Lodged at the old place, Ramsey's; it is James Hunter's house and home. We must attend to camp-meetings, they make our harvest times; the prospects just now are discouraging. On Saturday we rode rapidly to Bedford. The hand of God was manifested to-day in saving man and horse from wreck; the danger appeared exceeding great. I had Boehm and Hunter for my escort. Lodged at Stephenson's. I calculate the distance we have travelled since January 9 to this day, from Georgia to Bedford, Pennsylvania, at three thousand miles. We are generally amongst the poor—too frequently it is a tavern or starvation; many a time and oft the preachers crowd us; and sometimes we are wedged among the people in such a way that we can neither write nor think.

Sunday 6. I spoke to a very decent congregation on Acts iv. 12. 1. By original and actual transgression, sinners altogether born in sin; lost, as to strength, and wisdom, and righteousness. 2. The character of Christ, the only Saviour; in Deity, in his humanity, suffering, resurrection, ascension, and mediation. 3. The Gospel method of salvation. 4. The work of the ministry. I spoke in the court-house by necessity, not choice. There was but one indecorous thing observed; A. P. elder, put his feet up upon the banister of my pulpit whilst I was preaching; it was like thorns in my flesh until they were taken down. Our host is a kind Yorkshire man. On Monday we took the path to Berlin, and had a cool ride. Notice had been given of our coming, and the German Presbyterian priesthood caused the bell to be rung. Brother Boehm preached to them in high Dutch. My rude, rough ride made me more fit for bed than meeting. We encountered a mountain rain on Tuesday, which held us thirty miles and sent us dripping for shelter to a German friend's house. We called a meeting, and our exercises were in German. We gave away religious tracts, German and English. We have disposed of many thousands of these: it is our duty to do good in every possible way.

I preached in Anthony Banning's house on Wednesday. I bore a faithful testimony to the truth whilst speaking at Murphy's on Rom. xii. 12. I was unwell and chilly, having received damage by the rain. We learn that a camp-meeting will be held at Dr. Wheeler's in expectation of the two superintendents. Friday, a day of absti-

[illegible]: we are resting and refitting at Mrs. Stephens's. On Saturday we came to the old fort. We dined with a Mr. Hogg, a family lately from England, and as kind as the Methodists. Rode to camp, twenty miles: we had eight local preachers, seventy-three tents, perhaps three thousand people. The religious exercises great and constant.

Sabbath 13. I held forth on 2 Cor. vi. 20. I spoke but once; Bishop M'Kendree four times. I took occasion to be very plain, giving my hearers to understand that frames and feelings would not supply the neglect of family and closet worship, and the duties we owe to each other in society. We began our sacramental feast, but the people broke out into prayer and singing: we came away shortly after. The profligates would not come within our holy limits, but they drank plentifully of strong drink without. It appears that the bishops will hold a camp-meeting in every district; we are encouraged so to do: great power was manifested here, and much good was done: I will not say how I felt, nor how near heaven. 2 Sam. xi. 11.; this passage came strongly to my mind; I must take the field.

We came away to Brightwell's on Wednesday, and I gave them a talk on Hebr. iv. 2. Mary Brightwell, my beloved nurse last year, required my attentions in turn: her sufferings from a bilious cholic caused us to rise at midnight; she grew better after solemn prayer on her behalf. My subject at Fell's meeting-house on Thursday at eleven o'clock was Titus, ii. 12. and at Philip Smith's in the evening, Hebr. ii. 7. Want of rest last night, and hard labour to-day [illegible] tried flesh and spirit. I would not dine when invited, fearful of disappointing the congregation at three o'clock; and it was well I did not, for the cross-bar of the sulky broke, and the mending and the rest of the journey just left me time enough and none to spare: the Lord will always direct those who look up with humble dependence. We reached John Wrenshall's in Pittsburg on Friday evening. The Rev. Mr. Steel offered, unsolicited, in the name of the Presbyterian eldership, their large, elegant house for my Sunday's exercises. I preached at Thomas Cooper's on Saturday.

Sabbath 20. I accepted the offer made, and preached at three o'clock: it was an open time. Could we unite nations and languages, as well as spirits and tempers, we might do great things here. Will the Allegheny and Monongahela ever rise so high as to inundate the point of land on which the town stands—is such a thing impossible? A Baptist family by the name of Plummer received us on Tuesday. Young Plummer is sick, a child is sick, and the whole family feel awful. Who will pray with young Plummer when we are gone? the young man is certainly under convictions. Twelve miles brought us to Fawcett's on Tuesday morning; I gave them a sermon on Rom. viii. 9. The weather on Wednesday was exceeding warm, nevertheless we started for Washington. I spoke in our own house to a goodly congregation as to numbers. The Rev. Browne was present, and some Seceders, as I was told; surely the Millennium is approaching! I dined at Mr. M'Fadon's, and came on to Middletown. We crossed into Virginia and preached at Brook county court-house on the evening of Thursday. Our lodging was the stationed preacher's, William Sandinin. My brethren were kind enough to make appointments for me, at least to publish in the public prints more than I had designed: I might murmur at this, and perhaps I do; well, elders must be better and do more than other men—granted. I can truly say my life is like a daily death. God is my refuge and my reward. I preached on Saturday at Beck's.

Sabbath 27. At Short-Creek chapel my subject was 1 Thess. iv. 3. I contemplate two chapels; one of forty feet square, and the other of fifty feet; the first in Charleston, Alexander Wells to give the lot; and the other in Wheeling, the ground to be bestowed for its erection by Colonel Zane. Our appointment for Monday was in Wheeling court-house; I spoke with light, and life, and power. The following day, (Tuesday) brother Boehm spoke at St. Clairsville.

Ohio.—Wednesday 30. We found the roads disagreeable in the Wills-Creek bottoms. While tugging forward, crack went the breast-band, and crack went the shaft; we were two hours in the night, and at last reached Spears's tavern. Next day, (Wednesday) we made eighteen miles to Springfield, where I preached by appointment: we had about four hundred people: I wanted my breakfast, I wanted strength, and I wanted sleep. Brother Boehm preached at Zanesville, named after Colonel Zane, who so kindly entertained us at Wheeling: he is a very extraordinary man, and the history of his life a strange one. The first of the month I rode thirty-five miles to Edward Teel's. Brother Boehm preached on Saturday.

Sunday, September 3. I preached at Teel's. On Monday I spoke in the elegant court-house in New-Lancaster. We dined with Mr. Tongue, and went forward, sixteen miles, to Laking's: I was weak and weary with riding on horseback, but I had great consolations in God, and a witness of holiness in my soul. We have our difficulties with the married preachers, their wives, and children; but whilst God is with us these difficulties may be well borne. I pray God that there may be twenty camp-meetings in a week, and wonderful seasons of the Lord in every direction. I preached on Wednesday at [illegible]'s house. Rest on Thursday. Friday. This is my covenant day. We came twenty miles to Jefferson, and lodged with Mr. Nevill. Doctor Tiffin received us kindly on Saturday. After dinner we rode on to Deer-Creek, and housed with White Brown.

Sabbath 10. I preached in mine host's barn: my subject was 2 Cor. vi. 1, 2. Brother Lakin added an exhortation, and brother Boehm gave them a discourse. At a late camp-meeting I learn that seventy joined society: the prospects are great.

O what a charming view presents itself from Doctor Tiffin's house!—but these long talks about land and politics suit me not; I take little interest in either subject: O Lord, give me souls, and keep me holy! Our route through the priaries, the weeds as high as our heads on horseback, showed us on Monday almost every desirable comfort but pure water. We stopped on the north branch of Paint-Creek. At Jacob Cutler's, on Tuesday, we had an interview with M'Daniel, Flood, and Trader, official men. These and Hunt's settlements are greatly improved, and the Methodists have increased. Thirteen miles was the extent of our Wednesday ride; we stopped at Pelham's. We remain Thursday and Friday; my study of divinity is Wesley's sermons; I read some of them to-day. As I cannot often meet Bishop M'Kendree, and meeting, we cannot be alone for talk, I wrote a letter of counsel to him. I preached on Saturday. I felt solemn whilst dining at Philip Davis's: this is an old Virginia family, and here are brethren and sisters whom I have known, some twenty, others above thirty years. Life is short. We set out for Mad-River, and reached Andrew Read's; I gave them a discourse on John iii. 17. I spoke at William Hamer's on Tuesday; my subject was Isaiah xxxv. 3, 4, 5. There is a serious affliction in the family; I sympathise with them. Dayton is a growing town; we passed through it on Wednesday. I found the son of a Methodist from Gunpowder-Neck, one Horner, and lodged with him. On Thursday we came down Little and Great Miami; the rich lands of these rivers are occupied by New-Lights, Shakers, Methodists,—and sinners to be sure. I was glad to stop at Daniel Baker's. I slept about five hours last night; I had excessive labour, a crowd of company, and hogs, dogs, and other annoyances to weary me. I am thankful for a prospect of one night's quiet at John Harden's, near Hamilton, Butler county; preached for them on Friday; we had a large and lively meeting. Saturday brought us to the descendant of a German. We came on to Millford, Little Miami. Here are folks from most of the eastern states, and of all professions: they have good land, and this rarely makes people any better.

Sabbath 24. I spoke in the new chapel in Millford: Brothers Lakin and Bonham also spoke. I feel the importance of the approaching conference. At brother Gatch's on Monday I filled up the day in planning, writing, and reading. We visited Andrew Maguire's family. Preached on Wednesday; the house was full, and the weather excessively warm: *faint yet pursuing*. My aid is almost [illegible] the Germans. I lodged at M'Carmut's. Thursday I stood up at Columbia, and gave them a talk on Matt. vii. 7—12: the heat was extreme. Fair Cincinnati brought us up. The house here is enlarged and the society has increased. Our brother West is sick and cannot come to the conference; many of our brethren will be absent. Friday, humiliation day. Muskingum district will have four camp-meetings. At Kanhaway there were one thousand people present; at St. Clairsville three thousand souls at least; at Rush-Creek nearly as many. In Miami district seventeen camp-meetings in the year; in Scioto circuit four; Hockhocking two; Deer-Creek two; Mad-River three; White-water two; Cincinnati two; and White two.

Sabbath, October 1. Brother Blackman preached at nine o'clock, brother M'Kendree at twelve o'clock, and brother Burk at three o'clock: there were, it is judged, three thousand souls on the ground. I may add, that the list may be complete, seventeen camp-meetings for Indiana district. I thought it proper to render an account of all I had received, and all I had expended on the road: all given away came out of my own pocket. More of camp-meetings—I hear and see the great effects produced by them, and this year there will be more than ever.

Sabbath 8. I preached in the morning; and in the evening I also spoke again by way of exhortation. The conference closed its labours, and the members separated on Monday.

KENTUCKY.—My party came away to Carroll's. Next day we stopped with Captain John Sterne, from Stafford, old Virginia. At midnight I called up my fellow-travellers, and set out, having an appointment at Mount Gerizim chapel. We arrived in time, and had an ordination, after which I gave an exhortation. Lodged at Whitaker's. Came in haste next day to Martin's meeting-house, where I discoursed on Psalm lxxxv. 1—9. We held a conciliatory conference with several of the local preachers, on the subject of the ordination of local elders. On Friday Bishop M'Kendree preached, and I also spoke, embracing various subjects in my exhortation. Lodged at Major Martin's. We moved early on Saturday morning, [illegible] of Hunkell's, and crossed the Kentucky by fording. Kind John Bennett's brought us up for the evening. We have stationed about eighty travelling preachers: rejected fourteen; located nine: there is an increase of two thousand three hundred and sixty-six members in this western conference. We have in Mississippi, fifteen travelling and eight local preachers; and three hundred and sixty members: if spared and so directed, I shall see that country and Canada before I die.

Sabbath, 15. I spoke in Bennett's chapel on John iii. 19. I spoke very plain to a gay congregation. Captain Irwin took me home with him. Our way led through Richmond on Monday, and over the Long Hill: we pressed on to Dennis's—any port in a storm. A rough ride of fifteen miles, on Tuesday morning, brought us to Howard's: twenty years ago my kind host received me in Georgia. Another rough ride of twenty miles brought us, by moonshine, to Mr. Johnson's, where we were entertained like gentlemen. An early start on Wednesday morning gave us advantage of the day, and we came twenty miles to breakfast; we ate, and prayed, and went forward to Mr. White's, where we were comfortably lodged and entertained.

Tennessee.—Came away on Thursday across Powell's and Clinch Rivers, and reached Cheek's for the night. My health has been, beyond expectation, good: I have travelled on horseback generally. I am continually in prayer; but a certain fiend assails me without ceasing—this is for my humiliation. Friday. I chasten soul and body this day. Our expenses for the last five days have been five dollars thirty cents. We were favoured in two houses, or the sum would have been greater. We crossed Holston at Marshall's ford on Saturday. 'Squire Read has built a neat pine chapel in a short time. We lodge with him.

Sabbath 22. I gave them a discourse on Rom. xii. 6—20. Pattison, Stier, and Boehm followed: there was also preaching at night. I spoke at Benjamin Vanpelt's chapel on Monday. At Warrensburg, next day, my subject was Rom. vi. 1—5. We dined with the elders of the house of Conway, and lodged with the only son, Thomas Conway. Preached at Obaver's chapel on Wednesday. Dined, and came on to friend Ellis's. We suppose we have made three hundred and forty miles since we left Cincinnati. My mind and body have had no small exercise in bringing my stiff-jointed horse over the rocks, and rough, and deep roads. I preached at Harrison chapel on Gal. v. 7—10.; the text is a sermon. We crossed the French Broad, and fed our horses at the gate of Mr. Wootenpile; he would accept no pay but prayer; as I had never called before, he may have thought me too proud to stop. Our way now lay over dreadful roads. I found old Mr. Barnett sick: the case was a desperate one, and I gave him a grain of tartar and a few composing drops, which procured him a sound sleep. The patient was very thankful, and would charge us nothing. Here are martyrs to whiskey! I delivered my own soul. Saturday brought us to Killian's. Eight times within nine years have I crossed these Alps. If my journal is [illegible] it will be as well to give the subject as well as the chapter [illegible] of the text I preach from. Nothing like a sermon [illegible] Here now am I, and have been for twenty nights, [illegible] ple; and the whole family striving to get round me.

Sabbath 20. At Buncombe I spoke on Luke xiv. 10. It was a season of attention and feeling. We dined with Mr. Erwin, and lodged with James Patton: how rich, how plain, how humble, and how kind! There was a sudden change in the weather on Monday; we went as far as D. Jay's. Tuesday, we moved in haste to Mud Creek, Green-River Cove, on the other side of Saluda. Lodged with kind and pleasant Thomas Edward. On the first of the month, (December) we reached Staunton Ferry. We suppose we have rode five hundred and ten miles since we left Cincinnati; what heights, what hills, what rocks! Lord, thou preservest man and beast! The disagreeable part of this western wandering is the necessity of stopping at night. Ah! how different are the taverns here from the houses of entertainment in the Atlantic states! And the keepers of these poisonous liquor shops! Is there one who fears God and encourages prayer? One or two; the rest are drunkards.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—We are at father Staunton's on the Saluda. Our host is an Israelite indeed, and the wife worthy of such a husband. Here is a society of sixteen souls. I gave a discourse at Salem chapel. It is a cloudy day, well fitted for retreat. I wrote a very long letter to Doctor Coke. We have a quarterly meeting on Friday. On Saturday I preached on Luke xviii. 1.

Sabbath 5. I preached in the open air, because our cabin meeting-house was small and open. My subject led me out on the antiquity and truth of Holy Writ: the characters of Moses and Christ, calling the attention to the likeness, but superior excellence of Jesus, at the times of the presence and power of the Almighty, and the more perfect and abundant good produced by this latter manifestation. We had a sacramental feast. On Monday we came away, and attended to the mending of our travelling gear. There are no small numbers of the preachers about here married this last year. I have read with satisfaction *the Star in the East*: Lord, hasten the [illegible] all shall know Thee! O, Reedy River circuit—spiritually and temporally poor! Tuesday, Powell's—I preached. My friend has taken a new wife, and built a new house. His former wife was kind to me; I saw where her remains and those of her daughter lay—they fell asleep in Jesus. We rode into Aberville, and stopped at George Connor's. Great news—great times in Georgia—rich and poor coming to Christ. At Connor's chapel I spoke, on Thursday, on Rom. xiii. 11, 12. After sermon I ordained John Stone a local deacon. Friday, a rainy day. In Edgefield the Baptists are carrying all before them; they are indebted to Methodist camp-meetings for this. I preached at opening the new chapel on Luke xix. 9.; we had an open time. The Methodists have great success in Camden district; surely there must be some good done—all are on fire, and I feel the flame: God is with preachers and people.

Sunday 12. I preached to about one thousand people on Titus ii. 11. The quarterly meeting engaged our attention six hours every day. Our route on Monday lay over Bush-Creek. This is, or was, a Quaker settlement: the *Friends* have gone to rich lands, unpolluted by slavery—they have formed a settlement in Ohio. I preached in Tranquil chapel on Tuesday—God has blessed Stephen Shell's family. Grandmother, who was waiting in great peace for her summons, was called away in August last. I must needs preach at Major's chapel: my subject was the *great salvation*. Lodged with Colonel H. Herndon. O how kind! Thursday, rode to Jeremiah Lucas's. I was in heaviness of mind, and suffered in the flesh. Brother Boehm preached in the chapel.

Sunday 19. I preached to about one thousand souls, standing in the chapel door. The house could not contain the people on any day: some came to see, some to hear, and some felt. We have laboured for three days about six hours a day on our private business. We crossed Pacolet, Thicketty and Broad-River, on our way to Josiah Smith's on Monday. On Tuesday I preached for them, and Boehm and Hill exhorted; it was a gracious season. Wednesday we came through York to William Gassaway's. There was heavy snow for about twelve hours. Brother Boehm preached at the dwelling-house, and I gave them a sermon in the chapel. On Friday we took the road to Wassaws, and with some difficulty, kept the path, and the horses their feet. In about nine hours we made our way, crossed Lenham's ferry, and came in to Robert Hancock's, stiff and chilled. Oh for patience and courage!

On Saturday we attended a small congregation of thirty souls.

Sunday 26. At the WAXHAW chapel I preached to four hundred souls. An exhortation followed, and the sacrament. Monday, a cold ride to William Heath's, on Fishing Creek. I met a congregation on Tuesday, in a log cabin, scarcely fit for a stable. To my surprise, a number of United States' officers came up; I invited them in: these gentlemen are attached to an establishment at Rocky Mount; they behaved with all the propriety I expected of them. Wednesday brought us where a sermon was expected, and I gave them one. I made an acquaintance with a venerable pair—Mr. Buchanan and wife, Presbyterians, and happy in the experience of religion. A brick chapel is building at Winnsborough for the Methodists. We lodged at William Lewis's,—but late emerging into light. On Thursday we had a chilly ride of twenty five miles to Mr. Watson's. It rained excessively on Friday, yet I visited James Jenkins, and baptised his child, Elizabeth Asbury Jenkins. We reached Camden on Saturday.

Sunday, December 3. I preached in the tabernacle to about five hundred people, and as we had two distinct congregations in the house, I dropped a word of advice to the poor Africans in presence of the whites. Brother Boehm preached in the evening. On Monday I was seriously afflicted in body. In much weakness of flesh, and solemnity of mind, I set out, on Tuesday, for Black-River. There are great changes in the house where I stopped—my dear old Mary is dead, and there is another wife. On Wednesday I saw the third house on Black-River—fifty by thirty-six feet. I spoke in an especial manner to Henry Young's negroes, who were called together for that purpose. At Samuel Rembert's on Thursday. My host proposes shortly to remove to Georgia. We preached to a small meeting on Friday. Henry Boehm preached on Saturday at James Caper's.

Sunday 10. We had a five hours' meeting. Tarpley and Hobbs prayed after I had preached; some had come to be prayed for. We made a cold, heavy ride of forty five miles on Monday. We reached Kell's tavern in the night. The road was dreadfully ploughed up with wagons; the ferry was wide, and we had the swamp to pass, and dip, dive and go—we laboured through it: this was our Tuesday's task. Wednesday evening brought us rest in Charleston. Where does the cotton go, that arrives in such quantities?—to *England* and *France*, in spite of the non-intercourse. I am mainly ignorant of these things, and have no wish to be wiser. Our old church is enlarged, and our parsonage completely fitted up. I am busy writing, or occupied with my Bible and Ramsay's History.

Sunday 17. I preached in Cumberland chapel: I concluded with a close application. Bishop M'Kendree came in on Tuesday. I received many letters with pleasing accounts from the north. Sarah Dickens once, now Sarah Baker, in Baltimore, has lost her child; and God has converted the mother: is not this another answer to prayer? Father Everitt has gone in glory to glory: God be glorified! Four hundred people attended our ministry on Friday. I have eighteen letters to answer, and more are no doubt on their way. We have prayed especially and earnestly for our conference: surely God will hear! It is all peace with preachers and people. On Saturday conference sat to work in earnest, and in great order. Thomas Glenn's case is a serious one—he is suspended for imprudence, but not for gross immorality.

Sunday 24. We had a gracious feast of love. I preached at Cumberland in the morning, and at Bethel in the evening. We laboured straight onward Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday: Friday was set apart for ordination: it was desired that I should preach: it was a season of tears. We came out of Charleston on Saturday, and lodged for the night at Mrs. Brian's quarter, with Thomas M'Kendree, who fed us richly. A Sabbath's journey brought us to a sick man's house. I prayed with our host, and administered some medicine which procured him ease.

Monday, January 1. The first day of the year 1810, we crossed Potato-Ferry. Thomas Lesley was ill, and we stopped at Haydicken's, and gave him medicine: we were compelled to leave him at Blackmingo. Missing our way, we dropped upon Mr. John Graham; he was a Presbyterian, and showed us much kindness. On Tuesday we crossed Porter's ferry. I have been unspeakably happy in God to-day. The people of Charleston have been faithfully warned; and it will be seen not many days hence, how God was with the conference. We were kindly entertained on Wednesday by Moses Smith—What do the rich do for us but spoil us? Ashpole was deep enough on Thursday; we got over in safety, and stopped at Joseph Lee's. We have had a drop of rain now and then; but there has fallen much all around us. At Fayetteville on Friday I was very unwell; but I laboured through five letters.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Sabbath 7. I preached in our enlarged house in the morning, and Bishop M'Kendree in the evening. We came rapidly next day forty-five miles to the widow Anderson's. At Wilmington I spoke in the new chapel on Wednesday: I find the work of God is going on here. We are well in temporals, and a most correct account has been furnished us of all expenditures. I met the African elders, and gave counsel concerning the parsonage, the painting of the new fences, and the alteration and increase of the benches in the chapel. I recommended the purchase of a grave-yard, and gave a special charge concerning the poor:—Oh, let me ever remember these! A general fast day for the African churches was appointed. Thursday we rode forty-two miles to George Sheppard's. On Friday we stopped at Lot Ballard's, for refreshment and prayer, and fled away to Adonijah Penn's: we were an hour in the night. We reached Newbern on Saturday evening. I am in unceasing prayer. Erasmus Hill may possibly sell the Gospel for a rich wife, as three or four others have done. Should I say here, And thou, Francis, take heed?—not of this sin.

Sabbath 14. I preached in the morning: my mind enjoys great peace. Bishop M'Kendree spoke in the afternoon. Our prospects here are not very encouraging. On Monday we hasted away across Neuse, at Street's ferry, to Mr. Allen's: we dined and put off again, crossing Swift-Creek, and came in after night to the widow Carman's. A hard ride next day, of about fifty miles, brought us to the widow Williams's in the night—rain in plenty. Rose at five o'clock to our day's work; and Joseph Peppins received us, and sheltered us for the night. Thursday, up again at five o'clock, and passed through Murfreesborough to Jesse Battle's. Are we riding for life? Nay; but we must not disappoint people—we are men of our words. I feel for others in bad travelling; but little for myself. Our horses are always well fed, and never fail: Lord! thou preservest man and beast, I may truly say. My soul is strong in faith, and constantly engaged in prayer. On Friday we crossed Knotty-Pine at Manning's ferry; stopped a few minutes at Judith Baker's, to talk and pray, and came in to D. Southall's, at Gates court-house. It is pleasant, but cold, cold! We proceeded with borrowed horses to Edenton. It is still excessively cold. Lodged with William Hankins.

Sabbath 30. Snow storm. We had twelve women and six men at the new chapel, and about one hundred Africans. I preached in the evening at Hankins's to about forty women; my subject was a comment on our Lord's conversation with Martha. E. Jones, by providence, has built us a house, and laid the foundation for an African chapel. Monday brought cold, and ice, and snow—it was well the horses were rough. We came in safety to Gates. We had dangerous travelling on Wednesday: lodged with D. Duke. On our way to Norfolk we stopped at J. Lunsford's: came into Norfolk after night.

VIRGINIA.—Thursday, closely employed in writing letters. I called the official members together to consult upon the propriety of setting apart a day for fasting, humiliation, and prayer. Friday, fasting and humiliation. I gave a brief discourse at the chapel on Joel ii. 12, 13. Saturday, read my Bible and Marshall's Life of Washington.

Sabbath 27. I preached and met the society of both colours: I said many things, and some wept. I gave them a discourse at Portsmouth. Excessively cold on Tuesday; I preached at Cox's chapel. In future I will try to hold the meetings in private houses. At Suffolk in the evening—poor Suffolk! On Thursday I gave an evening discourse at General Wells's: the house was full. A cold ride brought us to William Blunt's on Friday evening. Mine host's wife and son are in affliction. My flesh complains of cold riding and the labour of preaching—may I be made perfect through sufferings! Saturday brought us through rain and snow, without eating or prayer, although we stopped twice, to William Birdsong's. Oh, how comfortable!—and we can pray here.

Sabbath, February 4. The day is serene; and so is my soul. I preached at mine host's, and at Wright Ellis's. Here were great times thirty years ago; many are fallen asleep, and the children forget God. I felt awful in enlarging amongst these people upon the *great salvation*. I called twice at Blackwater church—shivering, eating a morsel, and praying. Our people preach there with success, and an encouraging society is formed. Lord, increase our faith! On Monday we wrought our solitary way through the woods to Allen's bridge: the widow Pennington received us; her husband is dead—she is sick—her children irreligious: Oh, misery! Oh, mercy! We went on to James Roger's, where I gave them a discourse, and spoke as if a thousand had been present. We have passed like a mail through South and North Carolina. I solemnly sympathize with my dear brother Boehm—he has suffered greatly in his journey—an awful cough and fevers: Lord, what is life! Here is William Greaves almost gone at fifty-five; Robert Jones, a helpless man at seventy-two—sunk to second childhood: God is with him. A fasting, weary ride, brought us to Petersburg. Our conference began on Thursday; and rose on the following Thursday. We had, Friday, ordination, and preaching in abundance. I gave an answer to an important question—it was, Whether the bishops had a right to form the eighth, or Genesee conference? as also gave an answer to the Virginia conference. At mid-day we started for Richmond, and arrived after a six hours' ride, without stopping. We stopped on our route next day at Caroline court-house. A rapid ride through cold and snow brought us to Fredericksburg, forty miles.

Sabbath 18. I preached to about one hundred souls—a day of feeble things. After meeting the society, I felt a freedom in my mind to travel onwards. We stopped at Suttle's, and our bill was three dollars, without wine or stronger drink. Monday came on to Dumfries; where we stopped to visit a sick man and administer the sacrament. Arrived in Alexandria, and housed for the night with brother Sandford. Tuesday I preached to a few souls. Came to the Federal City on Wednesday, and rested three days. Ah, what a world of bustle and show have we here! On Friday I preached, though taken with a great hoarseness. We rode on to our brother [illegible] in Bladensburg. Saturday brought us through desperate roads to Baltimore. Fasting to keep down a hoarseness and sore throat.

MARYLAND.—Sabbath 25. At Light-street my subject was James iv. 8—11. In the afternoon I spoke at the African house on 1 Peter v. 5, 6, 7. I have had little rest for several nights. I visited Annapolis on Monday, and preached for them. The affection of the people is great, and my unworthiness is greater. No rest for Tuesday. We crossed, with wind and cold, South-River ferry. I thought of taking down my wallet and eating my morsel of bread under the lee of some favouring tree, when, behold, Colonel Rawlins and Samuel M'Cubbin joined us—O, the case is altered! They can now receive a Methodist in their houses. Again in motion; we went, cut and go, through the bleak weather to brother Wood's: here was one of my earliest stands for preaching twenty-eight years ago. Wednesday, at the widow Tannehill's, I spoke to a full house. The work of God prospers in this quarter. I lodged once more with mine ancient friend Captain W. Weems. Oh, my jaws and teeth!

Thursday, March 1. In West Maryland, we have nine circuits, five stations, twenty-five preachers, one hundred chapels, eleven thousand six hundred and twenty-two members; and, perhaps one hundred local preachers. I am kindly and comfortably entertained by Miss Eliza Skinner. A cold Friday: we had about four hundred souls at Gray's meeting; they were deeply serious whilst I expounded 1 Cor. xv. 58. Lodged at the widow Skinner's. I spoke on Saturday at Plumb Point to five hundred attentive hearers; after dining with Samuel Emes, we returned to William Weem's. I have a continued pain in my jaws, so that I chew with difficulty. Our labour is not in vain in these parts.

Sunday 4. I held forth to about one thousand attentive souls in Weem's chapel on "the great salvation." I lodged with David

Watters: his wife is in glory, his daughters in the church, and his sons in the world. On Monday we rode fourteen miles through damps and thick woods to Samuel M'Cubbin's. I was done over. I suffered for a severe inflammation in the face. Tuesday morning, sick and suffering, I rode sixteen miles and filled an appointment at Bicknell's chapel. I hasted on to Baltimore on Wednesday. Thursday, very sick; I used bleeding and medicine. I was scarcely able to sit in conference on Friday. Day of fasting and humiliation to all the members. Saturday, busy.

Sunday 11. Bishop M'Kendree preached. We had an ordination. I spoke by way of exhortation. Saturday, the conference went forward with order and despatch, and rose at ten o'clock this morning. I rode to Perry-Hall.

Sunday 18. Rode ten miles to the new chapel in Middle-River neck. *I would not ride in the coach.* Will my character never be understood? But gossips will talk. If we want plenty of good eating and new suits of clothes, let us come to Baltimore; but we want souls. A damp and misty Monday; but we set out for Henry Watter's. I parted at Deer-Creek (Ah, where to meet again!) with aged father Boehm, and my ancient friend Watters. We found the wind fresh from the south in crossing the Susquehannah; but hard toil and a kind Providence, brought us safely over, and we came into North-East, hungry and faint. I was mortified for an hour with one who had been expelled from our society. On Wednesday I once more preached at North-East. Bishop M'Kendree exhorted. We hasted away fifteen miles to Bohemia. My soul enjoys great peace. Thursday, at Bohemia chapel, I spoke to a serious congregation; in the evening once more under the roof of Richard Bassett.

Delaware.—Friday 23. I gave a discourse at Union chapel. On Saturday attended the preaching of brother Pickering at Friendship. I dined with Gideon Emory; his father received me thirty-three years ago.

Sunday 25. At Smyrna my subject was 2 Chron. xxxii. 25, 26. it was an open time. G. Pickering spoke after me. We collected liberally for Boston chapel. I felt solemn while walking in the grave-yard: here moulder my friends of thirty years past. The Africans were serious and attentive in the afternoon while I was speaking to them. I wrote letters to the south. My soul is full of confidence in God. On Monday I preached at Dover chapel; and next day at Green's chapel. Most of my old friends in this quarter have fallen asleep; but their children are generally with me, and the three generations baptized. We hold in the peninsula, comprising the eastern shore of Virginia and Maryland, and the state of Delaware, about one hundred houses of God, twenty-two thousand nine hundred and thirty-five members; preachers, travelling and local, two hundred and thirty-eight. Dined with Philemon Green, and lodged with Andrew Barrett.

At Barrett's chapel, brother Pickering and myself preached. On Thursday we had a cold ride to visit two families. Oh, Milford, there is death in the pot! Friday, at Milton I preached as was expected; and also at Lewistown on Saturday.

Sunday, April 1. I preached at Ebenezer. An awful storm prevented the attendance of many. I spoke to the Africans in the town; and gave an exhortation in the church, after brother Pickering's sermon; we hope our labours for the day have not been in vain. Brother Pickering spoke again on Monday; I added an exhortation. There was a crowd at the Sound chapel on Tuesday. We lodged at Davis's. Brother Boehm preached at Martin's chapel: I added a few words. Lodged at Lester's. At Prideaux's chapel, on Sinipuxent, on Thursday. Who could well be kinder than the proprietor of this name who gave us the land! I was led to be very plain on Friday at Bowen's chapel: there is life here. Lodged at Samuel Porter's, the steward of the circuit; he is a solemn man in his appearance, as an official character ought to be. I have had in my own spirit and flesh trials and sufferings, and also strong consolations. Paid a visit to William Quinton on Saturday.

Sunday 8. At Snowhill the rain prevented more from attending than just filled the house. After preaching I met the society, white and coloured: the exercises of the day employed three hours. Lodged with B. Dewer: I spoke to a feeling people at Swan's Gut meeting-house. On Monday we went on to Hometown. Methodist preachers politicians! what a curse! This is a rude, cold spring, and I feel it sensibly: my jaws are still painful, and I cannot eat hard food. Oh for faith and patience! Tuesday morning I found Bishop M'Kendree had begun meeting. In the evening I preached on Rom. viii. 1.; it was a very solemn time—doubtless the last with some of us.

VIRGINIA.—Wednesday 11. I preached at Newtown; we were crowded. This is a flourishing little place, and we have a beautiful little chapel. We came on, and once more visited Samuel Smith: I found him calm and happy in God after strong temptations. I preached at Curtis's chapel to a crowded and attentive house. There is a great change for the better in the morals and manners of all ranks of people in this end of the peninsula, and none pretend to deny that the Methodists have wrought it. I rode down to Francis

Waters's in Potato-Neck. They keep me busy: I must preach; I am senior; have been long absent; some never expected to hear me again; possibly I may never come again: I am reminded that such and such I dandled in my lap: the rich, too, thirty years ago, would not let me approach them; now I must visit them and preach to them: and the Africans, dear, affectionate souls, bond and free, I must preach to them. O God, give us the poor! Preached at the chapel on Friday: lodged with S. Madox. On Tuesday I had the use of the Presbyterian meeting-house; it being court-time we were crowded. After dining I faced a storm of wind and dust in our route to Salisbury.

MARYLAND.—Sabbath 15. At Salisbury I preached at Quantico chapel: we held an ordination after sacrament. I met the society, and afterward gave a long exhortation to the Africans. On Monday I preached at Ennall's chapel; dined at the widow Ennall's, and rode on twelve miles to Cambridge, and lodged with Doctor White. Tuesday I gave them a discourse in Cambridge. Called upon G. Ward, and rode forward to Thomas Foster's pleasant cottage. On Wednesday I had a meeting at Washington chapel: it was a quiet, solemn, and feeling time. I met the society to my great comfort: they are faithful. On Thursday we opened the Philadelphia conference at Easton, and went with despatch and great harmony through our usual work. We had preaching as usual, and a camp-meeting in the neighbourhood: the stations were read off with much solemnity, and we parted in peace. What a grand and gracious time we have had! how kind and affectionate the people! There have been some serious changes of my making:—may I please the Lord, and all men to edification and consolation! We have added nine, located nine, and stationed seventy-four preachers. On Saturday we came away at five o'clock to Henry Downs's: my host and his wife are old acquaintances and friends; we met and parted with the feelings of such. I went on and dined with P. Harrington at Greensburg, another ancient friend: we reached Dover at the end of a fifty miles' ride for the day. Bishop M'Kendree preached at night; I followed with a few observations on real discipleship and true friendship to the Lord Jesus. Moved to Kenny's on Monday. I preached at Salem chapel on Tuesday the 1st of the month: on Wednesday at the new chapel, and in the evening at the African chapel in Wilmington. After preaching at Bethel chapel, we had a ride through the rain to Mount chapel, and here ended our Thursday's labours: I hope they were not in vain; lodged at Aaron Mattson's. Friday unwell; the appointment was at four o'clock by information; brother

Boehm attended at eleven o'clock, and he was right. At Chester church I preached the funeral of Mary Withy on Saturday: she was awakened to a deep inquiry respecting the salvation of her soul whilst I officiated in her house at family prayer: this was in the year 1772, on my first journey to Maryland. She had lived twelve years a wife, forty-four years a widow, and for the last thirty years kept one of the best houses of entertainment on the continent: in her household management she had Martha's anxieties, to which she added the spirit and humility of Mary. Her religious experience had been chequered by doubts and happy confidence. She sleeps in Jesus. We came into Philadelphia late.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sabbath May 6. Preached, and we had an open time. There are difficulties here; some displeased with their stations.

NEW-JERSEY.—I came on to Burlington on Monday, and preached for them. Tuesday gave a discourse at Brunswick, in the court-house. Wednesday spoke in the new chapel, Rahway. Lord, what am I!—save me from fainting under my burden! As we came out on Thursday a man overtook us, hailed G. P. to tell him he ought to have preached against the iniquity of taking twelve per cent. interest on loans. T. M. and he may preach themselves grey before they will preach the people good. We are in New-York. Friday. Great times here—two new houses within the year. I preached at old John-street: this is the thirty-ninth year I have officiated within the walls; this house must come down and something larger and better occupy its place. Saturday at the widow Sherwood's. I saw William Blagburne, a member of the British conference twenty-five years, and well recommended by Doctor Coke and others.

NEW-YORK.—Sabbath 13. At the White-Plains we had a cold, cloudy day, but I had divine help whilst I commented on Hebr. vi. 9, 10.; I added a word of special exhortation to the Africans. At N. Purdy's I was greatly comforted in feeling the life in the members of the little society. The preachers have preserved order and discipline, but the fire has been kept up principally by others of less official importance. At Bedford chapel on Monday; after preaching we came on to Mr. Williams's: I baptized his child, Francis Asbury; may all such be the real children of God! Tuesday a long, cold, hilly, rough ride brought us by the widow Sandford's to Prince Howe's: we had a crowded congregation. Wednesday we passed a small, but excellent house for our people. I dined with brother Naice, Dover, and preached at Amenia. A heavy ride on Thursday brought us to E. King's, Egremont: brother Crawford preached, and I added a few warnings on the shortness and uncertainty of life.

Massachusetts.—*Friday* 18. Came through Great-Barrington: chiefly of the Anglican church here. Called at Mr. Stone's—kind and generous; thence by Lenox to Pittsfield. I have found it somewhat difficult to keep my mind in continual prayer whilst travelling these rude, rough, rocky roads. On Saturday I indulged in a little rest: wrote some letters.

Sabbath 20. I opened our solemn assembly at half past ten o'clock on Phil. iii. 17—21.; there was great heaviness in the congregation: Bishop M'Kendree spoke in the afternoon: his subject was well chosen and well improved. There was also a prayer-meeting, and in the Congregational house George Pickering preached. We sat in conference until Saturday: amongst the ordinations was that of Stephen Bamford, recommended from Nova-Scotia for elder's orders. We have stationed eighty-four preachers, sent two missionaries, one to Michigan, and one to Detroit. There was a considerable deficiency in our funds, which left the unmarried preachers a very small pittance.

Sabbath 27. Daniel Hitt preached in the morning, and Francis Asbury in the afternoon. We came away on Tuesday. On Wednesday we crossed the perpetual hills, and were willing to dine and rest a little. After refreshment we proceeded on over the beautiful Connecticut bridge, and gained Sunderland for the evening. Lodged at Mr. Leonard's. I resolved to send a missionary among these rude wilds: my feelings are strong towards the souls in the little towns on this route. We reached Northfield in twenty miles riding, stopped at Mr. Houghton's, and reached Chester on Thursday evening. Dark, dark!

Friday, June 1. Fasted from six o'clock yesterday until this evening at six o'clock. I spent some time in prayer and exhortation at Elias Marble's. Saturday, close application to writing and reading.

New-Hampshire.—Sunday 3. I officiated in the morning, and Henry Boehm in the evening: I think my words pierced the hearts of some like a sword. I neither spared myself nor my hearers. Monday, occupied in writing and reading. On Wednesday we opened our conference in the Presbyterian church. We had appointed a camp-meeting within three miles, where there was preaching three times a day. The ordinary business being gone through, I read off the stations on Monday, and closed, as usual, with solemn prayer. There was a work of God manifestly, and opposition rose powerfully: we regretted we could not stay two days more. Although amongst strangers, we were kindly entertained. And shall not our prayers be heard on behalf of these people?—yea, verily; and Methodism shall raise *Zion* from the dust.

MASSACHUSETTS.—We came away, over bleak rocks and hills, through Fitzwilliam to Winchester: I preached in a new, neat Methodist chapel of our own building. Next day to Waltham; and the day after to Boston. My mind has enjoyed much of God, and great consolation: I only want every minute and moment to be in prayer, mental or vocal.

Sunday 18. I spoke in the old chapel in the morning, with freedom; in the evening at the new chapel, with less liberty; but there was manifest power in the word. On Monday I wrote five letters of supplication to our brethren in Baltimore, Georgetown, Alexandria, Norfolk, and Charleston, for a congregational collection for the use of the new chapel here. Set out, winding my way through the crooked streets of the city, and passed through country villages to Easton. A young brother has lately died here in great triumph. Tuesday at Somerset, I gave them a discourse—it was close preaching. On Wednesday, at Warren, my audience gave me little of their attention. Our preachers get wives and a home, and run to their *doors* almost every night: how can they, by personal observation, know the state of the families it is part of their duty to watch over for good? We kept on our way to Rhode-Island. Oh, the death—the formality in religion! Surely the zealous, noisy Methodists, cannot but do good here! At Bristol, on Thursday, the truth was manifested, whilst I spoke with power to the consciences of the people. The *favourite* preacher is removed hence; sinners and saints are displeased at this; my labours stand for nothing; I must take my share of reproach. We lodged at a friend's house, and sent our horses to a tavern. I thank them even for this—what are we? Friday, humbled ourselves. I preached at Zoar chapel: I spared not, and the truth was felt. Visited T. Barker, and lodged with friend Ayerts. We are on our lees here—no riding of circuits—local preaching, and stations filled in the towns. My soul is bowed down by the consideration of the state of the church.

Sunday 25. I have preached three times to-day. I officiated in the evening, because it was observed that at the stated hours people ought to attend their own places of worship; and because I knew there were not a few who were ashamed to be seen going to a Methodist meeting:—eight o'clock screened them very well. I indulged a desire I felt to speak to the soldiers of the garrison at Fort Wolcott—there are faithful souls there. Colonel Beall had received orders, and was bidding farewell, to go and take a command in Maryland; I knew not which felt most, but I think the Colonel; the soldiers loved him as a father: it was, indeed, a painful parting. Monday we set out. Tuesday evening brought us to New-London. I called, on my way, to see Mr. Rogers: we refreshed body and soul by eating, talking, and prayer. I have seen Jesse Lee's History for the first time: it is better than I expected. He has not always presented me under the most favourable aspect: we are all liable to mistakes, and I am unmoved by his. I correct him in one fact. My compelled seclusion, in the beginning of the war, in the state of Delaware, was in no wise a season of inactivity; on the contrary, except about two months of retirement, from the direst necessity, it was the most active, the most useful, and most afflictive part of my life. If I spent a few dumb Sabbaths—if I did not, for a short time, steal after dark, or through the gloom of the woods, as was my wont, from house to house to enforce that truth, I (an only child,) had left father and mother, and crossed the ocean to proclaim, I shall not be blamed, I hope, when it is known that my patron, good and respectable Thomas White, who promised me security and secrecy, was himself taken into custody by the light-horse patrole: if such things happened to him, what might I expect, a fugitive, and an Englishman? In those very years we added eighteen hundred members to the society, and laid a broad and deep foundation for the wonderful success Methodism has met with in that quarter. The children, and the children's children of those who witnessed my labours and my sufferings in that day of peril and affliction, now rise up by hundreds to bless me. Where are the witnesses themselves? Alas! there remain not five, perhaps, whom I could summon to attest the truth of this statement.

Connecticut.—I gave them a sermon at New-London; and many attended at a short notice. We reached Colchester by twelve o'clock on Wednesday, and preached in the evening at Hebron. The congregation was small, because the people did not expect us to come through the rain: they will know us better by and by. On Thursday I preached at Eastbury in the woods, and had a gracious time. We passed through Hartford on Saturday, and continued on to Middletown. There was no appointment, as our coming was unknown. We hasted away on Monday—little sleep in an awful house. I preached at Burlington; it was what is called *close cutting*. There is some life here. Lodged with brother West, once a great seventh-day Baptist. I gave them a sermon at Goshen on Tuesday. Preached next evening at Amenia: they want a house; I gave them a plan. Friday, preached at Row's chapel. A ride of twelve miles farther brought us to brother Garrettson's. The ride, since we left New-York, I presume to be six hundred miles. Our ease in Zion makes me feel awful: who shall reform the reformers?—Ah, poor dead Methodists! I have seen preachers' children wearing gold—brought up in pride—Ah, mercy, mercy!

New-York.—Sunday, July 8. I preached in the chapel to a small congregation. Monday, crossed the North-River, came through Esopus, to John Crawford's, hungry enough.

We reached New-Durham. We prayed at Runyan's, and gave away books. The people came to hear me: spent with labour and sorrow, how could I preach? I hope the truth was felt. Lodged with father Hubbart. We beat our way up Catskill, and crossed the mountains to Middleburg. Some foolish boys were at cards; we were, however, respectfully treated. I prayed heartily for the family, and gave away some good books, and blessed the household in the name of the Holy Trinity;—shall our blessing be lost? We directed our course towards the New-Sharon camp meeting. I know not if the people might not starve in the mountains were it not for the saw-mills and lumber. We came into the camp. On Thursday I preached in the camp in the morning, and Henry Boehm at four o'clock in the afternoon, in German. I took occasion to direct a special exhortation to the members of the quarterly meeting. Friday, travelled forward to Cherry-Valley, and rested at brother Farley's. Our sister complained that I could not often be seen—she wished to be a few minutes in my company at Trenton; but she was afraid I was crowded. I told her that all who wished to see me might be indulged in the back-settlements—a cabin has not always two rooms. At Litchfield I visited the pious and aged Arnolds. Our ride of fifty miles, with abstinence, has made us faint. Saturday, through the Eaton of Chenango to Cazenovia—a ride of forty miles. I pray always: prayer is my life.

Sabbath 16. I preached in Silas Bliss's barn. Wednesday, I arrived this evening at Daniel Dorsey's. Friday. Our conference began to-day.

Sabbath 23. Preached at the encampment. Wednesday. Conference ended—great order and despatch in business—stationed sixty-three preachers. Came away to Geneva. Thursday. Went round Seneca-Lake. Friday. Bread and water. Came to Newton, and stopped at the widow Dunn's a few minutes for prayer, and continued on down to Tioga Point, and housed with Captain Clark. We have made forty-seven miles to-day. Saturday. We must needs come the Northumberland road; it is through an awful wilderness;

We stopped at Eldred's; they are English, and disciples of Priestley. Alas! Read and prayed in the woods. I leave the rest to God. If the cry of want of order came from God, the appointment of the Genesee conference was one of the most judicious acts of our episcopacy. We stationed sixty-three preachers, and cured some, till then, incurable cases. In the last three days and a half we have rode one hundred and forty miles; what mountains, hills, rocks, roots, and ruts! Brother Boehm was thrown from the sulky, but, providentially, not a bone broken.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sabbath 30. In the wilderness; but God is with us. Wretched lodging, and two dollars! Whilst busy in writing John Brown came and took us to his cabin. We forded the swoln and rapid streams three times; the Loyalsock was the worst. We have spent the remainder of the day in reading, singing, and prayer. The rains had increased the streams, so that we kept our retreat on Monday. Tuesday. At the fordings we found drift logs obstructing the way: the stream was very full, and our toil through it great. Two active, bold men, with the aid of a canoe, got us and the horses safe over. Thunder and rain, and an awful mountain, was now before us; but God brought us safe to Muddy-Creek. Deep roads and swollen streams we had enough of on our route to Northumberland on Wednesday. After waiting two hours at Morehead's ferry, on Thursday morning, we got over the Susquehannah, and dined at Ferguson's; these are Methodists lately from Ireland. Lodged at Mr. Folke's. Friday, to Middletown. We here broke bread with Doctor Romer, a German, who has translated our Discipline for his countrymen. My friends came in haste and gladness to see me; we prayed and parted, for time was precious. At Lancaster I was unwell. Fifteen letters met me here, and they were to be answered, and I had but a day. I preached in father Boehm's chapel.

Sabbath, August 3. Preached in Lancaster morning and evening. After forty years' labour we have a neat little chapel of our own. Monday, away for Columbia, and preached there at twelve o'clock. Came on to Little-York, and arrived at seven o'clock in the evening. Tuesday morning, rose at four o'clock, and after writing four letters, started away, calling on friends Naylor and Wall, stopping for the night at friend Weaver's. Reached Carlisle on Wednesday; preached in the evening. I drew a plan for a new chapel, seventy by forty-five, of one story: the cost about two thousand dollars. Shall I be able to answer the twenty letters that have met me here? A letter, which I saw, written by one of our preachers, says he has twenty-eight appointments to fill in twenty-five days, besides meeting one thousand seven hundred in classes—it was from Allen Green. Thursday. A very warm ride brought us to Shippensburg. Lodged with brother Reid. Preached in our improved chapel. Friday, came to Chambersburg. I preached in the court-house, though we have a neat little chapel; the word of truth shall not be lost. Saturday, was awfully warm, and we had a heavy ride over three mountains.

Sabbath 12. At Littleton chapel I preached; and we administered the sacrament; but as my aid was lame, the labour fell on me: though wearied and sore with travelling, I enjoyed a gracious season. Monday. We encountered the steep, rugged path over Sideling-Hill; we had heat, rocks, dust, and then rain. Bloody-Run is henceforth New-Hope. I preached at Bemerdollar's tavern. The Lord has seven in this family who fear and worship him. This was a very wicked place; but O, what hath God wrought! Tuesday, we shod our horses and came away to Bedford. Here it was wished I would stop and preach, but time did not permit. I dined with brother Stevens, and kept on, fourteen miles, to Metzkeffer's. Things in this house were not as they should be: brother [illegible] prayed in German. We were well treated. Wednesday. We rode eleven miles for our breakfast at Wynn's stone tavern, on the top of the Allegheny; thence to Mrs. Moore's in Somerset. Hard roads, and I am not well. Thursday. Our road, in places, was very bad: dined at Indian-Creek, and reached Connellsville in the evening. I enter my protest, as I have yearly for forty years, against this road. Lodged once more under the roof of my dear brother Banning, junior, and christened a child for him. We have rode, since we left Ontario, five hundred and forty miles by computation. O, what a life is this! My aid is lame, and I am obliged to drive. People call me by my name as they pass me on the road, and I hand them a religious tract in German or English; or I call at a door for a glass of water, and leave a little pamphlet. How may I be useful? I am old, and feeble, and sick, and can do little. I am grieved to find that little, promising Bedford circuit is likely to be injured by one I was afraid would not do his duty; feeble in mind and body, small things are to be hoped from him. And the poor Germans! they are as sheep without a shepherd. Came to the widow Stevens's on Friday. Saturday, we reached Brownsville, and dined at Mr. Hogg's.

Sabbath 19. I preached at the camp-ground morning and evening: the congregation might have amounted to three thousand souls. There were very wicked people there I learned, who desperately libelled brother M'Kendree and the preachers, and committed other abominable offences. Monday I was called on to preach in the morning. I took occasion to give a solemn warning to certain sons of Belial, that they would be watched, and their names published. I felt much, but God was in the truth. I suffered a great deal from hard lodging, and want of fire in the damps of the morning. There were about one hundred tents, besides wagons. To night a watch night. We started away on Tuesday. Surely this camp-meeting will be remembered in time, and its fruits seen in eternity. On Thursday I dined with Benjamin Fell and family: the old pair, about seventy, are patiently waiting for the consolation of Israel. I preached at Philip Smith's at four o'clock, after beating about twenty miles over the hills. Friday brought us to Pittsburg. Saturday, O what a prize! Baxter's Reformed Pastor fell into my hands this morning.

Sunday 26. Preached on the foundation of the new chapel to about five hundred souls. I spoke again at five o'clock to about twice as many. The society here is lively, and increasing in numbers. We rose at four o'clock on Monday, and started early. I called on Esquire Johnson; his wife is a daughter to my special friend, Barnabas Johnson: how affectionately was I received by old and young!—I have seen three generations of this family. We hasted away to Washington; and had heat and hard toil for travelling companions. I gave the good citizens a discourse at five o'clock: the principal members were gone to Short-Creek, but others filled their places. Can any one be kinder than my kind host M'Fadden? It is reported that at Short-Creek fifty persons were applicants for membership. Three hundred and thirty-five communicants. There were at this camp-meeting about fifty tents and forty wagons. I have been reading Fox; his narrative concerning himself and others is truly wonderful. Friday we rode twenty-two miles to Barnesville. I preached in a private house. The Methodists and Friends have a kindly contest for supremacy here. Saturday, to James Sherrock's, a local preacher, an Englishman from Lancashire. We went forward to Leatherwood's Creek.

Sunday, September 2. Rested and preached in Queensbury chapel, to a full house convened at a short notice. I was very plain. The prospects are encouraging in Wills's Creek circuit. I can read and think as in years past. My health is good, and I am in perfect peace and love! Oh, the goodness of God to me! I have journalized very little of my life and exercises, and less of my sufferings; but the Lord knoweth. On Monday we had to beat the path to Jesse Waller's. Though feeble and faint, I preached and baptised some children. We had one room to lodge in, plenty of beds, and abundance of food for man and beast. Tuesday we passed many a jolting place, rough with roots of trees and logs: we were willing to stop at Polk's and take a little food. From hence we were politely conducted [illegible] Peter Monroe's. Elder Boehm preached in the house of Mr. Reynold's. Wednesday. To my surprise, I was asked to baptise Joseph Asbury Reynolds. We continued on by the Salt Works to Marietta, where I lectured to a few people. Thursday, to Mogg's Creek. We tasted neither bread nor water, until we reached father Shamon's, twenty-three miles. We held meeting at night, and I gave them a discourse. Friday, to Waterford, and Samuel Miller's fertile soil; but he has, as yet, made little progress in improvement. Here is a family, the grandfather and grandmother of which died in the Lord; so the father and mother promise to do; and the children have begun to live to God: I preached for them and their neighbours. Saturday, I hear of a camp-meeting at Little Kenhaway, and must needs go there. After toiling through bad roads, and accidents at the ferry to detain us, we are here this Saturday night at nine o'clock, safe at the house of the brother of Wilson Lee. Lord, prepare me by thy grace for the patient endurance of hunger, heat, labour, the clownishness of ignorant piety, the impudence of the impious, unreasonable preachers, and more unreasonable heretics and heresy!

OHIO.—Sunday 9. I preached at the camp twice. Souls were converted, and we hope much good was done. We ordained John Holmes an elder. Monday, came away. At B. Wolf's, we gave them Dutch and English sermons. Tuesday, preached at the Point-Wood's court-house, to a large congregation. We lodged at Mr. Browning's, on the other side of the river. On Wednesday I preached in a school-house on a bluff opposite Blennerhassett's island. Colonel Putnam, son of the renowned General of that name, invited me to the house of Waldo, grandson of the old chief: I had a very interesting interview with several revolutionary officers, emigrants to this country, from good old Massachusetts. Thursday, we took our departure from the banks of *the beautiful river*, (the Ohio,) beautiful indeed! How rich the hanging scenery of its wood-crowned hills! Our route was towards and near the Hocking-River, a rude, toilsome way: we were glad to stop a moment, and dine with Esquire Rilshure's. We continued on to Burch's and lodged. I feel the effect of toil in every bone and muscle, but I have great consolations. Friday, at camp-meeting at Atkins's. I lodged at Barker's. The dear infant died: Ah! what a cry—'twas a *mother's* cry. Saturday I preached in the camp, a humiliation sermon. Mr. Lindley, a Presbyterian clergyman, preached after me. The ground for the camp is beautiful; order is preserved, and there will be good done.

Sunday 16. We had sinners of all varieties to hear us. I spoke plainly. On Monday I preached, by special request. Great order has been preserved, much good done, and the hearts of many prepared for the future reception of the truth. Tuesday, we started away, although I was ill fitted to drive a wilderness road. At Donnelly's, we dined, prayed, and gave away books. Wednesday we reached Chilicothe, and put up with our old friend, Doctor Tiffin: I was happy to find him no longer in public life, but a private citizen, respectable and respected, and the work of God revived in his soul. I have preached to many souls in the late camp-meetings: Lord, give thy word success! My own soul is humbled and purified: Glory be to God! Thursday, I preached at Chilicothe at four o'clock. On Friday, engaged in private duties. I paid a visit to my much esteemed friend, Governor Worthington, at Mount Prospect: he requested me to furnish an inscription for the tomb-stone of his sainted and much-loved sister, Mary Tiffin; I gave him Luke x. 42, second line to the end. Saturday, closely occupied with books and my pen.

Sunday 23. Preached, and baptised a whole family of Quaker descent: I took occasion to give a lecture on the expediency of this Christian rite, and the duty and additional obligations it imposed upon parents. I spoke again in the evening, and was awfully severe; perhaps too much so. On Monday we came away to Samuel Davis's. Tuesday, I baptised a child, Thomas Asbury Parvins. Wednesday, we have had a hard journey to-day, and after two hour's ride through the woods in the night, we sheltered ourselves under the hospitable roof of Esquire Miranda. Thursday, we crossed the Little Miami, dined at Taulman's; and came into Cincinnati oppressed and faint with sickness, excessive heat, and loss of rest. Friday, Henry Boehm preached in German: I added an exhortation in English.

Sunday 30. I preached morning and evening: it was a season of deep seriousness with the congregations. I felt an intimate communion with God; and a great love to the people, saints and poor sinners. Monday, met the society. Tuesday, we bade farewell to our attentive and affectionate friends in Cincinnati. The great river was covered with mist until nine o'clock, when the airy curtain rose slowly from the waters, gliding along in expanded and silent majesty. We laboured around the rough banks and over the dry ridge of Bank-Lick creek to Barnes's. Alas! for the people—there is a great call for missionaries for Eagle-Creek and the Ridge. Wednesday, came to Conge's to dine, and stopped at Mubury's to lodge. Thursday, to

Jesse Griffin's. Friday, at rest. Preached for the people. There is a drought prevailing; and the heat is very intense. Saturday we started away for Lexington, and were well soaked with a glorious shower when about nine miles from the town. H. Boehm preached.

KENTUCKY.—Sunday, October 7. I preached at eleven o'clock, and gave an exhortation after five o'clock sermon in the evening. Monday, reading the best of books, and writing letters. Tuesday, at Winchester, Clark county, we stopped at Leroi Coles's. Wednesday, busily occupied in my room. Thursday I preached to a very attentive congregation. Friday, Called at Major Martin's. I have time to-day to complete Mark's Gospel. I mark well that all the Evangelists concur in this;—that the high priest delivered Jesus to the Roman governor as the Son of God, upon his own confession. Saturday I preached at Abraham Cassell's, brother to Leonard Cassell, of Maryland. I learn that Benedict Swope, my old acquaintance, died last winter: he was a man of more than common mind and gifts, and might have been much more useful than I fear he was.

Sunday 14. At Nicholasville I preached about an hour to Presbyterians, Methodists, and I know not whom. Monday, this has been an awful day to me—I visited Francis Poythress: "If thou beest he—but O, how fallen!"

Tuesday 16. After a ride of thirty miles, we found comfort and a welcome with Racliff, in Woodford county.

Wednesday 17. Came by lowly-seated Frankfort. Here are elegant accommodations provided for those who make the laws, and those who break them; but there is no house of God. Lodged with Edward Talbot. Thursday, writing. Friday, abstaining, praying, and writing. Saturday, at William Adams's log-chapel I preached to a small assembly.

Sunday 21. At Shelbyville I preached in the court-house: we were crowded. M'Chord, a seceding minister, preached two sermons upon the Deity of the Holy Spirit: he was orthodox, and indulged in some fine flights of eloquence. Elder Wilson spoke in the evening. Monday, I preached at Henry Lyon's. Lodged with Mr. Harding. Tuesday, I preached at Philip Taylor's. My mind is in great peace. The Methodists are all for camp-meetings; the Baptists are for public baptisings: I am afraid this dipping, with many, is the *ne plus ultra* of Christian experience. Wednesday, I rest at Taylor's. Writing and reading. Thursday, rode to Joseph Ferguson's, twenty-five miles. Saturday, we have spent this day in a visit to the family of Captain Cyrus Talbot: may salvation come in power, and suddenly, to this amiable and interesting household!

Sunday 28. I spoke at Ferguson's chapel for an hour, and the wind beating on my head; may the word of truth be deeply and long felt! We have an open door set wide to us in Mississippi; the preachers there sent but one messenger to conference—they could not spare more; they keep their ground like soldiers of Christ, and men of God who care for the cause and work of the Lord. Good news from the south—great prospects within the bounds of the South Carolina conference. Monday, we rode rapidly to Philip Taylor's. Wednesday, came sixteen miles.

Thursday, November 1. Began conference in great peace and good order. Friday. Day of humiliation and fasting. I preached in an open house to a cold auditory. Conference progressed well; there were twenty-six admitted.

Sabbath 4. Bishop M'Kendree preached; and I finished the meeting with an exhortation. There were elders and deacons ordained to the work. On Thursday I preached; speaking long, and with great plainness. We have minuted ninety-five as stationed. There is an increase of four thousand members within the bounds of this conference. I have sold my sulky, and purchased a horse, that I may more easily wind my way through the wilderness to Georgia. The reward of my toils is not to be found in this world. Friday, came to Philip Taylor's. Saturday, to Springfield Hills, a long, heavy ride.

Sabbath 11. My mind enjoys great tranquillity. Bishop M'Kendree preached in the morning; the Presbyterians at twelve o'clock, and I spoke in the evening. There have been unpleasant times for the Presbyterians and Methodists; but they are more united now—their ministers appoint meetings for each other. Monday, we rode to Noah Lasley's, on Green-River. To Ament's, twenty-five miles. Wednesday, twenty-five miles to Gatton's. My body, I find, is still flesh; my mind enjoys great peace. Thursday, a damp, heavy ride brought us in, about three o'clock, to James Gwinn's. Whilst riding along my soul enjoys sweet and intimate communion with God. The advantage of being on horseback is, that I can better turn aside to visit the poor; I can get along more difficult and intricate roads; I shall save money to give away to the needy; and, lastly, I can be more tender to my poor, faithful beast. Friday, rested, fasted, read, wrote letters. Saturday, visited James M'Kendree, lately from Virginia.

Sabbath 18. I rode to Gwinn's chapel—a nice building. Behind it the cabins and the ground make a charming square for a camp-meeting. Monday, we had a damp, muddy ride to friend Haines's. His wife was surprised—she recollected me. How frequently we find our wandering sheep in travelling! Since I am on horseback my fetters are gone: I meditate and pray much more at my ease. Lodged with John M'Gee. Tuesday, to Doctor Tooley's. Wednesday. A ride of thirty miles brought us to Shaw's. Thursday, fifteen miles to breakfast at Quarles's; twenty-five miles to supper at elder Terry's. Friday, to the Crab-Orchard; and thence to Major Heilly's. Saturday, to Kingston, thirteen miles, and thence to Winton's, twenty miles.

Sabbath 25. I preached at Winton's in the evening. We have hard labour and suffering; but I dare not complain when I see the wretched fate of the poor Africans in slavery. We pass along so rapidly, that we have only time to pray in the houses we visit; this we have done *except in one case.* A damp, cold, dreary ride brought us very hungry to Joseph Black's, where man and beast were fed, and kindly entertained. Tuesday, we came to dinner to father Obadiah Farlow's; and then pushed on to Porter's. Snow most of the day. Glory be to God for the great support both of soul and body I derive from Him! Wednesday I rested, and gave them a sermon. The word of truth found its way to the hearts of some. Thursday, we were in doubt whether we should take the old or the new route: we took Mahon's road, and got along pretty well, thirty miles, to the gate: the woman was sick; but the girls of the house were attentive and polite at Mr. Mahon's. Friday, our troubles began at the foaming, roaring stream which hid the rocks. At Catahouche I walked over a log. But O, the mountain—height after height, and five miles over! After crossing other streams, and losing ourselves in the woods, we came in, about nine o'clock at night, to Vater Shuck's. What an awful day! Saturday, December 1. Last night I was strongly afflicted with pain. We rode, twenty-five miles, to Buncombe.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Sabbath 2. Bishop M'Kendree and John M'Gee rose at five o'clock, and left us to fill an appointment about twenty-five miles off. Myself and Henry Boehm went to Newton's academy, where I preached. Brother Boehm spoke after me; and Mr. Newton, in exhortation, confirmed what was said. Had I known and studied my congregation for a year, I could not have spoken more appropriately to their particular cases; this I learn from those who know them well. We dined with Mr. Newton: he is almost a Methodist, and reminds me of dear Whatcoat—the same placidness and solemnity. We visited James Patton; this is, perhaps, the last visit to Buncombe. Monday. It was my province to-day to speak faithfully to a certain person: may she feel the force of, and profit by the truth. Tuesday, came thirty-three miles to Murray's at Green-River. Wednesday, rode thirty miles to the Rev. James Gilliard's. I found him sick, and prescribed for him. On inquiry into the state of his soul, he expressed his confidence in God. He is alone with a growing family, and the charge of a hundred and forty families. Thursday, discovered that my horse was lame, and felt discouragement. We breakfasted with kind and attentive Anthony Foster; and continued on to Robert Hallum's. Friday. Reached the Fish-Dam in the evening. Our sister Glenn went to glory about twelve months ago; her exit was made in the full triumph of faith. Saturday, crossed Broad-River at Clark's ferry, and pressed forward to Mr. Mean's. Here, and it seldom happens that I seek such a shelter, we were under the roof of a rich man; we were treated with much politeness and kindness. Great fatigue, my lame horse, and unknown roads where we lose ourselves, are small trials; but *as thy day so shall be thy strength*. We are not, nor have we been lately, much amongst our own people; but it has made little difference in the article of expense—the generous Carolinians are polite and kind, and will not take our money. Sabbath. At Winnsborough I preached to a few people. We have a pretty chapel here; John Buchanan, and Jesse Harris are chiefs in this work. On Monday we came to J. Jenkin's; after six years' rest and local usefulness, he means to travel again. I have received news from the north which makes me solemn—my old friends, Jesse Hollingsworth, and Peter Hoffman, are no more in time. And John Bloodgood has also gone to his reward. Tuesday, at Camden. Close application in reading and writing letters. Sinclair Capers, one of our first disciples at Whappitan, died in great triumph; the impression occasioned by witnessing this was the cause of conversion to some persons present. I hope his son James will be a great and holy preacher. I am under the necessity of taking emetics. Wednesday, reading. Thursday, I preached in the evening. Friday, had a cold ride to Black-River, where I was compelled to take to my bed again. Saturday, engaged in reading, meditation, and prayer. Very much afflicted in my bowels.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Sabbath 16. I knew not if I could get to the new house; I went, and was helped of the Lord: the house was filled, and I spoke plainly. On Monday I visited Thomas Boon; his father was the first to entertain me at the Lower Santee Ferry. We found our dinner at Henry Young's; I was very ill. Tuesday, though ill able to ride, I set out for Camden. Wednesday, reading, writing, and praying with those who visit me. Thursday came to Columbia. Taylor, of the senate of the United States, lent his house for the session of our conference. We have pleasing letters from York, Genesee, Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, old North and South Carolinas: rich and poor coming to God. Our fund here for special relief amounts to more than we had expected. Saturday our conference began in great order, peace, and love.

Sabbath 23. I preached, and the truth exhibited its own divine authority. Bishop M'Kendree spoke in the afternoon. We sat seven hours to business in the day, and had preaching at noon and night. Friday I was called upon to preach at the ordination of elders; my subject was Heb. iii. 12, 13, 14. and was applicable to at least one of them. Conference adjourned this evening: we have stationed about eighty preachers. Saturday came away to General Rumph's: God has repaid this family for its kindness to the poor followers of the Lord Jesus: there are four sons and three daughters, gracious souls: two of the sons, Jacob and Christian, are preachers of the Gospel.

Sabbath 30. I must consult prudence and stay at home to-day—it is stormy and I am sorely attacked in the viscera. On Monday we ventured away through rain and hail storms. We made about twenty miles to brother Sarley's.

Tuesday, *January* 1, 1811. On the first day of the new year we rode thirty-five miles to the widow Davis's: I failed greatly in my side. Wednesday came by the new road, crossing the new bridge, forty-five miles, to Charleston.

Sabbath 6. Preached in Cumberland and Bethel chapels. Monday busy in writing letters; sent away fifteen. I preached on Wednesday. Thursday came away and made thirty-five miles to Mr. Gale's: I was weary, hungry, and sleepy. Friday we crossed Lenud's ferry, and made a ride of twenty-five miles. Saturday reached Georgetown. I am always in fetters in this place; and were they to offer me twenty such towns as a bribe I would not visit it again; but I must do my duty without a bribe.

Sabbath 13. I preached for the people of Georgetown twice. Monday S. Dunwody and Thomas Mason set out with us; crossing Black-River we came to worthy Samuel Green's; in pleasing manners and sincere friendship an evergreen. We visited his brother Francis and prayed in the family, exhorting the Africans. Tuesday, reached Port's ferry, and found mother Port keeping house at eighty-seven. Rafts and boats in quantities passing down the Pee-Dee. Wednesday made thirty miles to Mr. Mossome's, where we were kindly received and politely entertained. Thursday came early in the day to Priest's, and tarried with them two hours, and then mounted and continued forward to the widow Holland's. Friday came to John Martin's, Lumberton, and here I was willing to stay awhile, for the rain and cold had chilled me to the heart. Saturday, I am very unwell.

Sabbath 20. I preached here, possibly for the last time; I spoke in great weakness of body; and having offered my services and sacrifice, I must change my course, and go to Wilmington. I have but a few days to make the one hundred and eighty miles in. I am [illegible]—my heart is pure, and my eye is single; but I am sick, and [illegible] and in heaviness by reason of suffering and labour. Sometimes I am ready to cry out, *Lord, take me home to rest!* Courage, my soul!

Monday 21. We began our march, and my suffering from pain in the foot was sore indeed. Came into Amos Richardson's in the evening. The parents of this man died in peace. Tuesday, a ride of thirty miles brought us on to Alexander King's. I baptized this family, of whom the greater part are in society. The old people gave satisfactory evidences of a peaceful end. Wednesday we brought a storm into town with us. Wilmington is alive with commerce, and there is no small stir in religion. Thursday brother Bodfin preached. Friday, it was my duty to preach to-day. I am applied to for the plan of a new meeting-house: this is a business of small difficulty; but who is to execute?

Sabbath 27. I preached in the morning and afternoon. The congregations were large, and I felt my heart greatly enlarged towards them. Monday, rose at five o'clock, and moved off pretty soon; we cautioned the ferryman, who had placed his flat so as to be upset; he was obstinate, and would not alter her position: in jumped the horses, over went the skiff; our lives were endangered: the horses attained to the opposite shore by swimming and plunging through the mud got on dry land: our clothes and some of our books and papers were wetted, but not spoiled. We mounted and rode forward to Mount-Misery, stopping to dry at Alexander King's; here we dined, and baptized some children. The evening shades closed upon us as we entered under the hospitable roof of pious mother Turner, who lodged and fed me at the Waccamaw Lake twenty-six years ago. Tuesday we pushed on to Amos Richardson's, and thence after dinner, to James Purdie's: I preached in the evening. I have been deeply afflicted with an influenza, but God is with me, and supports me. Wednesday we had a cold ride to Newberry's; preached to a few people.

North Carolina.—Thursday, February 1. We reached this place this morning, Fayetteville; preaching at night. Saturday I preached.

Sabbath 4. Preached; our house is too small: preached in the afternoon; we must enlarge our house. I had a rude fall to-day, and it was a mercy that my back was not broken. Monday, we came over Cape-Fear, lodging at Morgan's, on a solitary road. Tuesday we came into Raleigh. Wednesday, I enjoyed some very agreeable interviews with my brethren. Thursday. Conference begins this morning.

Sabbath 11. I preached in the state-house to two thousand souls, or more. We have had, and mean to have whilst conference is in session, preaching three times a day: meeting sometimes holds till midnight. Saturday at ten o'clock we mounted our horses in the rain, and pushed on to Powell's bridge on the Neuse-River: we stopped at the house of our friend Samuel Alston, who married the daughter of General Williams: this will hereafter be my stopping place. I believe there was much good done in Raleigh; and we, the preachers, are much indebted to the people for their kindness to us.

Sabbath 17. I started on my journey this morning, contrary to my usual practice. At Benjamin Sherwood's we stopped a minute, and called the family to prayer. Came at night to Major Taylor's. Monday, my kind entertainer and his family made me promises to be henceforth for God; I left them with strong feelings of interest for their welfare. Tuesday, we reached Warrington: I must needs preach in William Ruffin's large tavern room. Wednesday, cold ride to John Seward's, Brunswick county, and next day to Charles Harris's, where we were kindly and comfortably entertained. My old Virginia friends have disappeared from the earth; but it is no small consolation that they have left me their offspring—these are the children of faith and prayer.—Witness the Georges—the Booths—and many others. And God has heard the prayers of the poor negroes for their masters: surely he is no respecter of persons! Our Saturday's ride was cold indeed: kind Mr. Bradley came out to the state road, and took us home with him, and fed us, and warmed us, and lodged us.

Sabbath 24. I preached in Richmond in the morning. Monday started in storm and snow, and made twenty-five miles, and willingly stopped at Mr. Burroughs's: this family are in their first love. The neighbourhood begins to bow to the sceptre of the Lord Jesus. Tuesday we came on to Todd's. The stage arrived late in the evening, and the passengers would go no further that night. They were a motley mixture—Georgia speculators, planters, merchants, and gentlemanly, affable Judge Brooke; I was chaplain to the company. Wednesday we were pretty soon laden with thick clay, nevertheless, we got on with speed to Dumfries, and lodged at the widowed house of Mrs. Mason. Thursday, reaching Occoquan, I thought I should prefer my dear old friend William Watters's to Alexandria; thither we bent our way and got in before dark. Friday at Georgetown.

MARYLAND.—Sabbath, March 3. I preached for half an hour, and was fervent. At the sacrament took occasion to exhort the society. At three o'clock visited the new house in the city: I preached, though very unwell. I feel great consolation, and perfect love. Monday, preached at Bladensburg. I was surprised to see so many people. On Tuesday I preached at Federal chapel. Wednesday, a violent snow-storm. I rode twelve miles to preach at Hopewell to an attentive, respectable auditory. Lodged with Edward Owens. Thursday, we have had a trying ride to Goshen chapel. I had a few people to hear me. Lodged at the widow Harris's. I have been blessed in mind, whilst administering the word of truth, but greatly afflicted in body. At Clarksburg, on Friday, we had a full congregation, and an open season. Saturday, at Hyattstown, the chapel was crowded. It was a very liberal season to the speaker. I have rode sixteen miles to see brother Wilson in his affliction; the family were greatly attentive and kind: the aged people have sat under our ministry for forty years nearly, and have always hospitably entertained our preachers. We came back to Mr. M'Elfresh's.

Sabbath 10. I preached at Newmarket. Many knew me, nevertheless I frequently feel like a stranger in my old house; (Maryland) such changes has time wrought! I went home with James Higgins. Tuesday, I preached at Liberty. Lodged at E. Howard's: when will this dear family embrace religion? On Wednesday I preached at Linganore, and spoke in great plainness. I saw the corpse of our dear sister Jones in the coffin! Thursday, we came to Pipe-Creek. I preached for them. Nancy Willis is a widow indeed, with six children! Henry Willis—Ah! when shall I look upon thy like again! Friday, came through heavy dews to Aquila Garrettson's; halted awhile, and proceeded forward to Providence chapel; here I preached. We dined with friendly Mr. Stockdale, and came on to our brother M'Elfresh's, Reisters-Town. O, the clover of Baltimore circuit! Ease, ease!—not for me—toil, suffering, coarse food, hard lodging, bugs, fleas, and certain *et ceteras* besides! Saturday, we had a solemn sitting in our chapel at Reisters-Town. We called at Ellis Jones's, ancient Methodists; from thence we bent our course over to Charles Carnan's. Here I heard the mournful news of the death of Polly Yellott—gone after her father to paradise.

Sabbath 17. At the chapel I found preachers in abundance, and a larger congregation than I had expected; as it was an appointment for me, I had the labour to perform. How hardly shall preachers who are well provided for, maintain the spirit of religion! But here are eight young men lately married: these will call for four hundred dollars per annum, additional—so we go. Monday, preached at Hunt's chapel, and afterward rode into Baltimore. We began our conference in great peace and order on Wednesday the 20th, and rose on Thursday the 28th. I took my share of the labour of preaching. What the fruits of our toil have been, and may yet be, the God whom we serve can tell: but we have reasonable grounds of hope that it has not been, nor will yet be, in vain. I preached this morning in Gatch's chapel, and came on to Perry-Hall. Friday, I preached to about thirty souls in the private chapel at Perry-Hall. All, to me, seems yet to be in sackcloth here. Saturday, I preached at the Fork meeting-house: this is a badly planned building. I dined with Mr. Gorsuch; and called to see the widow Garrettson. She did not, at first, recognize me.

Sabbath 31. At Old Bush chapel I preached, and the word was heard and felt. I saw children who now see me for the first time, whose fathers received me forty years ago. Once more to James Dallam's. I baptized his little daughter Henrietta Rogers. I visited his son Doctor William, and baptized his son Josias William Dallam. Monday, visited my old friend Bonsett. There was such a violent storm that we waited four hours before we ventured across the Susquehannah. I preached at North-East chapel. Tuesday, it is court day at Elkton. I am fitter for bed than the pulpit; but my appointment must be filled, and my sacrifice offered. Eating was not the business of this day. I went to John Carnan's, Back-Creek. Here I swallowed a grain and a half of tartar. Wednesday, I preached for them at Bethel chapel. I called the society together, and gave them special counsel, and also information respecting the spreading of the work of God. Thursday, I preached at Bethesda chapel. It was a rainy day. Friday, at Bohemia Cross-Roads I preached to a small congregation. We had a time not soon to be forgotten. I dined with Doctor Scott, and came on to James Course's. Saturday, it rained, but did not prevent two hundred souls from attending at the chapel: it was a time of deep seriousness and feeling. We had nine miles to Chester in a heavy rain; here I also had a congregation.

Sabbath 7. I preached in Chester, and met the society, white and coloured. I lodged at my son William Burneston's: a few aged disciples came to see me, and dine with me, and talk of past times. Monday, we had a cold, easterly day, but a considerable congregation, to whom I preached. I dined with Daniel Burgess, and rode forward to Thomas Wright's. I find it my duty to convene the societies, and give them my advice, possibly my valedictory. Tuesday I preached in the new brick house at Centreville. Dined with John Brown in company with aged brethren and sisters. Lodged at James Massey's. Methodists are becoming great on this shore: Ah! let them take heed. *The respectable society of people called Methodists.* "Wo unto you when all men shall speak well of you." Save us from this! Never in any past period, have we had so much cause to hope or to fear as a society. Wednesday, at Wye chapel I preached, and the speaker and the hearers felt seriously and deeply. We dined with J. W. Bourdley, and hasted on to Easton, lodging with Mr. Lockerman. My mind enjoys great peace and Gospel enlargement; but I am not so ready, upon all occasions, to speak to every one who comes into my presence. How precious are their souls, and O, how precious is time! Thursday. A day of storms, but I had a respectable congregation to whom I preached at St. Michael's. Friday. It was a solemn time at Easton whilst I was preaching from Luke xxiii. 26—30 inclusive. I covenant with General B——n to pray for him every day; he was all feeling whilst I talked with him. I rode to Tuckahoe bridge. Henry Down, his wife, and myself are nearly all who are left of the early Methodists in this neighbourhood; three and thirty years make great changes on the surface of this world of evanescent existences. Saturday, at Tuckahoe chapel, I expounded Acts ii. 21. to a large and serious congregation. We rode twenty miles, through storms, to Joshua Massey's.

Sabbath 14. A serene day, and my mind is tranquil: I preached at Dudley's chapel. We dined with kind Mr. Elliott, whose father was a benefactor to this chapel. After dinner and prayer we hasted to the head of Chester, where I preached in Mr. Farrell's house: it appeared as if the whole town came out to hear: lodged at Christopher Spry's. Monday dined with Mr. Brooks at Middletown, and baptised his child: God was present. I have lately been truly blest in my soul and in my labours. A poor afflicted widow called on me. For what do I live but to do good, and to teach others so to do, both by precept and example! Tuesday I preached at Salem, and met the society. It is a day of rest and peace. Wednesday I preached at Newport in the forenoon, and at night at Wilmington. Thursday gave the inhabitants of Darby a discourse, dined at Lewis's, and came on to the city to meet letters, preachers, and troubles. Saturday. We opened our conference to-day.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sabbath 21. I preached at Ebenezer and in St. George's chapel.

Monday 29. Our conference adjourned: there were no complaints, nor grounds for any: there was preaching, as usual, to large congregations, and there were manifestations of the power of God, especially at St. George's. I visited Landreth, at his shrubbery: this is a pious English family. Doctor Logan called upon me; he has lately returned from England; he speaks favourably of my nation.

Wednesday, May 1. I preached at Germantown. Doctors Rush and Physic paid me a visit. How consoling it is to know that these great characters are men fearing God! I was much gratified, aye, I ever am, by their attentions, kindness, and charming conversation; indeed they have been of eminent use to me, and I acknowledge their services with gratitude. Thursday I preached at Holmesburg: there was a great rain, yet many people attended. We went forward to Mr. Thompson's through the rain, the effects of which I felt in the evening; I preached nevertheless. Friday at Bensalem chapel I preached to a small congregation, dined with father Rodman, and continued forward to Bristol, where I preached in the evening. After forty years of patient labour the work of God has broke forth gloriously in Buck's county, and many doors are now opened to receive us. Saturday I preached at John Bailey's, Marlborough; after meeting we rode on to Mahannon's, at the Swamp, where we had a crowded evening meeting.

Sabbath 5. I preached under an apple-tree. Came into Newtown. The place was crowded with people who came in to see a lady dipt; but she was sick, and the curious were disappointed. At seven o'clock I preached in the court-house; this labour shall not be in vain. I lodged with Lawyer Hugh Ross, now a Methodist preacher.

Monday 6. I preached to a few people at W. Wherill's: toil, toil! Murmuring flesh, be still! Our ride has been through excessive rain to-day.

Tuesday 7. We started and came to Heckle's tavern and dined. Went forward to John Purcell's, where I found a crowded house: I preached, and the truth was deeply felt by some. I have proclaimed the truth to many souls lately, and I feel the effect of my labours; my reward is with my God.

New-Jersey.—Wednesday 8. Crossed the Delaware, and sat down in Godley's school-room and taught the people: my subject was Acts iii. 26.

Thursday 9. We came to Asbury, and I preached and added a special exhortation. Were it not for the brewing and drinking miserable whiskey, Asbury-Town would be a pleasant place. Friday, to

James Egbert's. Bethel chapel has been bought and refitted for the Methodists: I preached in it. I am unknown in Jersey, and ever shall be, I presume: after forty years' labour we have not ten thousand in membership.

Saturday 11. At Philip Cummings's, Sussex county: I preached for them. A damp, cold ride of seven miles brought us to Albertson's.

Sabbath 12. I preached to a crowded house at Union chapel. Twenty-three years ago I preached here. The Moravian brethren are almost extinct.

Monday 13. I preached at the stone church.

Tuesday 14. I preached at Father Andrew Freeman's.

Wednesday 15. I preached at Sussex court-house, and felt as if my labour was not in vain: the minds of the people were open for the reception of the truth. We went to Lockwood, and at eight o'clock I preached in Jonathan Hunt's meeting-house.

Thursday 16. We had a heavy ride to father Learned's, and such another to Morristown, and a third to the Turkey-Hills, where I preached. I have met the societies generally.

New-York.—Sunday 19. As we were preparing to go to the houses of God a dreadful fire broke out, consuming about one hundred houses. I preached to some serious sisters in John-street. I officiated at Greenwich in the new chapel after dinner.

Thursday 25. Ordained deacons; Bishop M'Kendree preached.

Sabbath 27. I preached in the African church, as also in the new and in the Bowery church: I met the societies in each place of worship. Father Blackborne's case occupied us two days: he was taken into connexion and ordained a deacon, although he brought no recommendation to us from the British or any other conference.

Tuesday 29. Conference ceased their labours. There was little trouble in the business of appointments: stationed eighty-seven, superannuated two, and supernumeraries five; increase about three hundred. There were three preachers sent to other conferences. Return to thy rest, O my soul! The society in New-York has increased; our chapels are neat, and their debt is not heavy: they wish to rebuild John-street church, and to build a small house at the *Two Mile Stone*. So frequent are the visits of the people to talk or to do business, that I have not time to think or to pray, scarcely: I bear it all patiently. I preached at the *Two Mile Stone*, and retired to George Suckley's. I resemble my Master in one thing—*I cannot be hid*—they find me out.

Saturday, June 1. A very warm ride to Sherwood's. I feel nothing like fretfulness—I am willing to listen patiently, and endure all things.

Sabbath 2. At Sherwood's chapel I preached, and also to the society at New-Rochelle. I was divinely assisted in my labours this day—it is a day of calm and liberty to my soul. Monday. Twenty-five miles to Governor Cortlandt's, at the mouth of Croton: I preached at four o'clock. It was a day of militia training; this circumstance, and a failure of early notice, gave me a thin congregation. Ah! what need of watchfulness in the houses of the rich, lest we defile our own souls, and more than lose our labour! Tuesday, I felt divine liberty whilst preaching at Somers-Town. We lodged with Samuel Wilson—wealthy and kind. At Lemuel Cliff's, another man of wealth: here I preached on Wednesday. On Thursday I preached in the new chapel, Pauldings-Town. We lodged with Captain Pierce, a man of open mind, and generous soul. Friday, we took the road to Nice's, dined, and went forward to Amenia. Saturday, peace, rest, love.

Sabbath 9. I preached at George Ingraham's; there were many people, although the morning was rainy. I met the society after three exhortations had been given. There has been, and will yet be a work in this town. They have built a new chapel. Lansforth Whiting, appointed to the western circuit, in returning from conference at New-York, was taken with small-pox, and died at Poughkeepsie; he was solemn in deportment, and very pious: he has gone to an early crown. How many triumphant witnesses for Jesus have passed away before my eyes, I might almost say, within the last forty years! Monday, I preached at Thomas Heywood's: it was a blessed season. Great accommodations in this part of the world; our preachers will do well to take heed. Stephen Sornberger was above his work; so he let another take his station. I read Adam Clarke, and am amused as well as instructed. He indirectly unchristianizes all old bachelors. Wo is me! It was not good that Adam should be alone for better reasons than any that Adam Clarke has given. How will our commentator comment on Isaiah lvi. 3, 4, 5.; on 1 Corinthians vii. 7, 8, 17, 27, 32, 34.; and will he not need great skill to manage well for his purpose Matthew xix. 12.? It may be the indispensible duty of some men and women to marry; the necessity, or the peculiarity of circumstances which would impose this as a duty, or only allow it as an indulgence, who is to judge of—the parties themselves? could they be *out of the body* awhile, we might allow them to be umpires in their own cases. Adam does not seem to take into the account Mrs. Clarke, so much as the wife. Will he always marry as often as the law will allow? Tuesday, at Hillsdale chapel I preached and met the society. We lodged at Reed's, an old member from New-York. We rode thirty miles to Lenox in Massachusetts, passing Barrington and Stockbridge: I preached at eight o'clock. Here are walls of opposition to be levelled before we can hope for success. Lodged at Mr. Whiting's. Thursday, Pittsfield. We have rode two hundred miles since we left New-York, and have preached every day, and the preachers there are hardly starting to their stations; but they have wives. I preached in the chapel, and the truth was felt. Friday I preached at Lenox in the evening. Saturday, we came through Bennington to *Ashgrove*.

VERMONT.—Sabbath 16. I preached in the chapel. Bishop M'Kendree also preached. I also preached at Mr. Nicholson's; our labours shall not all be lost. Monday came on to Salem, and lodged in Wells. Tuesday, to Pittsfield. Wednesday, a heavy ride of twenty miles brought us to Barnard's. Here have been many locations, and serious failures of duty. We began our conference on Thursday; worked with great expedition, and finished in four days and a half. There was a general fast on Friday, and deacons ordained. On the Sabbath I preached to about three thousand people—some of them were wild enough. On Monday I ordained the elders. George Pickering preached. We disposed of eighty-seven preachers, and each man took his station at once, and without hesitancy, like a man of God. Tuesday, we came away, as conference broke up at twelve o'clock. At one o'clock many of those hardy soldiers of the Lord Jesus were already to horse, and their faces set to the wilds, or wherever else their duty called them. On Wednesday we crossed the grand mountain, and came into Middlebury. Here is college-craft, and priest-craft. We have a respectable little society of about twenty members, but no chapel: I preached in the court-house. I have moved a subscription to build a house sixty-four by forty-four, on the lot fronting the college. The Lord will visit Middlebury. Thursday, started in a pealing storm for Vergennes. Friday, we came to Charlotte, and crossed Lake Champlain to Sable-River. We were welcomed by John Moorhouse. Saturday, busy writing, and occasionally reading.

NEW-YORK.—Sabbath 30. I preached in the new chapel to one thousand souls, I presume; it was a gracious time—the Spirit gave and applied the word. I hastened to Plattsburg to fill an appointment at four o'clock, where I preached in a very commodious tavern-room; the word was great by the power of God, although delivered in weakness of body: the heat and the labour almost overcame me. Rode five miles in the evening to Burlock. Monday, breakfasted with William Mitchell, and dined with Henrick Johnson. We have made forty-two miles through open woods, and over desperate roads. Tuesday, dined at French-Mills. Heat, heat! At the Indian village, I led my horse across the pole bridge; careful as I was, he got his foot in an opening, and sunk into mud and water; away went the bags—books and clothes wet; and the horse yet fast. We pried with a pole at the stern, and he, by making a desperate effort at the same time, plunged forward, and came out. The musquitoes were not idle whilst we were busy. We got to the town, and saw their elegant church. At eight o'clock we set out, and crossed the St. Lawrence by rowing: the river here is three miles wide. We rode through Cornwall in the night, and came to Evan Roy's, making forty-four miles for the day's journey. It is surprising how we make nearly fifty miles a day over such desperate roads as we have lately travelled: we lose no time: Ah! why should we—it is so precious! My strong affection for the people of the United States came with strange power upon me whilst I was crossing the line. I suffer much from my lame foot and the great heat; and no small inconvenience because I had not been instructed how to prepare my mind and body for the change I discover on this side. Tuesday I preached, and again on Wednesday: we rode along the banks of the river; they are neatly and pleasantly improved. We dined with Stephen Baily, and went from thence with brother Glassford, in his Caleche. I asked him how we were to get out if we upset; his answer was actual experiment: the saplings on the side of the path broke the fall, so that we escaped unhurt. Thursday, on the opposite shore they are firing for the fourth of July. What have I to do with this waste of powder? I pass the pageantry of the day unheeded on the other side: why should I have new feelings in Canada? Friday, I preached at the German settlement; I was weak in body, yet greatly helped in speaking. Here is a decent, loving people; my soul is much united to them. I called upon father Dulmage, and on brother Hicks—a branch of an old Irish stock of Methodists in New-York. I lodged at David Brackenridge's, above Johnstown. Saturday, we rode twelve miles for our breakfast. Reached Elizabeth-Town. Our ride has brought us through one of the finest countries I have ever seen: the timber is of a noble size; the cattle are well shaped and well-looking: the crops are abundant, on a most fruitful soil: surely this is a land that God the Lord hath blessed.

UPPER CANADA.—Sunday 7. I was in pain. We have a large, unfinished house; in which we congregated for love-feast at eight o'clock, and sacrament: I could not speak long. We had about one thousand souls together. Monday, we took the path to Mallory's, where we dined, and continued on to Baldwin's, and from thence to Joel Stone's, at the mouth of Cannanigah. The pain in my foot is so severe that I cannot much enjoy the great kindness of these people. Tuesday, a heavy ride brought me to Elias Dulmage's. My foot is much inflamed, and my whole body disordered. Wednesday I preached in the new chapel at Kingston. I have applied a poultice to my foot: I must do something to hasten a cure, or I shall scarcely reach conference in time. Wrote six letters. Reading—amongst the rest, Mr. Wesley's sermon on "If the light which is in thee be darkness." If a rich, serious young lady should marry a rich child of the devil, she would lose her light; and though she might not be willing to allow that it was extinguished, her pious friends would soon see in her nought but darkness. Why not marry a handsome young Methodist preacher? she would then have something for her money—she would have goodness; for after all, who are good, if not those who practise goodness, and who teach others so to do. But Mr. Wesley meant not this; for he knew, and so do I know, that it would scarcely be good for more than one of the parties: few preachers, if any, have been as holy and useful in after as in former life, who have married rich women; and some have ended in apostacy. I write and read in great pain.

Sunday 14. I would not willingly be dumb; so I sent round and got a congregation, to whom I preached at the chapel. I met the society, and baptized two children. Alas, for us! we want help. I learn from a conversation had with Catharine Detlor, that Philip Embury died about two hundred miles from York: he was much esteemed by his neighbours, and an esquire. He was a descendant of the Palatines who settled in Ireland. Most of those there, and their offspring, have given themselves to the Methodists. He injured himself by mowing, and died somewhat suddenly, aged forty-five, greatly loved and much lamented. Monday, we must away; and leave good houses, grand Roman Catholic church, Episcopal church, and Kingston, with its garrison and great guns. We might go by land, cross three ferry's, and travel desperate roads; or we might take the packet for Sackets-Harbour: we chose the latter. A tremendous passage we had. We arrived at two o'clock next day. Here we dined, and set forward in a heavy thunder shower. When we stopped I must preach: I begged it might be at six o'clock in the morning, for my swelled foot was very painful. Wednesday, I have passed a night of great pain and disquietude, occasioned by my foot, and affected viscera. I preached at six o'clock, and was blest in my own soul. We rode on thirty-eight miles to Porter's tavern; where we were well nursed and entertained. Friday, sore, lame, weary, I got safe to Paris. My spirit rejoiced with dear bishop M'Kendree; he nursed me as if I had been his own babe. In all my toils and sufferings, I am thankful that I failed in only one appointment. Well; I have been to Canada, and find it like all stations in the extremities—there are difficulties to overcome, and prospects to cheer us. Some of our labourers have not been so faithful and diligent as we could wish. Doctor Coke says fifteen hundred miles in nine weeks; I may say sixteen hundred miles in sixty days. He writes me that Parliament, by some other act, is about to explain the toleration act, and that the dissenters have taken the alarm. This is exactly what the establishment have had for some time; and no marvel; whilst the Methodists are labouring, by night and by day, from village to village, through the whole United Kingdoms. Saturday we opened the Genesee conference. We passed thirty-eight characters.

NEW-YORK.—Sunday 21. I preached in the woods at ten o'clock, and again at two o'clock. Bishop M'Kendree, brothers Ostrander, Ryan, Kelsey, and Paddock also preached. There might be two thousand people, who were very attentive. It is said the wise men in York conference have discovered that it will be far better to elect the presiding elders in conference, and give them the power of stationing the preachers. I suppose we shall hear more of this.

Friday 26. Conference rose. All went on at fair sitting smoothly; the elections came on, and there was some disposition manifested to reject the Canadians and presiding elders. The stations were received in great peace. We have about *forty* most pleasing young men. There are six hundred and sixty-three on the present minutes. We came away to Bridgewater. Saturday, reached New Berlin, and lodged with Matthew Conkin. If the preachers take any specific power, right, or privilege from the bishops which the general conference may have given them, it is clear that they dissolve the whole contract.

Sabbath 28. At Matthew Conkin's. There was no house with a room large enough, so we took to the woods. About five hundred most attentive people listened while I expounded 1 Cor. i. 29—31.; I was long and loud. My bowels are in a bad state, and I am feverish; but I bless the Lord that when I cannot stand I can lean upon a table and declare his truth. Monday. Crossed Jericho bridge over the Susquehannah, four miles below the mouth of Unadilla. We came in to Samuel Banks's, before a rain began to fall. I feel, very sensibly, the least irregular motion of my horse, whether of start or stumble. I must needs preach. We had about forty men, women, and children to hear us. Tuesday. We rode thirty miles. I preach-off in the evening at eight o'clock, at my host's, James Bush's. We got late to bed. I was in great suffering, but I felt that God is love. Wednesday we found shelter from the rain under the hospitable roof of Lawyer Catlin.

Thursday, August 1. At brother Paine's I preached and administered the Lord's Supper. My right foot is lame. Friday we came along the pleasant banks of Tunkhannock. My lame horse grows worse. We stopped at Dickson's, where I gave ninety dollars for a mare to supply the place of poor Spark, which I sold for twenty dollars; when about to start he whickered after us; it went to my heart—poor slave; how much toil has he patiently endured for me! We rested a few minutes at father Holmes's, on our way to Keeler's ferry. We lodged at father Sutton's. I limped about, sung, talked, and prayed. Dear M'Kendree seemed to be low in spirits. Saturday came on to Kingston, and thence to Wyoming, stopping at Mr. Shoemaker's. We have made a journey of twelve hundred miles since leaving New-York. My consolations exceedingly abound in God, though my sufferings be great. The eight conferences have furnished us with twenty-five dollars each, making two hundred dollars; our expenses hitherto are one hundred and thirty dollars.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sabbath 4. Preached at the *Methodistico-presbyterian* church at Kingston; it was a time of freedom, and words were given me to speak which were felt by preachers and people. I also preached at Wilksbarre, and had a liberal season. We were invited to Judge Fell's, and were treated kindly. Monday we rode thirty-five miles to Mervin's. My foot is highly inflamed. Tuesday, we were compelled to stop at Ritter's, within two miles of Allentown. I was very ill with a high fever. Wednesday, came to Eckert's tavern, thirty-five miles. Thursday. I wished to rest to-day, because of the inflamed and painful foot, but it might not be. We made twenty-seven miles to Samuel Davis's; and I came in with a high fever. Friday, hard labour. We had rain. We reached Martin Boehm's, twenty miles. My flesh is ready to think it something for a man of sixty-six, with a highly inflamed and painful foot, to ride nearly four hundred miles on a stumbling, starting horse, slipping or blundering over desperate roads from Paris to this place in twelve days.

Sabbath 11. I preached in Boehm's chapel. There is a camp-meeting thirty miles distant from hence; but I cannot be there—I have the will, but I want time and strength. Tuesday. Yesterday and to-day I have written fifteen letters. I am unspeakably happy in God. Wednesday. They will have me away to the camp-meeting. John Boehm will take me and bring me back in the carriage. Thursday, I preached to about two thousand souls. Friday, the heat was excessive, and O, the rocky road, the flies, and my dysentery! I had a high fever, and passed an awful night. I have an appointment to fill this day, Saturday. At three o'clock I preached at Strasburg, and returned again to father Boehm's. I take a few glasses of the old man's Rhenish wine to check my bowel-complaint.

Sabbath 18. I lectured at Lancaster on the parable of the sower. I dealt very plainly with my audience, who were deeply attentive. My appointment had been noticed in the public papers of yesterday. Returned in the evening to father Boehm's. Monday, I preached at Columbia: I was faint, and the heat excessive. Wednesday, I preached at Little York; it was an open time. Thursday, we dined in Berlin, and came on to the twenty-five mile house. Friday, reached Chambersburg. Wrote six letters. Saturday, very weak indeed.

Sabbath 25. I preached at our old church, and met the society. I also preached in the Presbyterian church at four o'clock. It has been a day of God to my soul. We are strict on the Lord's day in this town—we stop wagons which may attempt to travel through. Monday we kept our faces westward, passing through Campbell's Town and Connellsburg to Bedford. Jacob Bonnett was exceeding kind, but strangely shy of our company. Tuesday, thirty-one miles to Graff's. Wednesday and Thursday at John Bonnett's: there is a great difference in the brothers, in some particulars, but they have kindred spirits. Friday, to Miller's, a German descendant, as are most of the families where we stop between Lancaster and Pittsburg. Sabbath I preached twice. We lodge with John Wrenshall.

Monday, September 2. Excessive heat. I rest to-day. Wrote to Doctor Coke, to brothers Hitt, George, Wells, Gruber, Jackson. Tuesday, came away, thirty miles, to the Cross-Roads. Wednesday, at Steubenville: I must needs preach in Basil Wells's fine house; many were present to hear. This place had been well nigh given up; but behold, now an elegant brick chapel fifty by thirty-five feet, on a good eminence. I heard of a camp-meeting ten miles above Zanesville. Thursday, we passed through Cadiz to father Barrett's, thirty-two miles. Friday, a rapid march brought us to Seward's in Cambridge, on Will's creek. Saturday came along, through Zanesville, to camp-meeting, where I found Bishop M'Kendree. I wet my feet, as I too frequently do in crossing the deep waters; nevertheless, my body is not prostrated, and my mind enjoys great peace.

OHIO.—Sabbath 8. I preached, and others preached, and there were many exhortations given, and not a few deep and sound conversions. Monday, came away, and reached David Swayze's, thirty-three miles from the camp. It became my duty to visit Mr. Williamson; he is alarmed by a great discharge of blood, and wishes to live that he may honour his son, and reconcile himself to God. Tuesday, I preached at Edward [illegible]. Wednesday, We have one-way roads, if not in answer to prayer. We rode to Judge Vanmeter's, the first house that received me on this side of New-Lancaster. My mind is greatly given to God. Thursday, crossed the Pickaway Plains to White Brown's. Friday, Came on to Ward's; here I rest indeed: how sweet! Saturday we came to Pelham's. Betsy Pelham still lives.

Sunday 15. I preached at the camp-meeting; and laboured hard. I availed myself of my situation, to lay a twelve days' plan. Monday, There is good done here. I do not like the disposition of some of the ground, and think also that better regulations might be made, and more order kept. Tuesday, we have an eclipse. I preached at Union school-house. Wednesday, to Robert [illegible], near Yellow-Springs: I preached here to a small assembly, who appeared to be somewhat heavy with sleep. Thursday I preached at Carter's, in Springfield. A general muster of militia made our meeting smaller than it would otherwise have been; but it was a time of strength to the speaker. Friday, I preached at Urbanna: the house was open; the weather bad, yet I was helped. I saw Colonel Barrutt's third son in fellowship: his pious father went in joy and peace —doubtless to glory. He had been thirty years a member of society.

Saturday 21. Beat our way down Mad-River: here is great land. We held a meeting at Lamb's, in New Boston. On my way I called at Ross's, at whose house I had preached on the south branch of Potomac, thirty years ago. Not having eaten since morning, we relished our supper at William Armour's, mouth of Mad-River.

Sunday 22. I preached in the court-house at Dayton. We may have had one thousand people to hear us. Dinnerless, we came in the evening to Nathan Horner's, and supped and lodged. My skin and flesh complain, but my mind is undisturbed. Monday, I preached in a storehouse in Franklin: I was not at home. I came away with George Huntsberger. Hail, solitude, and peace, and plenty! Behold, I had to dig up John Death and his wife—he had, indeed, been spiritually so: I found them out without much difficulty: they were old acquaintances on the *Monongahela*, in early times. Tuesday, at Lebanon, I preached and called the society together. We devised the building of a chapel of brick, forty by sixty feet, and one story high. We lodged with M'Grew's: we were hungry and weary, and he was sick—bad enough. Frederick Stier reports that there was a great work of God at Blount camp-meeting in the Holston District; at

Lee, at Tazewell, at Washington, at Tennessee, at Green, at Hawkins, at Winton, at Powell's Valley, at Tennessee Valley—at all these there were many souls converted: one hundred and thirty-two joined in communion with the Methodists, besides ten half-breeds. Wednesday, after the rain, we made a rapid ride to M'Gower's. Thursday, I preached at Milford chapel. Friday, preached at Oliver Langham's. Saturday, came to Cincinnati.

Sunday 29. I preached, and ordained H. Geohegan, Michael Ewan, J. Vance, D. Anderson, J. Evans, J. B. Finley, Thomas Nelson, S. West, Abraham Cummins, Samuel Hellums, John H. Thompson, John Manley, Francis Travis, John Brown, Abraham Hunt, John Clark, R. Rowe, B. Vampell, I. Smith, and Joshua Holland. We have been five days sitting in conference: there has been weighty and solemn business before us, but we wrought with industry and great order.

Sunday, October 6. I preached; bishop M'Kendree preached, as did others, and our labour has not been in vain. We occupied the market-house as well as the chapel. Friday, after a session of ten days, our western conference rose. I had little trouble about the stations—I heard of no complaints. There were one hundred and two preachers; one hundred of whom are stationed; we lack twenty-five. Saturday, resting, and in prayer.

Sunday 14. I preached once more in the chapel: it was a farewell warning to the preachers. I met the society; baptized some children, and visited the sick. Monday, we took to horse, and came away to Falmouth, forty-two miles. Our pack-horse is lame. Wednesday, we came on to Martin Hit's. Thursday, arrived in the night at Colonel Johnson's—a forty miles' ride to-day. Friday, a ten miles' ride in the night, added to our day's ride, made fifty miles to Pitman's. Saturday, we came in, in an awful storm, to Johnson's.

KENTUCKY.—Sunday 21. We found the Cumberland rising. We rode twenty-five miles to White's, and rested. Monday, to Chick's. Tuesday, to Conway's. It is hard labour, but God is with us. Wednesday, to Louisville. Thursday. We started at seven o'clock, and came in at seven o'clock in the evening, and have made no great way. We put up at L. Bostwick's. The work of the Lord hath been manifested here. My afflictions of body are very great—the Lord is pleased to humble me: *perfect through sufferings!* The Lord's will be done! Thursday, I preached at Louisville, in great affliction of body; but it was a liberal season: glory be to God for that! Friday, a heavy ride to Waynesborough; stopped at Colonel Miller's. It is as warm as July. Saturday, after preaching in the old church, I retired to the house of the late Henry Moore, deceased. Wrote a very serious letter to Samuel Dunwoody on his taking the charge of the Mississippi district. What a field is opened, and opening daily in this new world!

GEORGIA.—Sunday 24. After twenty years, I preached again in the old church. We had a love-feast, and I baptized three persons. The weather was extremely warm. My mind is in perfect peace.

Monday 25. We came to Mr. Lovell's, on Brier-Creek, Scriven county.

Tuesday 26. I preached in Blackburn's chapel. Cold, compared with yesterday. Came home with Thomas Thorne.

Wednesday 27. Came twenty miles to sister King's. My health has somewhat returned. I feel nought but holy desires.

Thursday 28. I preached at the new chapel. Lodged at Kennedy's. Friday, I preached in the Lutheran church. Benjamin Wise, reverend, and some others were present. Brother Boehm gave them a discourse in German. Saturday, Savannah.

Sunday, November 1. I preached in the Lutheran church. We are about building on a city lot. I hope the time will come to favour us.

Monday 2. I rest to-day. I went to view the lot. I had two interviews with the Reverend Kollock. I hope when I come again to find a chapel and preacher's house of our own.

Tuesday 3. Came away, and made a day's journey of forty-two miles. Wednesday, reached David Lovett's. Thursday, started in the rain. The roads are bad. Friday, came to the widow Jarvis's. Saturday, reached Augusta.

Sunday 8. I preached in the forenoon and afternoon, and we had a serious night lecture.

Monday 9. We rode to Johnson's house of entertainment. Tuesday, to Spann's. Wednesday, to the widow Hanson's. Thursday, to Colonel Hutchinson's.

Monday 16, the day of my arrival, my knee was stricken with acute rheumatic pain; I applied a strongly drawing blister, and remained still and quiet. Yesterday I tried a poultice, and I now begin to walk with some ease.

Tuesday 17. I am something easier to-day. I employ my dumb Sabbath, and my leisure time as well as I can, and as pain will allow. I have despatched eleven official letters. Hilliard Judge is chosen chaplain to the legislature of South Carolina; and Oh, great Snethen is chaplain to Congress! So; we begin to partake of the honour that cometh *from* man: now is our time of danger. O Lord, keep us pure, keep us correct, keep us holy!

Monday 23. We had a serious shock of an earthquake this morning—a sad presage of future sorrows perhaps. Lord, make us ready!

Thursday 26. We took to horse, and rode forty miles. It is bitter cold, and we have felt it the more sensibly after being so long housed. Friday, at Camden, to preside in conference.

Wednesday, December 2. I preached before the conference.

Friday 6. Our conference rose this day. Scarcely have I seen such harmony and love. There are eighty-five preachers stationed. The increase, within its bounds, is three thousand three hundred and eighty. We had a great deal of faithful preaching, and there were many ordinations. I received letters from the extremities and the centre of our vast continent, all pleasing, all encouraging. Saturday, rode to brother Young's, on Black River.

Sunday 29. I preached at Rembert's chapel, and gave an exhortation to the Africans. The society was stayed after meeting, and I exhorted the members. Our labours this day shall not be wholly lost.

Monday 30. We came away early for Charleston, and made thirty-five miles to Mr. Pendergrass, where we were well entertained.

South Carolina.—Tuesday 31. Murray's ferry detained us an hour. Down poured the rain. We were glad to stop at Mrs. Kennedy's, and it was no small comfort to be entertained so well.

Wednesday, January 1, 1812.—A steady ride of thirty-eight miles brought us into Charleston. The highways were little occupied by travellers of any kind, which was the more providential for me, for my lameness and my light fly cart would have made a shock of the slightest kind disagreeable. I was anxious also to pass this first day of the new year in undisturbed prayer. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, in reading, meditation, writing, and prayer. I do not reject visitors.

Sunday 5. I preached at Cumberland chapel, and met the societies of both colours. I visited the fatherless, and some widows. My mind enjoys peace. In the evening I preached in Bethel chapel. We made our exodus from Charleston, at eight in the morning. No passage at Clemmon's ferry. We found a lodging with Mr. Brindley: our host has buried one Methodist wife, and is now happy with another. I am consoled to know that our dear departed sister, ever kind to me, died in the Lord. Tuesday evening, lodged at the widow Boone's: this family have received Methodist preachers for the last six and twenty years.

Wednesday 8. We reached Georgetown. I preached in our enlarged chapel on 1 Cor. vii. 29.

Thursday 9. We came away to James Green's, where I preached, and then rode over to Francis Green's: here William Capers preached on "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona," &c. We took the road on Friday, in a driving snow, but missing our path, we got back to James Green's, and there, upon entreaty, consented to stay. We were told on Saturday morning, that we could not travel; we tried it nevertheless, and made thirty-five miles in nine hours. The cold was piercing.

Sabbath 12. No rest for us. We toiled over Pee-Dee swamp towards Mary Port's: she had gone to rest. The snow was about a foot deep, and I could not see where they had laid her. We came in to Mr. Newsom's five hours after my time; so I delivered a message to the family: thirty-one miles to-day. On Monday, at General Benjamin Lee's, I spoke to a few people

North Carolina.—Tuesday. We dined at Lumberton, and went forward to Mark Russell's, where I spoke to a few people. Wednesday came to Fayetteville. We have had a rude ride of great bodily suffering from Georgetown: but my mind has enjoyed perfect peace, and constant prayer.

Thursday 16. We made this a sacramental day. What will not perseverance and management do! Here we have built a neat little chapel, costing but twelve hundred dollars, one thousand and fifty of which is paid. Friday we had a cold ride to Amos Richardson's. Saturday, thirty miles riding brought us to King's.

Sabbath 19. We crossed the river in a storm: at the second ferry it was worse, and we hardly escaped the deep, as it would seem; we arrived, nevertheless, time enough at Mount Zion chapel to bear our testimony from Ephes. v. 14—16: it was open vision. I had, after meeting, a word with the whites and Africans of the society—plain *talk*: Boehm preached in the evening. We were cribbed in our quarters at night—a narrow bed for two; this is no novelty to us. I gave our sister Richards a grant of a lot thirty feet square, in the churchyard. Baptized Captain Cameron's son Alexander. A ride of twenty miles in excessive cold brought us to George Shepard's hospitable house on Tuesday. Wednesday, awfully cold: we made twenty miles to S. Ballard's. Thursday, another ride of twenty miles brought us to A. Perry's. Our host was sick, and I prescribed for him. Friday, a day of abstinence: wrote letters. Saturday, we came into Newbern in the rain.

Sabbath 26. I preached morning and evening, and met the whites and Africans of the society. Monday. A powerful rain accompanied us to Guildford, twenty-six miles. Here I baptized a Mr. Murphy and his three children. I feel the effects of our damp ride. We called a meeting at Greenville on Tuesday, at our sister Brook's: as there were few men present, I adapted text and sermon to the women. We have no chapel here, although we have had a society thirty years. At Mr. Freeman's we dined, talked, and prayed. It began to rain at one o'clock, and we started away to Edward Hall's; we dare not loiter or wait for fair weather. Thursday, we halted, concluding to give up Edenton for Tarborough. There are great freshets in the rivers, as we hear. Ah! the ferries! we shall have them, sink or swim. Friday, reading, writing, and taking medicine.

Saturday, February 1. I passed the day in prayer, peace, love, and joy.

Sabbath 2. At Tarborough I preached to a serious, attentive congregation. I preached in the afternoon also at brother Hall's. Monday I breakfasted with Mr. Austin, an English Baptist; his wife with us; my business with him was to charge him most solemnly to hold a perpetual prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening in his house. The lowlands about Tarborough-bridge are under water. We came thirty miles to Colonel John Witaker's; here I had occasion to give a solemn and pointed testimony, and it was publicly given. On Tuesday we had a meeting of a few neighbours in Pinner's family. We have made seven hundred miles since we left Camden, through frost, floods, cold, and hunger—poor men, and poor horses! Well, this life is not eternal. Wednesday came to *Murfreesborough*, dined with the respectable widow *Meredith* and her children, prayed, and continued forward to Jesse Brattle's; a hail-storm overtook us on the way. This house is in affliction. Thursday reached Isaac Lunsford's, forty miles, visiting an afflicted family on our route. Richard Yerberry has gone from poor Suffolk to the rich inheritance of glory; he was almost a prodigy of affliction and of grace. On Friday we held a meeting at Portsmouth, and preached to a full house.

Sabbath 8. I preached in Norfolk, and met the society.

Monday 9. Came to Isaac Lunsford's, and thence to Suffolk; what a sickly country is this! I have heard of three deaths in as many days. We had a small meeting at General Wells's widow's: the head of the house and his daughter have departed in peace since my last visit. I visited, as is my custom, the graves of the deceased. On Wednesday the cold was excessive, and we were right glad to house with Andrew Woodley, who treated us with great kindness. I preached at night at William Blunt's.

Friday 13. The weather was clear, but chilly. We made twenty-eight miles only, to our friend Kirkbang's. I see a providence always over me, and I am always stayed upon God.

Saturday 14. We came to Bryant's, twenty-five miles, and could go no further; they put me to bed, very unwell. Our host is a disobedient son reclaimed—of Methodist parents. Here are two meeting-houses, and the Gospel is brought back to the vicinity of King-George court-house, after thirty years' absence. No time was to be lost—I took tartar, and had a serious spell while it lasted.

Sabbath 15. I rode about a mile, and gave a sermon. My breast is sore, and my heart is in pain for Petersburg. Monday, I visited my ancient friends Wood, Tucker, and wife.

We came to John Bradley's on Tuesday night, and preached on Heb. ii. 1—4. Wednesday, a muddy ride brought us to town. Our conference began on Thursday. The affair of James Boyd and Henry Hardy detained us two days from other business. We shall not station more than seventy-five preachers this year, a less number than last. A charge had been brought against me for ordaining a slave, but there was no further pursuit of the case when it was discovered that I was ready with my certificates to prove his freedom; the subject of contention was nearly white, and his respectable father would neither own nor manumit him. I shall mention no names. Old Virginia, because of the great emigrations westward, and deaths, decreases in the number she gives to the Methodists; but New Virginia gains. Doctor Jennings was at conference, and preached often for us, and was much followed. We had little or no trouble about the stations, and conference rose on Thursday. I started away and came in great haste to Willis's chapel: the heat was oppressive, and man and beast gladly stopped at the widow Scalley's. Little sleep last night. Let me suffer, and let me labour; time is short, and souls are daily lost.

Sabbath, March 1. It blew a cutting wind at North-East, as we made our way towards Roper's chapel, thirty miles distant. I preached some awful truths. Monday, I passed a night of great suffering. We came off this morning to James City, and preached in the chapel to many people—we had an evening meeting. Lodged at John Taylor's. Tuesday, we came to Williamsburg, where I preached with a full mind, but failing voice. Wednesday, we rode some forty miles to breakfast with an English family, the Whitefields; and went forward to lodge with George Hope, a ship-builder from Whitehaven.

Thursday 5. I preached in the new brick house, Hampton, ordained Robert Gillum and brother Evans local deacons. I suffer from a deep cold. On Friday I had an opportunity of giving the two families of Lucas and Stubblefield a solemn warning and charge. We crossed the river at Yorktown, now like many other towns, declining in numbers and in wickedness, because of the decrease of trade and strong drink.

Saturday 7. At Philip Tabb's, Esquire—a great farmer, and a kind and a hospitable gentleman.

Sabbath 8. It rained, and we had two hours in the cold house to utter our testimony. I came home with deacon Bellamy, a witness of the sanctifying power of grace. We rejoiced in God. He handed me Michaelis, which I read. Monday, came on to Shackleford's chapel, where I found a few auditors from Gloucester.

Tuesday 10. To Pace's chapel—I go forward in rain, and in temptation and affliction, and great grief for souls. I find that Michaelis, contrary to Bengelius and Wesley, has left it doubtful concerning the *three that bear witness in heaven*: the doctrine is not the less true.

Wednesday 11. At Cole's chapel I preached on Luke xiii. 23—25. I dined with father Mann, where, I presume, I preached thirty-three years past; this family cleaves to us, but the Baptists have the rule in Queen Anne and Essex. We must not be envious—we have it, and are getting it, and will continue to get it if we are faithful, still more abundantly throughout the whole continent. I was happy in spending a night under the roof of a simple-hearted poor man, Billy Carr; he travelled four years, and is now a useful local preacher.

Thursday 12. I preached at Hobbs's Hole: it was damp and I was cold, but I felt help from God. This labour will go for the Baptists. Mother Cox, a Baptist, had appointed a meeting for me, and I gave them a sermon. We sow here, but others reap. On my way to Port-Royal, on Friday, I expounded a text of Scripture to the family of John Rouzee's. Saturday evening brought us into poor Fredericksburg.

Sabbath 15. I preached for them. The Methodists have done great good here: since they began to preach the Baptists and Presbyterians have built meeting-houses. Mr. Streback has the Episcopal church. We were off on Monday, through sand and mist, to Samuel's tavern, twenty miles; here we fed and prayed with the family. At Grigg's I gave a night lecture. I preached at Mrs. Hooe's to a full house on Tuesday morning, and went forward to Major Newell's, making a ride of forty-six miles. I called, on Wednesday, on my friend Mr. Carter, who has now six children in society: surely the time to favour this family is come. We laboured along to Leesburg, stemming the cold and boisterous north-west. Friday and Saturday were spent in happy, loving conference. My task it was to ordain sixteen deacons. I preached, so also did brother M'Kendree.

Wednesday 18. Ordination day for elders; I had declined, not wishing to preach the sermon; but I officiated, and N. Snethen preached. We have had a solemn, loving, peaceful conference. Our labours ended on Friday morning, and we separated. Arrived at the ferry, it blew a hurricane. I lifted up my heart in prayer to God. There was, in a few minutes, a great calm, which all those with me witnessed, but I will not say it was in answer to prayer. We lodged with Howard, upon Carroll's manor.

MARYLAND.—Saturday 11. We called and dined with our respectable brother Ignatius Davis: Ah! he is rich in property and a young wife! It blew up very cold as we came into Fredericktown.

Sabbath 29. Easter Sunday. I was three hours reading, praying, preaching, and meeting the society, white and coloured; it was a day of God, and of his power. My congregation chiefly from the country. A cold ride brought us to Liberty; Monday morning I preached for them, and went on to Ephraim Howard's.

Tuesday 31. We moved forward, calling on brothers Jones and A. Warfield. Lodged under the roof of Nancy Willis. There are many late converts around her: Frank Hollingsworth and his wife, Henry Willis, and a young lady with fifty thousand dollars—can she get and keep religion? I doubt.

Wednesday, April 1. I preached at Joshua Tipton's; this is an ancient friend whom I had not visited for eight years. Boehm preached in German. Thursday, dined near Union chapel at Mr. Matthews's, and went forward to Meredith's. Friday, a cold disagreeable ride brought us across the country to Samuel Boukley's: here I received the first intelligence of the death of my dear old friend Martin Boehm.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sabbath 5. I preached at Boehm's chapel the funeral sermon of Martin Boehm, and gave my audience some very interesting particulars of his life. Monday, busy writing. Tuesday, at Jacob Boehm's: I preached here.

Wednesday 8. We called on Zeltenright; kinder people need not be: we fed and prayed with them. I went forward and preached at Church-Town, and housed with Owen Brunner. I suffer much in my feet amongst the Germans, and I greatly dislike stoves. We had a blessed meeting on Thursday evening.

Friday 10. Rode to Coventry. We had a full house. Ah! where are my sisters Richards, Vanleer, Potts, Rutter, Patrick, North at rest in Jesus; and I am left to pain and toil: courage, my soul—we shall overtake them when our task is done! I visited Mr. May. If they wanted the plan for their meeting-house, here it is; forty by fifty feet. I rejoiced in finding three of sister Rutter's children in the way.

Sabbath 12. I preached at old Israel Anderson's. Our friend has been in fellowship with us thirty-two years, and has been honoured by missions from his county and district to the legislature and to congress: his family of children are pleasing. Twice only have I ever visited this neighbourhood. Monday. Snow and cold.

Tuesday 14. I preached at Radnor. We dined at H. Gyger's, and slept under the roof of Isaac James. The peace and consolations of God abound towards me.

Wednesday 15. Came to the city of Philadelphia. We opened our conference in great peace on Saturday.

Sabbath 19. Preached in St. George's in the morning, and at St. Thomas's in the evening. It is a time of peace. We had a solemn time at the ordination of deacons on Wednesday. I preached at Union chapel on Friday.

Sabbath 26. I gave them a sermon at Ebenezer in the forenoon, met the society at Union, and ordained, as deacons, Joseph Ingles and John George, venerable and pious men. On Thursday all the honours of officiating at the ordinations fell upon me, Bishop M'Kendree being sick. I closed the conference on Monday morning. Sister Lusby's lamp is nearly extinct; I visited and prayed with her. We came away and rode in the afternoon sixteen miles to father Rodman's. We lodged with Mr. Snyder at New-Brunswick on Tuesday night. Wednesday, a cold ride brought us to New-York.

NEW-YORK.—Friday, May 1. Our general conference began. During the session I saw nothing like unkindness but once, and there were many and weighty affairs discussed. I hope very few rules will be made. We may disquiet ourselves in vain.

Sabbath 11. At the African church in the morning: I preached also at the Hudson chapel; it was an awful time. A subject before the conference was the question, If local deacons after four years of probation, should be elected to the eldership by two thirds of the conference, having no slaves, and having them to manumit them where the laws allowed it? it passed by a majority. On Saturday a motion was made to strengthen the episcopacy by adding another bishop.

Sabbath 17. I preached at Brooklyn in our elegant house. After a serious struggle of two days in general conference to change the mode of appointing presiding elders, it remains as it was. Means had been used to keep back every presiding elder who was known to be favourable to appointments by the bishops; and long and eloquent speeches have been made to influence the minds of the members: Lee, Shinn, and Snethen were of a side; and these are great men. Many matters of small moment passed under review, and were regulated. Mr. Shaw of London called to see me, and I had seventeen of the preachers to dine with me; there was vinegar, mustard, and a still greater portion of oil: but the disappointed parties sat down in peace, and we enjoyed our sober meal. We should thank God that we are not at war with each other, as are the Episcopalians, with the pen and the press as their weapons of warfare.

Sabbath 17. At the Two Mile Stone my subject was 1 Peter iv. 6—9. I preached also at Greenwich, and at John-street chapel. On Monday I tried to rest, but I found I could not be sick in quiet, so unceasingly was I pursued by visitors and letters; so I made my escape to George Suckley's and took to my bed. On Tuesday I breakfasted with Colonel Few. Some good widows collected above two hundred dollars for the poor preachers in the New-England states; sister Seney I must make honourable mention of as being very active in this labour of love. We made a peaceable ride of twenty-four miles to mother Sherwood's. I have been kept from sinning, in much patience and affliction.

Wednesday 20. Came to Eben Smith's; the host kind and attentive; the mother holy and devout: I cannot pass my old friends without a call. I called on Joseph Crawford, and took to my bed: I suffer. In the evening I preached at White-Plains chapel in much affliction of body: we lodged at brother Fowler's.

Thursday 21. Rode to Croton: here I saw once more the elder of 90—much in the enjoyment of God and of himself.

Friday 22. We halted on our way at Peekskill. I prayed in Burrill's small house.

Saturday 23. I saw our little conventicle in Rhinebeck: we stopped at Mr. Williams's: I am blest with patience. I preached on Wednesday, and administered the Lord's supper: I am in weakness and fear, and much trembling.

Monday, June 1. We halted awhile at Esopus: dined at the widow Scott's. We have had a home here many years: the Lord heard prayer for the father, who died in peace. We lodged at John Crawford's: I suffer from high fevers. On Tuesday we rode through the boat, thirty-four miles, to Coeyman's Landing, and preached at six o'clock. The blister at the back of my ears broke on the way. O, for patience and faith! A cold ride brought us to Albany. The Dutch synod and the Methodist conference are about to sit here. From the 4th to the 10th we have been occupied in close conference.

Sabbath 7. I preached in our old house; and we had a gracious season. I gave a solemn exhortation on the spot designated for our new church: the situation is very eligible. Wednesday, conference ended its labours. Thursday, we rose at five o'clock, and crossed the river: after a ride of five hours in the rain we were willing to stop at Mr. Darling's.

Friday 11. Came through Shakerstown; if these are children of light, they are wiser in their generation than the children of this world. We took a hasty dinner with Gamaliel Whitney, and came away in the rain to Hawley's. Saturday. We dined on our route at Merrill's, and came in to lodge with 'Squire Pitkin.

Connecticut.—Sabbath 13. I preached at Glastenbury, and met the society. Monday, at Hebron we visited three families, and were kindly received by Doctor Huntington, with whom we lodged in Windham. Tuesday, we dined in Abington, and lectured to a few people in the evening at John Nichols's. Wednesday, a ride of thirty miles brought us to father Ball's, where we lodged; all is not right here. Thursday, we dined at Stone's tavern in Farmington; they had nearly been as wild as Indians when we prayed. I have felt sick enough to be in bed. We came to Lynn. I come through great tribulation.

Massachusetts.—Saturday 20. Our conference began and progressed in much peace and order. Thursday, I gave preachers and people a sermon.

Sabbath 20. I preached. The chapel, saving the pews and the steeple, is beautiful. We had an ordination. The proclamation of the president of the United States is out to inform us that there is war between our people and the English people: my trust is in the living God. Thursday we came rapidly through a storm of rain to father Boyle's in Needham; we were well steeped. Friday, we took the Worcester rode to Brookfield. Saturday, we came off at four o'clock, and rode seventeen miles to breakfast at Belcherstown and continued onward fifteen miles beyond Warner's.

Sabbath 28. We made a ride of twenty-five miles to Pittsfield. Brother M'Kendree preached at two o'clock; and I ascended the pulpit at six o'clock in the evening. Monday, we called on our way at father Spicer's. We have spent on this journey twenty-three dolhills. There is a serious division in Pittsfield—about thirty members have withdrawn. They have built a neat house in Lynn; but I am afraid of a steeple; and if they put this foolish addition, it must not be by Methodist order, or with Methodist money—they may pay for their own pride and folly. We have had great peace and order in the New-England conference; but we are poor.

New-York.—July 1. We came away to Lansingburg. We must stand still, and see the salvation of God in these times of trouble.

Sabbath 5. At Troy I preached and gave an exhortation to the society. At Lansingburg I preached in the evening, but did not feel myself at liberty as in Troy. On Tuesday we came through the heat to Beldin's, twenty-two miles; here we had good entertainment. Wednesday, we concluded it best to keep on our way, and miss the camp-meeting. We prayed with the family with which we dined on our route. Came to Little Falls, and were well received and accommodated at Morallo's. It rained, but we continued on to Reuben Mather's. The people gaze and laugh at us as we pass; surely we are men to be wondered at and hated by all but the pious.

Sabbath 12. We held our conference in Lyons. Brother M'Kendree preached in the morning, and I gave a discourse in the evening at Westmoreland. We went forward to David Coe's, where I preached at night. My host had entertained me at Middlefield, Connecticut, twenty-two years ago. My mind enters deeply into God, his providence and grace. Consequential W. B. Lacy is married; and why not?—he has left us; and why not? Between Albany and Lynn, and Boston, we have spent thirty dollars and fifty-six cents—a few cents more than the conference furnished for our expenses. On Saturday we rode over to our brother Hanna's, from Queens county, Ireland.

Sabbath 12. I preached at Bethel chapel, standing on the floor to speak. I was feeble, yet I met the society, baptised a child, and addressed my brethren and sisters on the subject of singing as a part of the worship of God. The solemn fast to be observed on the first Friday in October was not forgotten to be mentioned. I called up the children of my host to read for me, and had a serious conversation with the two eldest, the only son and eldest daughter: the tears witnessed how deeply they felt. We came away to Holmes's on Monday morning, and thence to Forbisher's: here we have a chapel. We called a meeting at night at father Doolittle's.

Tuesday 14. A long ride through Manlius, and calling at Dodge's, brought us into the widow Hoox's new house. We dined at Hemmerman's, in Auburn, on Wednesday, and lodged with Eddy, Scipio. On our way we were insulted by some men in a harvest field: this is their glory of wickedness: ours is, that the offence of the cross hath not yet ceased. My revenge was prayer that God might convert and save them for Christ's sake.

Sabbath 19. I preached at Lyons town. I have been reading Fuller; there appears, to my mind, to be more of probability in his expositions of prophecy than in those of any other commentator, more especially as it relates to the Jews. We have had a blessed time.—Lord, pardon the sins of an ungrateful and unholy people!

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, were employed in a very pleasing conference, about thirty members being present; our brethren of Canada were all absent. Elders and deacons were ordained: the increase of members, according to the returns, was thousands.

Sabbath 26. I preached upon the camp-ground. I have been lodged at Daniel Dorsey's family eleven days; I wish to be moving. Had not hostilities existed between us and our neighbours, I should have spent some of this time in visiting the Falls of Niagara. Our funds allowed us to give forty-nine dollars for the deficiencies of each single preacher, one hundred and eighteen dollars for those married and their wives and children. On Monday the members of conference communed in the Lord's Supper, after which I read off their stations, and we parted in great peace. Through four showers of rain, after dinner, I made my way to Geneva. I lectured in a school-house in the evening, from James iv. 8—10. I was disposed to speak plain and cogent words.

Tuesday 28. The heat is excessive, yet we went forward, accompanied by our local brethren. I ordained our brother Goodwin under the trees. We were willing to halt at the invitation of Mr. Thompson to dinner. I felt like Jonah in the sun. We were kindly received for the night by Judge Smith, on the Seneca Lake. I die daily. I live in God from moment to moment. My text for Friday 30, the appointed fast day, was Joel ii. 1.: I was weak, but truth was strong. I will leave Newtown this afternoon. There must be a great change here. We came away, after meeting, to Elijah Griswold's: my host is a brand plucked from the burning—strong drink had scorched him forty years. He had a pious son who watched over, and prayed for him; and he himself never closed his doors against the gospel. The Lord heard prayer on his behalf, and has entirely delivered him from the love of whiskey. I hear of another wonderful emancipation from the slavery of drunkenness.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sunday, August 2. We rest at Joshua Kennedy's, Walnut-Bottom. My congregation might amount to one hundred. Our host was a whiskey maker; but now it is a house for God. In [illegible] I am kept in perfect peace. Yesterday I visited, exhorted, and prayed with Mr. Gaston's family: the wife and mother: the people are serious, but the head is a man of the world. For forty years past we have preached the Gospel from the mouth to the branches, and up them, of the great river Susquehannah; the fruit of our labour has begun to appear within the last five years: we shall see it yet more abundant.

Monday 3. We came away to John Smith's, and continued onward to father Smith's, but came in too late for meeting.

Tuesday 4. We dined at father Bidlack's, and went forward to Wilkesbarre. The court was sitting, and a meeting was expected. My subject was, knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men. They gave me the court-house.

Wednesday 5. We came along down the turnpike, and rough we found it. Farewell to [illegible]—I lodge no more there: whiskey—[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]. Our Thursday's ride brought us rapidly to Lehigh: (we crossed at [illegible]) and had little time to admire the beautiful country above and below. The Germans are decent in their behaviour in this neighbourhood; and would be more so, were it not for vile whiskey: this is the prime curse of the United States, and will be, I fear much, the ruin of all that is excellent in morals and government in them. Lord, interpose thine arm! Lord, send thy Gospel to these Germans! We lodge with George [illegible], Wyoming.

Friday 7. I am sick—I abstain. In the evening we had an assemblage of people, and brother Boehm spoke to them in German.

Saturday 8. We visited F. Hyln, on our way to A. T. Brobst's. I feel a deep concern for the old and new world; calamity and suffering are coming upon them both: I shall make but few remarks on this unhappy subject; it is one on which the prudent will be silent; but I must needs say it is an evil day. I have written many letters of serious warning to our elders.

Sunday 9. Brother Boehm preached in Dutch. I gave a few words of exhortation to the folks at J. Brobst's, at the Forge; W. Fox exhorted. Monday, on our way to Schuylkill we strayed somewhat. H. Boehm preached at our kind host's, J. [illegible], a German.

Tuesday 11. We climbed and laboured over the [illegible] hills, to Peter Albin's, a disciple of father Boehm.

Wednesday 12. We passed through Lititz, a second Bethlehem. What a lovely country we have lately seen! no slaves here. The river Lehigh has three branches, flowing from the Beech or Great

Swamp, which cross the Wyoming turnpike to Bethlehem: this beautiful stream, according to my computation, meanders one hundred miles to its mouth, making its way, by disruptive force, as it would seem, through what is called the Gap in the Blue-Ridge. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, at mother Boehm's: writing, reading, and prayer; these are my occupations and enjoyments.

Sunday 16. I preached at Soudersburg's chapel in the morning; and at Strasburg at two o'clock; and again at Bethel at six o'clock. Monday, we crossed at M'Call's ferry and came to father Jones's.

MARYLAND.—Tuesday 18. Rode through the rain to John Lee's; dined, prayed, and came away to Manchester. We lodged at Rothey's, a Dutch family. Thursday, we came to Pipe-Creek, and dined with my old friend James M'Cannon. Friday, we came into the camp. The meeting began yesterday. I preached to a great crowd. What good may be wrought at this meeting, time, and especially, eternity will show.—There were about one hundred tents, and often five thousand people on the ground. In four nights I suppose I have had eight hours sleep. I was greatly blest at the sacrament. Tuesday, dined at Fredericktown; and went forward to Middletown. After forty years' labour, we have a small society in this place. We gave them discourses in English and German in the evening. Wednesday, toiling over the South mountain to Beverly's. On Thursday, I preached in the neat new chapel in Hagerstown, to about one hundred hearers; and after meeting visited and tarried for the night with the widow Dowler: our kind hostess is an afflicted woman, unable to walk, yet she enjoyeth much communion with God. On Friday we ventured upon the United States' road to Cumberland; dining on our route with Hunter, whom I warned faithfully; as also Thomas Pratt, and Major Briscoe, whom we visited, exhorted, and prayed with. Saturday, a fatiguing ride, through oppressive heat, brought us limping to Aquila Brown's.

Sunday 30. I preached in Cumberland to an attentive people, and went on to Cresap's town, where I also bore my testimony: there might be one thousand people in the two congregations. I have little rest. We came up the mountain, dining at Musselman's, and going thence forward to Tomlinson's. There was a strange medley of preachers, drovers, beasts on four legs, and beasts made by whiskey on two, travelling on the turnpike at one time.

Tuesday, September 1. A rude, rough ride, brought us to Clark's, twenty-eight miles. Wednesday, we met my friend Judge Vanmeter, at the bottom of Laurel Hill, with five hundred fat steers from his prairie in Ohio; if he can undertake this labour and perform it cheerfully for the sake of gain, why should I complain of my sufferings? There are very distressing rumours abroad; my mind is tried on. Ye are of more value than many sparrows. After losing so much rest, I could have wished to sleep without annoyance from fleas or bed-bugs. Two innkeepers on our route, Beeson and Tomlinson, declare against keeping or selling liquid fire: this is great. We moved on Thursday to the widow Henthorn's, within a mile of the camp-ground. I preached on Friday and Saturday. The ministry are instructed to be careful to preach to the soldiers, wherever opportunity offers. The Union Volunteers desired a sermon, so I gave a discourse on the ground: my subject was Jer. iii. 12.

Monday 6. We celebrated a solemn sacrament; a simple-hearted, weeping people, crowded round the table. My soul has been greatly blest during my stay on this camp-ground. Good, doubt not, has been done. I have been pleased by reading, at intervals, Benson's Life of Fletcher. The man of God was worn out before he married; and where else might he have found such a nurse, and helper, and shepherdess in a wife? but possibly, he would have lived longer had he travelled. Comparing myself with Fletcher, what am I, in piety, wisdom, labours, and usefulness! God be gracious to me!

Tuesday 7. May I make the best of the remains of life. I presume we had ten thousand at the Liberty camp-meeting, and five thousand at the meeting in this neighbourhood of Union-Town. Forty persons came forward to enrol their names in society with us. We came away to George Hogg's—kind as can be; so indeed are the wife and sister. We entered Brownsville on Wednesday, and drove to Doctor Wheeler's. Notice of our proposed meeting had not been generally given, and we had not many hearers—perhaps a hundred. I preached in Washington on Thursday, on 1 Peter iii. 10—15. It was a solemn time; and indeed there was reason. Samuel Porter, a Presbyterian minister, came to meeting; unable to sit up, he lay down upon the seat: it would appear that he is not long for this world: I lent him Fletcher's Life.

Friday 10. We had a suffering ride of thirty-two miles to the Stone chapel, on Short-Creek. I preached at four o'clock, and there was much feeling in the congregation. I want strength, and food, and rest. We have serious times—it becomes us to be silent, and let God judge the nations, and correct the guilty.

Ohio.—Saturday 11. We directed our route towards the Indian Short-Creek camp-meeting.

Sunday 13. We had a solemn meeting. I preached to about three thousand people, as I judge. Monday, I was called on to preach; we have had eighty-four tents on the ground, four hundred and fifty communicants, and forty persons have joined us. The work of God was uninterrupted night and day; and we doubt not many precious souls were converted. I shall have travelled six thousand miles in eight months, and met in nine conferences, and have been present at ten camp-meetings.

Tuesday 15. We came away thirty miles to Barnesville, where I delivered my testimony. I suffer for want of rest. The Methodists seem to have almost entire influence in this town. Our chapel is forty by fifty feet.

Wednesday 16. We came through the heat to Sherrock's, dined, and went forward towards Wills-Creek—logs, stumps, ruts, bushes—rough work: we arrived in the night at Walker's.

Thursday 17. We set out in the rain, and came thirty miles to Zanesville; I retired sick to Spangler's. We have a meeting-house here, and at Fairfields. It is a time of trouble on the frontiers—the Indians have killed and scalped some whites, it is said.

Friday 18. We attended Rush-Creek camp-meeting. The work of God during the night was awfully powerful. Many Germans present were deeply serious.

Sunday 20. I preached. The whole night was spent in prayer. We had a sermon on Monday morning, and the sacrament followed: there might be two hundred and fifty communicants. I had been unwell, but an emetic, taken on Saturday night, prepared me for usefulness. I lodged with Edward Teal, aged seventy-seven. I had known him forty years. On Tuesday, we passed through New-Lancaster, to Jesse Spurgeon's.

Wednesday 23. I preached at Stroud's chapel, and we had an open, feeling, gracious season. I find that the mother of my host, Edward Stroud, went safe to rest last April: she was a disciple of ours, and a respectable widow in Israel. I suffer from chills—the nights are cold, and I have been much exposed.

Thursday 24. We rode over to Judge Vanmeter's. On Friday I preached in the new house in Jefferson; we visited M'Dowell's, and lodged with White Brown on Saturday.

Sabbath 27. I preached: after meeting I gave up and stole to my bed. My soul has been much broken for the last month in various ways, and I am feverish and have the jaw-ache. Could I be less earnest when I preach, I might have less bodily suffering; but it may and be. The Ohio conference sat from Thursday, October the 1st, to Wednesday the 7th; we had great order. The writer of this journal laboured diligently, and was much assisted by the eldership in the business of the stations. He preached three times, was called upon to ordain twelve deacons, and also to ordain elders: upon the last day his strength failed. I want sleep, sleep, sleep: for three hours I lay undisturbed in bed, to which I had stolen on Wednesday; but they called me up to read off the stations. I have a considerable fever; but we must move.

Thursday 9. We made a pretty rapid ride, thirty miles, to Perrey's.

Friday 10. A morning ride of twenty-two miles brought us over trees, stumps, and through mud-holes to a house of refreshment; we fed hastily, and pushed into the town of Miranda, thirteen miles farther.

Saturday 11. We have had rain. We fed on our way, and continued onward through a great storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, to Cincinnati. Oh, let us not complain when we think of the suffering, wounded, and dying, of the hostile armies! If we suffer, what shall comfort us?—let us see—Ohio will give six thousand for her increase of members in one new district.

Sabbath 11. I preached in Cincinnati. We are at low water mark here this year: perhaps they will raise the scaffolding for a new house.

KENTUCKY.—We came over to Kentucky on Monday, and reached near Lexington: there was company enough, and little quiet through the night.

Tuesday 13. We rode out to the widow Clark's to breakfast. Our ride of twenty-six miles brought us to lodge under the roof of the widow Hall.

Wednesday 14. We returned to Lexington in the forenoon. The distance gone over in the last two days and a half may be one hundred miles. I preached; but the notice had not been early, and there were few to hear.

I attended Ratcliff's chapel on Thursday, and ordained brother Cornelius Ruddle a local elder: he officiated in my place in the pulpit. I preached at the house of his father in 1790: how strangely I often find the lost!

On Friday I preached in the representative-chamber in Frankfort. I conversed with some of the respectables, and found one who had made one of my company twenty-three years ago in a journey through the wilderness. We reached Edward Talbot's on Saturday.

Sabbath 19. I preached at the brick chapel.

Monday 20. We rode twenty-four miles to breakfast with James Ward, Goose-Creek, Jefferson county: I preached the funeral of his son. Here I saw some of my ancient brethren and sisters, and the children of others of them.

Tuesday 21. Came to Brunerstown: we had preaching in German and English. We dined with Mr. Conrad's kind family. There are some of Otterbine's and Sweney's people hereabouts. I was called to visit friend Whips in a dropsy. We came down to Beargrass-Creek. What is called the Beargrass Settlement, is the garden of the state. It is a low, level country, and in wet seasons must be sickly, as it is now. I saw a native of Saxony who had lately arrived, and had joined us: Oh! what a work has there been amongst the Germans, and would more abundantly have been, had they had the discipline of the Methodists!

Wednesday 22. I preached in Louisville at eleven o'clock in our neat brick house, thirty-four by thirty-eight feet. I had a sickly, serious congregation. This is a growing town, and a handsome place, but the falls or ponds make it unhealthy: we lodged at Farquer's.

Thursday 23. Breakfasted at B. Shrawley's, five miles on our route: we worried and plunged through deep roads thence towards the Barrens, and happily took the road newly cut through the woods, and found a shelter for the night with a brother Hawkins.

Friday 24. We came on to Elizabeth, county town of Hardin; a little milk, morning and evening, served us for food. We lodged beyond Elizabeth with father Gilliland, whose father and grandfather were killed by the Indians: himself, until lately, has always been a frontier man, and greatly exposed.

Saturday 25. We set out, and reached Mr. Woodson's to lodge. I am greatly supported by God both in body and mind. A prize!—a book found in the pocket of Mr. White after his death—Baxter's *Poor Man's Family Book*: the old gentleman had a good guide, and doubtless died in peace: I am indebted to the son for this excellent work.

Sabbath 26. We have an awful storm: preached in Mr. Woodson's house. A Mr. Locke was present; one of the kindest Baptists I have met with. Monday, came to Allen's to dinner, and kept on to James Stringfield's. Tuesday, we crossed Barren-River, rising swiftly. A ride through the rain brought us to Edward Porter's. Wednesday, visited David Porter, from Elk-Ridge, in Mary-back. Thursday, we rode thirty miles to brother Gwinn's. Friday, we came away late to Nashville, stopping on our way to speak to the widow Bowen, the daughter of my ancient friend, the late General Russell; this lady hath three daughters who profess religion; surely we have not prayed in vain. We found the river high on Saturday; Mr. Hobbs, the jailer, kindly took us in; but we are not prisoners, but of hope—but of the Lord.

Sabbath 31. I preached in the new, neat brick house, thirty-four feet square, with galleries. Twelve years ago I preached in the old stone house, taken down since to make a site for the state-house. The latter house exceeds the former in glory, and stands exactly where our house of worship should by right have stood; but we bear all things patiently. This is a pentecostal day to my soul. Hail, all hail, eternal glory!

Monday, November 1. We left our lodging in the jail-house, and came away to Green Hill's. Tuesday, busy in writing: I conclude next year that we shall visit and hold a conference in Mississippi, if so directed and permitted. Wednesday, we had an appointment in the neat little brick house, town of Franklin, upon Harper-River. After meeting the society, we hasted away to escape the rain; the storm in the night was made awful by the thunder and lightning. We have a brick house in the town, and a frame one five miles out. I find old acquaintances here from Virginia and North Carolina. I preached on Thursday to a small congregation at Green Hill's. Friday, after meeting at Nashville, we went forward to Benjamin Maxey's; we held a meeting here, and I was expected to occupy the pulpit. We stayed on Saturday at the widow Bowen's, on Manscoe's Creek.

Sabbath 7. I preached at Bowen's chapel, baptised a few subjects, and gave three exhortations; I had aid from God. If the Lord meant to make us instruments for good, we are wanted here and at Natchez.

Monday 8. We started away in the rain to James Gwinn's. Tuesday, we opened our conference in great peace; forty deacons were ordained, and ten elders; the travelling and local ministry amounts to sixty-two; the nett increase, after allowing for death and removal, two. We came away after a peaceful close of our labours on Tuesday following, to John M'Gee's, thirty-three miles: Wednesday, to Garratt's: Thursday, to Gibson's: Friday, to Jack's, forty-five miles, arriving in the night. Oh, the rocks, hills, ruts, and stumps! My bones, my bones!

Saturday 20. We had a quiet, leisurely ride of thirty-one miles to Winton's. Driving my sulky over such roads, and through such uncommon colds, causes me to suffer deeply for the few last days. I am comforted with an increase of eight thousand in the Tennessee conference. If we meet the Mississippi conference, as appointed, in November 1813, we shall have gone entirely round the United States in forty-two years: but there will be other states as well; God will raise up men to make and to meet conferences in them also, if we remain faithful as a people.

Monday 22. We came through the rain to Knoxville, and lodged with father Wagner, one of Otterbine's men. Tuesday, arrived in Dandridge, we drove to Foute's. It is excessively cold. It was my occupation to baptise six of the eight children of our host. Wednesday we crossed French-Broad at Seahorn's ferry, and forded Pigeon-River near its mouth on our way to James Gilliland's; we came into our station for the night almost stiff with cold.

Sabbath 29. I preached, and so also did Bishop M'Kendree; Henry Boehm exhorted. I found a relief to my cold in a few grains of tarter emetic. God hath wrought upon the vilest of the vile in the fork of Pigeon and French Broad Rivers, and He will yet do wonders.

Monday, December 1. We stopped at Michael Bollen's on our route, where I gave them a discourse on Luke xi. 11, 12, 13. Why should we climb over the desperate Spring and Paint Mountains when there is such a fine new road? We came on Tuesday a straight course to Barret's, dining in the woods on our way.

North Carolina.—Wednesday 3. We went over the mountain, twenty-two miles, to Killian's.

Thursday 4. Came on through Buncombe to Samuel Edney's; I preached in the evening. We have had plenty of rain lately. Friday, I rest. Occupied in reading and writing. I have great communion with God. I preached at father Mills's.

Saturday 4. We scaled the mountain—the rise may be a quarter of a mile, the descent much more gradual, and about a mile in length. We had a keen, cold wind, mingled with snow. Green-River was full and rapid, but little Fox darted like a fish up the stream: we stopped at Marvell Mills's, chilled indeed.

South Carolina.—Sabbath 6. I preached at Mills's chapel; after meeting we went home with John Mills, White-Oak-Creek. Ah, John, thy pious, praying mother! I think often of her. Monday, a bitter cold ride of forty miles brought us to father Francis Watters's.

O warm room, and kind old Virginians! Our host has twelve children of eighteen once living.

Tuesday 8. Came to Broad River. We found Smith's ford deep enough, but Fox turned his fearless breast up the stream, and brought me swiftly and safely through the swell of waters: he is a noble beast. We dined in the woods, and stopped at Esquire Leech's; brandy and the Bible were both handed me: one was enough—I took but one.

Wednesday 9. Came to Winsborough late at night: I cannot easily describe the pain under which I shrink and wreathe: the weather is cold, and I have constant pleuretic twinges in the side. In cold, in hunger, and in want of clothing—mine are apostolic sufferings. Jacob Rumph is dead, and so are elder Capers and James Rembert: these were all early friends to the Methodists in South Carolina, and left the world in the triumph of faith. We are in Camden.

Thursday 10. We stay at father Buchannan's: people here give little encouragement to Methodism, but the walls of opposition will fall, and an abundant entrance will yet be ministered to us—the craft of learning, and the craft of interested religion will be driven away.

Friday 11. A cold ride brought us to Dunkin's. Is not this man a brand plucked from the burning? a reclaimed drunkard! Camp-meetings have done this—they do great good, and prosper in the sand hills.

Saturday 12. We lodged in Columbia with Colonel Hutchinson.

Sabbath 13. I preached in the legislative chamber, and had the members for a part of my congregation. Tuesday, at the house of the widow of General Jacob Rumph; the father and son both died in the Lord. This house has been open to the Methodists for about twenty-seven years, whether in peace or persecution. Jacob travelled nearly four years; so meek, so mild, diligent, and simple-hearted, so sincerely good. On Tuesday we came to father Carr's, a Swiss: here are pious, kind souls. Wednesday, came to Stephen Swithen's, within twenty-three miles of Charleston. It remains intensely cold. Thursday, my fingers gave out; then the axle-tree gave a crack, seventeen miles from the city. We loaded another whilst I rode in J. B. Glenn's sulky, he and Boehm, with the aid of cushions and bearskins, rode horseback into the city. These are trifles. Ah! we feel—we fear the location of this conference will be sixteen in number. Saturday, our conference began its session in good order.

Sabbath 20. I preached at Cumberland chapel in the morning, and at Bethel in the afternoon. The presiding eldership and the episcopacy saw eye to eye in the business of the stations; there were no murmurings from the eighty-four employed. Christmas day was a day of fasting, and we dined one hundred at our house on bread and water, and a little tea or coffee in the evening. Our funds are low; but our church is inured to poverty; and the preachers may, indeed, be called *the poor of this world*, as well as their flocks.

Sabbath 27. I had an opportunity of meeting the society, of both colours, and my exhortations were pointed, and in season. We have, with the increase, about eighteen thousand. What is coming? days of vengeance, or of Gospel glory? We have lost, by locations and other causes, fourteen of the itinerancy.

Monday 28. Letters—letters to write! We send two missionaries to Mississippi. Religion is not fashionable in Charleston. Tuesday, receiving visitors. Our house is a house of prayer. Wednesday, we came to Readhammer's.

Thursday 31. Came to Georgetown: I am now at home here after twenty-nine years of labour. Many letters call my attention: I am happy in God. We hear of a blessed work in James-River district—camp-meetings the great instrument. According to Douglass's account six hundred have joined us. We have also a pleasing account in a letter from Joel Winch, New-London district, Bristol, Rhode-Island, of a work of God; one hundred have joined, and other converts there were who have joined the Baptists and Episcopalians;—were these stolen from us? Saturday, at rest, writing letters.

Sunday, January 3, 1813. I preached morning and evening. It was a small time—cold, or burning the dead. We have about one thousand blacks, and about one hundred white members; most of them women; the men kill themselves with strong drink before we can get at them. My house in Georgetown is not quite so comfortable; possibly I shall hereafter leave it to better men. Monday. It is so cold I have a small fire to write my letters by. Tuesday, we took the path to Coachman's, Black-River. My evening talk to them was, "Take earnest heed."

Wednesday 6. I was so lame I stopped at Richard Woodbury's. We held a meeting at two o'clock, and at night. Friday, we had a meeting at Collins Woodbury's; I preached in the evening—it was excessively cold, and I was lame.

Sabbath 10. I preached at Rockingham, on Little Pee-Dee. Monday, a bleak ride brought us to General Lee's. I took an emetic. My foot is much swelled. Tuesday, I was glad to stay at M'Neill's, in Lumberton. Applied a blister to my foot: Henry Boehm preached. Wednesday, came in great pain, and very unwell, to B. Russell's. I went to bed in a high fever and a mild medicine. Thursday, came on to Fayetteville through a cold, heavy rain. I blistered my foot again. The Lord blesses me with patience.

Sabbath 17. They carried me into the church. I ordained two deacons and one elder. I failed in strength after preaching, and Rev. Turner, a Presbyterian, concluded our meeting by prayer. I came home, applied three blisters, and retired in a high fever to bed. A fourth blister completed the work. Tuesday and Wednesday, closely confined.

Thursday 21. A bitter cold ride of thirty miles brought us to Purdie's. I have a high fever, and am in great pain. Friday, a heavy ride of thirty-six miles brought us to King's. I anticipate a night of fever and pain. Saturday, to Wilmington: there is little trade here, and fewer people; of course there is less sin.

Sabbath 24. I was carried into the church; preached, and met the society. I preached again in the evening. A bread poultice has procured me a mitigation of pain. Lord, be merciful to me in temporals and spirituals! William Capers is married—he twenty-three, his wife eighteen.

North Carolina.—Tuesday 26. We made a journey of twenty-two miles to the widow Nixon's—a widow of Sarepta, and a mother in Israel. I have a fever, and swelled feet. We had a small congregation. Thursday, we took the road in the rain.

Friday 28. Called a meeting at Mr. Shepherd's. Blessed be God! I have lived to see the third generation of father Ballard. He was the first man that joined us at New-River: now his grandson is in the church, and in Christ. My trials lately have been great. We stemmed the cold wind to Lot Ballard's, eighteen miles. I suffer violent pain in my right foot.

Sabbath 30. It rained heavily; nevertheless, we held meeting at Richland chapel. I rested above an hour, on my knees, preaching, and in the ordination of Lot Ballard, a deacon, and in prayer. We retired from the meeting to G. Rowe's, a son of affliction and consolation in God. We are in a palace—peace, and rich accommodation. Was it with us as in former times, we should be flying north; but we are fast bound by lameness. I have filled all my appointments, and answered the letters received. I neglect not all opportunities of instruction and prayer.

Monday, February 1. Lowering, cold day. Tuesday, I preached at Rowe's to about sixty souls. What a land is this of widows; and men sick, dying, and drunken! We came to J. [illegible] on Wednesday; we found his wife ill, and prescribed for her as well as we might. After dinner and prayer, came away to the widow Bryan's: Her husband is dead, and her son sick: we prayed, ventured to prescribe for the diseased subject, and continued onward to Adonijah Perry's.

Thursday 4. Once more I put on my leather shoes. O, the sufferings I have endured—patiently, I hope! One more warning I gave these people on Hebs. ii. 1—4.; it is perhaps, the last. I am occupied in marking for reprint about three hundred pages of Baxter. Friday, we rode round to Thomas Lee's. Saturday, at rest.

Sabbath 7. We had about two hundred souls, white and black, to hear us. I was two hours preaching, meeting the society, baptizing and ordaining Reuen Lipsey. I gained a fever and a clear conscience by my labours. Alas! it is the time of Jacob's trouble. Monday. I am in Newbern on crutches. Tuesday, reading, receiving the visits of presiding elders, and writing letters.

Wednesday 10. We opened our conference in sister [illegible] elegant school-room: we had great order, great union, and great despatch of business. The increase here in membership this year is seven hundred; but ah! deaths and locations—thin the preachers!

Sabbath 14. I was called upon to preach. Thursday, conference rose, and we came away, twenty-six miles, to Murphy's. Friday, excessively cold. A ride of fifty miles brought us to Edward Hall's. Saturday, we started in the rain, crossing Tar-River, and driving through the snow driving in our faces: we were glad to stop at James Hunter's; my feet begin to swell again.

Sabbath 21. Came in to Halifax, calling upon the widow Jones, mother of the [illegible] of that name. I preached to a few whom the weather could not keep back. After meeting, and taking food, we directed our course to brother Barrett's. We wished to cross the river while the weather would permit: I fly, and a strange flight it is for a sick cripple.

Monday 22. I halted at James [illegible], and ordained John Moore, Edward Price, and Edward Dromgoold, one after the other, as they happened to drop in; I lectured in the evening.

Tuesday 23. Came away to James Fisher's: here I ordained Thomas Dromgoold. Wednesday, I ordained John Combes at Smith Parham's. We found lodgings for the night at Hall's tavern. We passed through Petersburg to Carter's, on the James-River. Here flesh failed, and I wished for rest and found it. A heavy ride on Friday brought us to Mr. Blakely's happy family and pleasant residence. I have looked into Whitehead's Life of Wesley—he is vilified: O, shame!

Sabbath 28. I preached in Richmond old chapel, gave counsel to the tarrying society, baptized two infants, and ordained John Sullivan, and William Whitehead deacons. I spoke again in the afternoon to a congregation made up of the young and the aged. The Presbyterians and Episcopalians are striving to have places of worship.

Monday, March 1. Came away to Burrough's. Tuesday, came to Carson's ferry, crossed, and kept on to Mrs. Alexander's. After leaving this, we became entangled in the woods, and had a gentle upset, which brought us, without much damage, to the bottom of the hill; a ride of two miles on horseback brought us and our baggage to our lodgings for the night. My mind enjoys great peace; but I go in pain of body, and my legs are swelled.

Wednesday 3. We were obliged to lie by until the shaft of the sulky was mended. I improved this opportunity of rest to take medicine. I exhort the family. My mind mourns over the citizens of King George county—Oh! for a Gospel day and work!

Thursday 4. A desperate plunging of thirty miles through the clay brought us to Dumfries. We stopped at mother Mason's, and lectured in the family. Friday, to Edward Sandford's. Saturday came to Georgetown, dining with Jacob Hoffman, in Alexandria.

MARYLAND.—Sabbath 7. I changed my subject after getting into the church; and I spoke long and plainly. We have news from the English conference. It has given me an invitation to my native land, engaging to pay the expenses of the visit.

Monday 8. I sat upon the carpet, reading and writing. William Watters visited me. In the evening I performed the ceremony of marriage, uniting two young people in the house. Wednesday, I visited Doctor Tiffin, baptized his child, Edward Parker Tiffin, and then came on to Bell's chapel, and had here a very respectable congregation; but, Alas! I was feeble in body and mind. We lodged with brother William Revel. Thursday, we visited Colonel Beale, below Piscataway; and here I preached to a very genteel, serious people. Friday, I preached at Ford's chapel: the word was not wholly lost. We lodged under the hospitable roof of the widow [illegible]. Saturday, was held a quarterly meeting at Smith's chapel. We preached to a full house. After meeting we were invited to the house of Mr. Somerville.

Sabbath 12. I suffer extreme pain in one of my limbs, and move with difficulty. A dumb Sabbath; but there is no lack of aid. I feel perfect resignation, knowing that it is all for the best. Monday, we left our kind host, Captain Somerville, an old revolutionary hero, who lost an arm in the contest. We crossed Patuxent-River, and had a cold ride from Lower Marlborough to Samuel Eager's, Plumb Point. I am feeble, and have to endure pain and cold, and perform double labour: blessed be God, for the support I receive!

Tuesday 14. I preached in Child's chapel, and was assisted by Wells, Bothas, and Smith. We came in, chilled by the cold and rain, to Philip Dorsey's, and lodged there. Wednesday, faint and feeble, we took the road to Tennyhill's, and gave a sermon to a small congregation. We lodged with Samuel Wood, who lives where Griffin formerly lived, and has married the widow: here I preached thirty-six years ago.

Thursday 16. I met about four hundred people at Weems's chapel, to whom I preached, and we hope the word was not lost: my congregation was serious and attentive. But, Ah! there is death in the pot; will my exhortations to the society do much good? We found our host, William Weems, with an afflicted family.

Friday 17. We drove through a storm of wind to Lumpkin's chapel, and preached to about two hundred attentive hearers. Dined with Doctor Murray's family, and gave them some plain talk. We lodged with Samuel McCubbins. I was feverish and in pain, and worried through a night of affliction. We have visited Prince-George, Calvert, and Ann Arundell; the weather and roads, how unpleasant; and the people, how decently attentive in meeting; and how kind and attentive in their houses! Saturday, I housed with my friend Absalom Ridgeley, in Annapolis: this amiable family is much favoured.

Sabbath 19. There was a serious, solemn attention in the congregation whilst I tried to speak on Colossians i. 27—28. I gave the Africans a sermon in the afternoon. I felt the pain of coughing, and the effects of the blister. Monday, came to Sewell's. I preached on James i. 22—24. A heavy ride brought us to Baltimore. I gave an evening to the great Otterbein: I found him placid and happy in God. He says the commentators are mistaken—that the vials are yet to be poured out. Tuesday, I had a serious interview with the presiding elders. Wednesday, we opened conference, and went forward in our business in great peace and order.

Sabbath 28. I ordained deacons in the *forenoon*, and preached in the afternoon.

Thursday, April 1. Conference rose in great order and peace. I stationed eighty-three preachers. This conference holds, in their several relations, ninety preachers, twenty thousand two hundred and seventy-two members white, and seven hundred and ninety-nine coloured. We came away to Perry Hall: Alas! how solitary!

Friday 2. To Evans's. Saturday, to mother Boehm's. It was necessary to put seventy miles between us and Baltimore before we could write a line: must we always thus *fly away to be at rest?*

Sabbath 4. At Boehm's chapel I expounded 2 Tim. ii. 15. Henry Boehm preached in German; James Norton in English. The society received an exhortation. Monday, I wrote a letter to my British brethren, thanking them for their kind invitation to visit them. Tuesday, I preached at Strasburg. Wednesday, desperate roads to Newark kept us late. We had about two hundred people to hear us, to whom we spoke upon *the* great salvation.

Thursday 8. I preached at Salem, and went home to dine with A. Keagy. After dinner went down with Judge Richard Bassett to Bohemia. Spring has at last returned—a treble spring—natural, spiritual, and political. What a winter we have gone through!—what weather for five months!—what roads!

Friday 9. We rode down to Smyrna; and preached at night, remembering to exhort the society. I visited sister Davis; near her end; but calm and waiting *for* deliverance. Saturday, went to Dover.

Sabbath 11. I spoke at Wesley chapel plain words in the forenoon, and I spoke again in the afternoon at Farra's chapel. We dined with Dunny, and finding them at the table when we afterward called at Doctor Sykes's, we sat sociably down and ate there also. I called upon Judge Cooper, who is a subject of great affliction; he felt much whilst I prayed with him. The evening was very cold, nevertheless we came away, thirteen miles, to lodge at Purnell's.

Monday 12. A rapid ride brought us to Collins's in Caroline. I preached at three o'clock, and went home to lodge with Peter F. Causey. Tuesday, rode *fifteen* miles to preach in Frazier's chapel. I preached in the evening at James Harris's. Thomas Foster took us in for the night.

Wednesday 14. We came to Cambridge.

Thursday 15. There was an alarm from the enemy, and of course no preaching. We came back to [illegible]. I preached in Newmarket, and ordained George Ward to deacon's orders. Friday, retired to humiliation and prayer. Saturday, I preached at Washington chapel, and ordained Henry Bains a local deacon. We visited Ecclestone Brown, now a subject of grace, and lodged with Lemuel Davis, an old disciple.

Delaware.—Sunday 18. I preached at Brown's chapel, and had a serious, attentive congregation. I preached also in the evening at Bridgeville. What a change is here!—the children and grandchildren are left, but few of the first generation. I baptized Daniel Polk's son.—Monday, to Millford, and preached for them.

Tuesday 20. I preached in Barratt's chapel, dined at Dover, and slept at Smyrna; making a journey of forty miles.

Wednesday 21. There was a high wind, and I set out, feeble and faint, and reached Wilmington. I lodge with Governor Bassett. My peace flows like a river. I suppose we have, in sixteen circuits, ten chapels in each. I preached for the folks in Wilmington.

Friday 23. A heavy ride brought us to Philadelphia.

Pennsylvania.—Saturday 24. We opened our annual conference, ninety preachers present: much order, and great peace.

Sunday 25. I preached in the Academy chapel in the morning; and at night at St. George's. My congregations were large. We continued in conference until Saturday, the first of May. We had speakers in plenty; but peace and union. There is a falling off in numbers, occasioned by locations, and the retirement of the superannuated, and other causes; so that the increase of effective preachers is but two.

Sunday 2. I preached at Ebenezer, and exhorted to union; and again at the tabernacle. I shall throw all the troubles of the times, the church, and the conference, into shades; nor will I record these tales of woe.

Tuesday 4. We set out in an easterly storm up the Bristol road, and reached Burlington.

New-Jersey.—Wednesday and Thursday, still raining. Busy writing letters. The increase in six conferences, is, in members, twenty-one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four; in preachers seventy-nine; but of these there are only thirty-three travellers. The Baltimore conference paid up without any charitable dividend. I preached in Burlington on Thursday; many attended, although it was damp. Will this place and Trenton ever be famous for vital religion?

Friday 7. Stormy, I preached at Mount Holly. After meeting, visited William Richards, a friend of ours for many years: his wife and daughter departed in peace, and are gone safe.

Saturday 8. I preached in Lumberton. Here we have a good house, after forty years' labour. I dined with Mr. Moore: his mother is a public speaker; yet she attended our Methodist meeting, and told me she found it a blessing to her. We rode to New-Mills, to shorten our distance to the city. My mind is greatly in God; but my body is feeble.

Sunday 9. I preached, and it was an open season. We met the society after preaching, and said many things to them.

Monday 10. Dined at the widow Bunting's, Crosswicks. At Allentown, I preached nearly two hours, and had gracious access to God and to truth. We lodged with John Hughes. I am filled with God.

Tuesday 11. We came to Brunswick, thirty miles, and a desperate road. I was weary and faint; yet I went to the meeting-house in the evening, delivered my testimony, and retired sick to bed to take medicine.

Wednesday 12. We came fifteen miles to Platt's, Rahway, without breaking bread. I preached in our unfinished house in Bridgetown, at noon; and at Elizabeth at night. There are distressing accounts from the sea coasts, and from the north-west. God's people must flee to the strong hold of Divine protection.

Thursday 13. Dined at Newark. Preached at Belville. Friday, preached at Parsons's: the rain was abundant; the people, nevertheless, attended. Lodged at Wilson's. Saturday, preached at Sherwood's; we had an open season.

New-York.—We toiled over the rocky road to Haverstraw, sixteen miles; and I delivered my testimony in great feebleness of body. We lodged with Peter Noyelle: our host built his house for a tavern, but it was turned into a church. At Philipstown we have an elegant new chapel: I preached in it on Monday, and felt liberty in the word.

Tuesday 18. Came to Richard Jackson's, twenty-five miles. I was required to preach at a minute's warning, as I found an assembly ready. It would seem as if the preachers think they are committing sin if they do not appoint preaching for me every day, and often twice a day: Lord, support us in our labour, and we will not murmur.

Wednesday 19. A cold, uncomfortable ride brought us to Amenia. We dined with brother Ryder, an ancient disciple and local preacher.

Thursday 20. We opened the New-York conference in great peace and good order. Friday, day of abstinence: I ordained twelve deacons after sermon: my text was 2 Tim. iv. 5.

Saturday 22. King Gordius had well nigh been amongst us; but the knots were untied peaceably, and not cut in rashness.

Sunday 23. Bishop M'Kendree preached. It appeared to me as if a ray of divine glory rested on him: his subject was, *Great peace have they that love thy law; and nothing shall offend them.* My subject was Ephes. iv. 1—3. The appearance, manner, and preaching of brother M'Kendree produced a very powerful effect on Joshua Marsden, a British missionary, who has been present at our conference.

Wednesday 26. I preached the funeral sermon of Robert Hibbard: he was drowned in the St. Lawrence, on his way to his former circuit. Our conference concluded in peace, and the bishops, upon reading the stations, gave a valedictory address, in which our brethren were assured that the plan of their future labours was deliberately formed with the aid of the collected and re-collected wisdom of judicious counsel, and in much prayer. We heard no complaint, and there was no appeal.

CONNECTICUT.—Friday 28. We travelled this day ten hours. I preached in the evening in a school-house; but had not much freedom. Saturday, we made a tedious day's ride to the widow Pease's. In our way we called in to see a sick brother, and prayed with him.

Sunday 30. I preached in Pittsfield. Monday, preached at M'Farlane's. Sickness, death, and judicial blindness, are the miseries of this part of the world. We called upon John Leland, late from the margin of the grave: we found him pleasant and kind. Hereabouts we scattered some pamphlets on *discipline*, and the supper of the Lord. But baptism is all in all still with them: we avoided controversy.

Tuesday, June 1. We have a fine prospect of the Hoosack River, and the Green mountain, bleak as January. After dinner at Tubey's, (kind souls,) we descended the precipice, crossing by a slight bridge. We lodged with Deacon Allis: the good Presbyterian officiated for his family; but in the morning we settled the matter, and I prayed.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—Wednesday 2. We reached Winchester, in New-Hampshire, stopping to dine with the nice Websters, in Greenfield. My knee is swelled again. *Like priest, like people*, in these party both judicially blind. We lodged two nights in Winchester with Caleb Alexander, whose father I followed to the grave. The dust I visited, afterward the widow, and came away. This town is not reformed by Methodist conference or Methodist preaching. We shall direct our course straight forward to New-London, to meet our conference there. Studiously employed, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, at brother Marble's.

Sunday 6. I preached in the morning and afternoon with little freedom. May we not expect increasing days of distress? Methodism in the East, is as likely to be any thing else as that which it ought to be, unless we have great displays of the power of God, and a strict discipline. We have a gracious rain in mercy, if not in answer to prayer. Knowing the uncertainty of the tenure of life, I have made my will, appointing Bishop M'Kendree, Daniel Hitt, and Henry Boehm, my executors. If I do not in the mean time spend it, I shall leave, when I die, an estate of two thousand dollars I believe: I give it all to the book concern. This money, and somewhat more, I have inherited from dear departed Methodist friends, in the state of Maryland, who died childless; besides some legacies which I have never taken. Let it all return, and continue to aid the cause of piety.

Monday 7. I preached in Winchester village—a plain discourse. Tuesday, came on to Orange, and preached at Asa Lord's. We have had pleasing rains, and nature begins to put on her charms. My mind enjoys a constant serenity, whether labouring or at rest, in ease or in pain. *To me to live is Christ; to die is gain.*

Wednesday 9. We came in haste to Ashburnham, and attended a prayer-meeting at the widow Barrel's: I lectured upon Luke xviii. 1. We came to Howard about mid-day. Here are good houses of wood; the country around barren, but partly improved by the cultivation of grass. Thursday, was cold. Surely we shall rise in New England in the next generation. I believe, for one, that there has been more true Gospel preaching in the other states, than in the five New England states, after all their boasting. God is my all. I preached in Howard at six o'clock in the evening—plainly, and pointedly. Ah! there is death in the pot.

Friday 11. At Waltham, we stopped, lectured, and prayed; and came away to Needham. Faint, yet pursuing. I endure heat and abstinence, in patience, and in hope.

Saturday 12. We had a pleasant rain—came away to breakfast, eight miles, in a tavern, praying at the table. Sixteen miles through dust and heat, made us willing to stop for dinner at Easton; and continuing on to Taunton, we sought rest with father Pratt; a Lot in Sodom.

Sunday 13. We rose at four o'clock, to gain twelve miles for Somerset quarter meeting. I lectured on the Lord's prayer. Dined with Captain Reed, and gave an exhortation in the afternoon. I am told there is a revival of the work of God here, and at Warren, and at Bristol. I have difficulties to encounter, but I must be silent. My mind is in God. In New England we sing, we build houses, we eat, and stand at prayer. Here preachers locate, and people support them, and have travelling preachers also. Were I to labour forty-two years more, I suppose I should not succeed in getting things right. Preachers have been sent away from Newport by an apostate—so we go. O rare steeple-houses, bells! (organs by and by?)—these things are against me, and contrary to the simplicity of Christ. We lodge with our brother Brayton.

RHODE-ISLAND.—Monday 14. We visited the Reeds, senior and junior, and Doctor Winsler and family. I preached in Warren in the evening, and lodged with kind Smith Bowen. I preached at Bristol at six o'clock: we did not trouble the people with ourselves or horses. My congregation was large. A pious sister had gone in triumph: we committed her earth to parent earth.

Wednesday 16. Storm-bound. Writing, planning, and reading. Thursday, we came in haste, along to Providence. An African gave me his hand in the street, having seen me in New-York. George Pickering turned me aside, and presented me to the Governor, Jones, who gave me his hand: we were entertained splendidly. Here are grand buildings; but no chapel for the Methodists. We rode on to Lippelt's factories: what a population here is! Friday, fast and physic. Reached Kayser's, in Canterbury. Nature is now in all her grandeur and loveliness. When alone, I am allprayer and praise. Saturday, to Colchester, dining with Williams on the route.

Sunday 20. Brother M'Kendree preached at eleven o'clock; and I in the afternoon. Was it ever known before, that the stations could be ready in four days? Two cases in committee delayed us nearly a day.

Thursday 24. We rose in peace. Here was an account of the expenditure of six hundred dollars in a charity; and the bishops knew nothing about it: mark! let us have no more fellowship in giving or receiving money. We rose in peace, with satisfaction, gemostly, as it respected the stations; and this has been the case throughout the eastern states.

Friday 25. Moved forward to East-Hartford; and lodged once more under the roof of Esquire Pitkins.

Saturday 26. Came the Hartford Bridge road to Jonathan Coe's, Winsted. Hail home!—Rest my heart! We have made a stand in the New England conference against steeples and pews; and shall possibly give up the houses, unless the pews are taken out, and the houses made sure to us exclusively. The conference now pursue a course which will surely lead to something decisive: we will be flattered no longer.

Sunday 27. Bishop M'Kendree preached in the morning, I spoke in the evening. I did not go out at night, but staid at home to nurse myself, and to meditate.

CONNECTICUT.—Monday 28. A heavy ride brought us to Benedict's, in Canaan; and thence onward to brother King's, in Egremont. Tuesday, to father Merwin's to lodge.

Wednesday 30. A long ride brought us to Daniel Ostrander's, in the Holloway. It is surprising to see the improvement of the city of Hudson in twenty years. We have spent about ten dollars a month, on road expenses; but where is our clothing and our horses to come from—what have we left for charity? It must be gotten from two hundred dollars, allowed us by the conference. But may we not beg? For ourselves—no.

Thursday, July 1. I preached in a school-house: the weather was sultry, and I was weak and in pain.

NEW-YORK.—Friday 2. Came to Rensselaerville, and called a solemn meeting. Saturday, I was greatly afflicted, and staid at home.

Sunday 4. I rose unwell; but the appointment had been made for me. I spoke an hour, and officiated in love-feast and at the sacrament: the meeting held about three hours. My dinner and supper to-day, has been tartar emetic. I never knew the state of the Methodist chapel in New Durham until now. It was bought of the Presbyterians, carried five miles, and rebuilt or replaced within hearing of the Independents' church: there is, surely, little of the mind of Christ in all this, and I will preach no more in it, if I can avoid it. Should the Methodists have imitated the Low Dutch, who treated them exactly thus in Albany?

Monday 5. At Sharon—Conkin's; the aged father is dead. Tuesday, a ride through the heavy rain brought us to Springfield.

Wednesday 7. Came on to Litchfield, and thence to Richards's, a pleasant home.

Thursday 8. To Westmoreland: in the last two hundred and seventy miles I have suffered much from hunger, heat, and sickness. If we were disposed to stop at taverns, (which we are not,) our funds would not allow it always when we need refreshment and food; we have not brethren at every place, and the east is not hospitable: Maryland, or the south!

Friday 9. We opened our conference in peace in our house, sixty by fifty feet; built by the Independents, and bought by the Methodists. We progressed two days in much union and sweetness, having one day the presence and company of our Canadian brethren.

Sabbath 12. Daniel Hitt preached at nine o'clock. I preached and ordained nine deacons; Bishop M'Kendree ordained six elders, and preached also. We had sermons inside and outside of the house, and in the woods: we might have three thousand souls to hear. Shall our labour all be lost? By sitting in an open, cold house I have taken the influenza.

Tuesday 13. Our conference adjourned in great peace, and all satisfied with their stations.

Wednesday 14. Tried medicine. I preached on a short notice at our little chapel at Paris-Green. We lodged at Richards's.

Thursday 16. We had four hours' rain to fall upon us in our eight hours' ride to Brookfield. Brother Pierce was sent in the name of the bishops to communicate to W. B. Lacey what conference had done in his case, and to demand his parchment; the culprit refused to deliver up his credentials in a very peremptory manner: after degrading himself, and despising our authority, it is said he means to be re-baptized.

Friday 17. We called at our brother Clark's house: our friend and his wife lay in the same grave. We talked and prayed with the grandmother and daughters, one of whom is in society. We have travelled some rugged roads since we left conference, and we have had two hair-breadth escapes for life, both horse and rider, each one. O Lord, thou preservest man and beast! Came to Corkin's. Behold, Elder Strait is crooked enough—goes off with things not his own.

Saturday 18. A thirty miles' ride brought us to Jericho bridge where the family of Banks generously entertained us.

Sabbath 19. Bishop M'Kendree stopped to preach; I rode on thirty miles to Brush's. We stopped with a poor family on our route, fed, and prayed with them, and were blest indeed. Next day began our trials. It had rained in the night. We set out and encountered the logs, stumps, rocks, and torrents, which came down upon us from the hills above. We put into a house at the Great-Bend, and stopped to dine: here I lectured, sung, and prayed with the poor infidels in the house; some stared, some smiled, and some wept. The lady asked me to call again as I passed;—yes, madam, on condition you will do two things—read your Bible, and betake yourself to prayer.

Tuesday 20. On our way we stopped to visit and pray with the widowed family of our brother Smith, who is called away. As we came into Shawnee the drunkards welcomed us with a dreadful roar. I fail here—my foot is much swelled and very painful.

Thursday 22. The horse in the sulky has his shoulder swelled. Brother M'Kendree's beast dragged me over a rough path to Bowman's. My face and teeth are in great pain and disorder.

Friday 23. Great suffering from pain in my face. Saturday, I preached, and retired in a high fever to take medicine, and to blister my face. And this is Briar-Creek camp-meeting! I am alive, however; and some of the good folks of Philadelphia and Jersey have said they should never see Francis again. In the midst of all our suffering and disappointment, God is with us.

Sabbath 25. I must preach again: my subject was Acts xx. 21. The *testimony* of the ministry—in holiness of life; unwearied labour; in suffering, and in martyrdom. It was the fidelity of this *testifying* which led the first martyrs to the stake; and the unfaithfulness of this *testifying* will lead ministers to hell. *Repentance*—of sinners; of believers; of backsliders;—the difference in their nature. *Faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ*—of seekers of salvation—of believers in sanctification;—in backsliders. I suffer greatly at night.

Monday 26. We came through the heat, twenty-two miles, to Danville. The wife of Daniel Montgomery is my old friend Molly Wallis. Yes, I saw her; but Ah! how changed in forty-two years—time has been eighty years at work upon her wrinkled face. We crossed the river to Jacob Girhart's. My company went to bed, and I sat up helping to hull peas. And am I to preach at six o'clock? be it so. But behold, the saddle-horse broke away while John French was washing him, and off he went as if Satan drove him.

Wednesday 28. Our run-away was brought home yesterday at noon. We started at six o'clock, bending our course down the Reading turnpike. We halted at an inn, prayed, and kept forward to Shoemaker's: here we prayed and exhorted in the evening.

Thursday 29. We bear our trials patiently. John French's sick horse is foundered. Crossed the Schuylkill at Sowey's. We asked for food, and were told the tavern was near. Our money was scarce—we had borrowed five dollars, which will be barely enough, perhaps, to bring us through this inhospitable district. We beat our way along the mountain, stopping at Francis Zellar's, where we were partially welcome. He had a son, a Lutheran priest, who refused to read or pray in the family: Alas! so stupid and so wicked—I would rather be a slave in South Carolina with the Gospel and a good master.

Friday 30. Our saddle-horse was stiff enough. We breakfasted richly in Shafferstown for sixty cents—man and beast. We pressed forward to Abraham Bee's, Warwick township. We have great toils and great peace.

Saturday 31. We halt and limp forward, through Lititz to Lancaster. Happily we met H. Boehm, who had appointed a meeting at Boehm's chapel.

Sabbath, August 1. I preached in the forenoon and afternoon. Rest, man and beast! Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, busily employed in writing letters, reading, and in prayer. I addressed a valedictory statement of my opinion to Bishop M'Kendree, on the primitive church government and ordination; I shall leave it with my papers.

Thursday, we paid a visit to Jacob Boehm. Friday—fast day, we went a rough road to the camp-meeting, forty-five miles distant. Feeble though I was, the stand was ready for me. I delivered my testimony in great weakness of body. On Saturday, we had a Sabbath congregation: I preached at three o'clock.

Sabbath 8. I did not preach a sermon, yet I had often occasion to speak. There was singing and prayer through the whole night; possibly we slept three hours. There were, I suppose, three thousand people on the camp-ground, most of them tolerably attentive. Amongst these were some drunkards, but so deeply laden that they could not have done much mischief, had they been so disposed. We have gone forty miles out of our way to be here, and to do good; God will bless this coming together of his humble worshippers. Richard

Bennett and wife, and sister Bruff came forty miles to see me. Tuesday. The flies plague us. The bridge at Columbia is begun on both sides of the river. We reached Little York.

Wednesday 11. A tiresome ride brought us to our home at the widow Willis's. From the door I saw the tomb of dear Henry Willis—Rest, man of *God*! Thy quiet dust is not called to the labour of riding five thousand miles in eight months—to meet ten conferences in a line of sessions from the District of Maine, to the banks of the Cayuga—to the states of Ohio, of Tennessee, of Mississippi—to Cape Fear, James-River, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and to the completion of the round. Thou wilt not plan and labour the arrangement of the stations of seven hundred preachers; thou wilt not attend camp-meetings, and take a daily part in the general ministration of the word; and often consume the hours which ought to be devoted to sleep in writing letters upon letters! Lord, be with us, and help us to fulfil the task thou hast given us to perform! Thursday. The Pipe-Creek camp-meeting begins to-day.

Sabbath 15. I lectured on the Lord's prayer, at the camp stand. We might have three thousand hearers. I have sufficient exercise by riding six miles backward and forward to the ground, and speaking a little. We are told there are between forty and fifty converts, and many professors powerfully quickened; the poor Africans, abandoned by all sects to us, were greatly engaged.

Friday 20. We started for Ohio, passing through Frederick and Middletown, to Williamsport. Called on father Everhard, and sheltered under his shade from the excessive heat. The old saint has a son and a son-in-law, local labourers. We have encouraging accounts from the encampment near Winchester, Virginia.

Sabbath 22. Our new chapel here (Williamsport) is too small. I preached to a large congregation for a short notice. I felt that I was countenanced by the anointing of the Holy Spirit: surely the day's labour will not go for nothing.

Wednesday 25. At Cumberland I preached in the chapel, and ordained J. I. Jacobs, Thomas Lakin, and William Shaw, holy men, to the office of elders. A day of toil over the desperate mountains brought us to Brownsville. We have had our trials and afflictions.

Sabbath 29. I preached strong words from *Examine yourselves*; and after the congregation was dismissed, gave counsel to the society.

Wednesday, September 1. We opened our conference—about thirty members present. On Saturday deacons and elders were ordained. We have had preaching four times in the day. My mind is at peace, and my body at ease; glory be to thee, O, my Creator!

Sabbath 5. In Bezaleel Wells's grove I may have had one thousand souls to hear me. Bishop M'Kendree preached, and the exercises closed with the sacrament. The people were attentive to hear with much solemnity.

Sabbath 12. I preached in Chilicothe. We pass on swiftly from tavern to tavern, for we are in great haste, and dare not turn aside to seek our brethren. Mrs. Wells, after painful anxiety, was speedily and happily delivered of a man-child—in answer to prayer, she says; she calls it Francis Asbury. I lament my loss of public labours, especially on the Sabbath; but can I preach more than once a day, constantly engaged, as I am, in conference, in writing answers to letters, and receiving those who come for counsel? Let candid and thinking minds answer.

Tuesday 14. Reached West-Union, with a swelled face. I preached to the people here for the first time; may it not be for the last also? I was turned into another man—the Spirit of God came powerfully upon me, and there was a deep feeling amongst the people. Wednesday, we came to Limestone, where I consecrated our new house by bearing testimony to the truth of God on Luke xix. 10. I saw the foundation of our new house in Paris with the more pleasure because of the interesting little history attached to it. An honest brother had failed in business, moved away, recovered his loss, came back, paid his creditors, and moved a subscription to build, and is now building a Methodist chapel.

KENTUCKY.—Sabbath 19. I preached in our enlarged Ebenezer church in Clark county. Once more I see Doctor Hinde, from the other side the flood, rejoicing in Jesus; he will never again, I presume, put a blister on his wife's head to draw Methodism out of her heart; this mad prank brought deep conviction, by the operation of the Spirit of God upon his soul. His children, some of them, already rejoice with him, having the same joy, and faith, and hope. We came rapidly through Danville to Mulder's. Next day to Thompson's. Next day to Wallis's; and next day to father Bruckner's, near the camp-ground. What a flight we have had!

Sabbath 26. I preached in the camp. Our ride from Steubenville has been through pleasant rains, welcome to the before parched earth. We read the word of God, and prayed in every house in which we stopped. The tavern keepers were kind and polite, as serthere folks should be, and as southern folks ought not to be; they were sometimes two sheets in the wind. Oh, that liquid fire! The thing I have for some time greatly feared is come to pass—the Creek nation have taken up the hatchet: unhappy people! the whites will take vengeance, cruel vengeance on them for their barbarian warfare on unoffending women and children. O God, save thy people from rage of the heathen!

TENNESSEE.—We came to the Tennessee conference. I lodged under the hospitable roof of mother Roscoe. Our progress daily was great, and made in great peace and order.

Sabbath, October 3. I preached, and ordained about twenty deacons. We rose on the 6th inst. finding very few difficulties objected to the stations. The families in the neighbourhood have not been left unvisited, and we hope our prayers and exhortations will not be in vain to and for the Walkers, the Maneys, the Saunders, the Reeses, the Blackmans. Will it be believed that the races agitate the public mind notwithstanding the alarms of Indian wars! if in the midst of such terrors the people will not forsake the race-course, why should the people of God neglect to frequent their meetings: in this case they may learn from the example of sinners. The Tennessee conference were not willing to let the bishops go to the Mississippi conference. Sabbath 10. I preached at John M'Gee's.

Sabbath 17. Last night preached at Porter's chapel. At Marysville, the whole city came out to hear us. Our travels have been through toil, and crowds, and storms. It is our business to read, exhort, and pray, wherever we stop.

Monday 18. We came away, having first taken an emetic. A thirty miles' ride over unpleasant paths, and through heat, brought us to our lodging for the night with more comfortable feelings. I preached at Oliver's on Wednesday, and ordained Joshua West an elder. We visited the Bolings, the Nelsons, and the Barnetts. I feel pleuritic pains in the breast; but they must wear themselves away.

Sabbath 24. I preached in great weakness. I am at Killian's once more. Our ride of ninety miles to Staunton bridge on Saluda River was severely felt, and the necessity of lodging at taverns made it no better.

Friday 29. On the peaceful banks of the Saluda I write my valedictory address to the presiding elders. At Staunton bridge we rest five days; my horse and his master both disabled. I preached but twice. My leisure has permitted me to read Sellon; I hesitate not to recommend this work to our book concern. James, the son of

John Douthat gave me an interesting account of his father: John Douthat was born in Maryland; left his native place and settled on the Yadkin, became a member of the Methodist society, and was honoured as a class-leader, making his house a house of God for the assemblies of his brethren. An infamous woman had found her way into the society, and seduced Douthat away, and he departed from his brethren and from God. Some years after this, the family removed to the Table Mountain, Pendleton district: the preachers came to the house, the father was reclaimed, and his two sons, James and Samuel, joined the Methodists, and were useful and respectable travelling preachers; the former labouring twelve, the latter [illegible] years in the ministry. But the elder Douthat had a failing—he was fond of liquor, and indulged himself, and backslid a second time; retaining, nevertheless, his character for strict integrity and his habit of private prayer, occasionally hearing the Gospel. Last summer he fell ill, and came to lie down and die at his son James's; here he became a true penitent, was blest with justifying and sanctifying grace, and slept in peace in the seventy-third year of his age.

Tuesday, November 2. We visited [illegible] and went forward to B. Lyon's.

Thursday 4. Called a meeting at Edward M'Craw's: I spoke with enlargement of mind on Hebr. x. 38, 39. We saw Henry Gaines, a disciple since 1777; now feeble, but wishing to be faithful unto death. Came forward to Conner's, Abbeville district.

Sabbath 7. I preached in the tabernacle on 2 Cor. v. 11. If the people say it was like thunder and lightning I shall not be surprised. I spoke in power from God, and there was a general and deep feeling in the congregation: Glory, O Lord, be all the glory! Came home with James Carr.

Monday 8. I gave a morning lecture at John Brown's. There is a serious mortality on the middle and lowlands of South Carolina and Georgia.

South Carolina.—Tuesday 9. We rode through the heat, crossing the Little-River to Mr. Shields's, twenty miles.

Georgia.—Wednesday 10. I tried five grains of tartar, and felt the good effects of medicine. We continued on to Petersburg into Georgia. Into what house may I enter without finding two cold professors, and five or ten impious persons? Yet God will favour a righteous [illegible], though there may be thousands as wicked as fiends.

Sabbath 14. I preached at Thompson's chapel, and had a pleasant season. We lodged at senator Tait's, and I retired to bed with a fever.

Here are five sick families. There is a great drought; these are judgment days. I preached at Peter Oliver's: my host and wife are both sick.

Sabbath 21. I preached in the new chapel at James Mark's—Ebenezer—it falsely called Asbury. We visited Doctor Bradly, recovering from his affliction; a miracle of grace. We have visited about thirty families. Imprudent man that I am, to take off my flannel, and ride in the damps after sunset! I preached at Sparta, and ordained two deacons. A journey of six days brought us to Savannah: we were careful to leave our testimony and to pray with every family where we stopped. Kind widow Russell sent her chaise after me. I must change my mode of travelling, I suppose. I preached twice in the Wesley chapel. This is a good, neat house, sixty feet by forty. I enjoy great peace. Our chapel cost five thousand dollars: others would have made it cost twice as much, perhaps. We are indebted to Myers and Russell for much of this saving. The Presbyterian church hath changed its form to Independent—Doctor Kollock must be the same.

Monday 22. Rode to Mr. Thiboot's plantation: a sweet retreat! Tuesday, we rode forty-six miles to Wainer's. I am again in a chaise: James Russell insisted upon giving me an old gig worth forty-five dollars. We are safe in Charleston, visiting black swamp, and some families as we came along. We have had cold, hungry travelling. My mind is holiness to the Lord. We found our family here in health.

Sunday, December 12. I preached in Trinity church: we have it now in quiet possession. I also officiated in Cumberland and Bethel churches. The society is not so lively as formerly. In visiting the families I found but two that acknowledge God in his word and worship: Ah, wo is me!

Thursday 16. We attended the funeral of Doctor Keith, suddenly called away, and greatly lamented by all, especially by the people of colour: he had been twenty-six years a minister of the Independent church. Most of the clergy of the city were present, and there was great solemnity observed. We had no gloves or scarfs given us: this was well; but I could have wished there had been prayer in the house before the corpse was removed. We lecture morning and evening. We labour to live in, and for God; we desire to receive rich and poor, people and ministers; and to consecrate, in the order of faith and prayer, every room and every heart in the house, to God.

Sunday 19. I preached in Cumberland chapel, in Trinity, and in Bethel. How much good will my ten days' visit do here? I preach, lecture, and pray. I invited the stewards of Bethel, and the trustees of Trinity come to see me on Tuesday, we dined and prayed together, and parted in love and peace.

Wednesday 22. In a cold day we left Charleston, and came thirty miles to preach to preachers at Nichols's. We lodged with Eccles. Friday, my mind is in peace in bodily affliction. Weather, roads, swamps—we heed them not. On our way to Black-River, we visited many families: Oh, let me do some good whilst I may! time is short.

Thursday 30. At Rembert's settlement. How my friends remove or waste away! yet I live: let me live every moment to God! On the first day of the new year, 1814, I preached at Rembert's chapel.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Sunday, January 2. I preached in the chapel. On Monday we came away, in company with Myers and Norton, to Fayetteville, one hundred and forty miles, visiting many families in our route.

Friday 7. I received seven letters: the contents of some of them make me feel serious. We learn that Bishop Coke, with seven young preachers, have sailed for the East Indies. The British Society is poor as well as ourselves, it would appear: this is a good sign. In less than one hundred years, Methodism has spread over three quarters of the globe; and it is now about to carry the Gospel of salvation into Asia. Amen. I am divinely impressed with a charge to preach sanctification in every sermon.

Sunday 9. We had rain. Bishop M'Kendree preached. I preached on Isaiah lxiv. 7. We have had a spiritual, heavenly, and united conference. There were twenty deacons ordained, eighty-five preachers stationed; twelve have located, and one has died, suddenly; and fifteen are added.

Sunday 16. I preached. Thursday, we came away. On our way we called on Hodges, Shaw, and Sanderson; exhorting and praying with their families. I enjoy great peace of mind.

Sunday 23. I preached in our chapel, fifty by sixty feet, to a small congregation. Am I not a child, to have been looking for summer? William Glendenning and I met, and embraced each other in peace. I visited sister Perry, the former wife of John King, one of the first Methodist preachers. After all reasonable allowances for drawbacks, we cannot yet tell all the good that was done by our conference in Raleigh in 1811. We started away northward. Not half a mile from Samuel Alston's, we got entangled in the woods. We left the out in the woods till morning, and found our way by torch-light to the house. I preached at my kind host's. On our way to Doctor Bedd's, in Lunenburgh, we called to dine with our friend Thomas Adams, junr.

VIRGINIA.—Sunday, February 20. I am at Norfolk. I have had a serious attack of pleurisy fever, with little intermission of pain until the fifteenth day. I have, during this illness, been moving about amongst the families of the Williams', the Harris', the widow Weavers', the Bonneys', and the Murphies'; and Oh! what kindness and nursing. I preached at Henry Williams's, quarter meeting, and occasionally elsewhere.

Our conference in Norfolk rose on Tuesday, March 1st. We have been mighty in talk this session. I dare not speak my mind on the state of this place—its church, or its ministry. I endure all things for the church's sake; and rejoice that peace is again happily restored to the society. Shall we not keep and locate more labourers than we receive? We had a great many sermons preached, as usual; and we have reason to hope souls were converted. I ordained deacons, and assisted my brethren in the administration of the word.

Tuesday, March 1. We came out of the borough: it was intensely cold to Shoulders hill.

Wednesday 2. Came to Andrew Woodleif's. We reached Richmond on Saturday. Our journey hither had been through storms and excessive cold; I felt it deeply. We were careful to pray with the families where we stopped, exhorting all professors to holiness.

Sunday 6. I preached in the old chapel; our labour shall not all be in vain. Doctor Jennings has removed to Richmond; to be useful, we hope, to the society and to himself. A journey of suffering by bad roads, and exposure to excessive cold, brought us to Georgetown, Maryland. In the year 1776 I first visited Virginia and North Carolina; in the year 1780 I repeated my visit; and since that time, yearly. In the year 1785 I first visited South Carolina and Georgia; and to these states have since paid (except one year) an annual visit, until now, (1814.) I suppose I have crossed the Allegheny mountains sixty times.

MARYLAND.—Sunday 13. I preached in our church in Georgetown, and met the society. We do not labour in vain. My mind is deeply impressed with the worth of souls and value of time.

Thursday 24. Baltimore conference hath been sitting in great order seven days. My strength and labour were to sit still; I was sick during the whole session; I preached in Oldtown, and ordained [illegible] discourse. We have [illegible]. [illegible] I discoursed on the character of the angel of the church of Philadelphia, in allusion to P. W. Otterbein—the holy, the great Otterbein, whose funeral discourse it was intended to be. Solemnity marked the silent meeting in the German church, where were assembled the members of our conference and many of the clergy of the city. Forty years have I known the retiring modesty of this man of God; towering majestic above his fellows in learning, wisdom, and grace, yet seeking to be known only of God and the people of God; he had been sixty years a minister, fifty years a converted one.

March 28. I am at Perry-Hall, where I have been for three days very ill. The Sabbath was an awful and dumb day. I took an emetic.

Friday, April 1. I crossed the Susquehanna. At North East I visited Daniel Sheredine, a son of deep affliction in body, mind, and circumstances. He is one of my spiritual children, and has remained a disciple forty years: we prayed together, and God was with us of a truth.

Delaware.—Sunday 3. I preached in Wilmington. Monday, we had great consolation in visiting Mary Withy's children and grandchildren: she, though dead, is yet spoken of. One of these last is in society. I baptized the children of Allen and Lewis M'Clane; these people have not forgotten the holy living and dying of their mother, nor her early and constant friend, the writer of this journal. Joseph Pilmore is yet alive, and preaches three times every Sabbath.

Pennsylvania.—Philadelphia, Tuesday 5. This is the eve of conference.

Sunday 10. I preached in the Academy chapel, and at St. George's. Our conference opened and progressed four days in great peace and Gospel order. We doubt not but that souls have been converted, convicted, and sanctified by the ministry of the word; we had crowded houses, both in the day and at night. The bishops wrote a circular letter to New-England, remonstrating on the neglect of family worship.

Thursday 14. The Philadelphia conference rose in the spirit, power, and peace of God, in which they had been sitting seven days. Friday, crossed in a steam-boat to the Jersey shore—I am very unwell.

New-Jersey.—Tuesday 19. I rode twenty miles from Woodbury to Pemberton, to see the people: we gave an exhortation in great weakness, but the power of truth was felt.

Sunday [illegible]. I preached at Penns Neck, at Salem, and at Cohansey Bridge. I preached also at Pitts Grove. We may say, that wherever we march, we are strong in the strength of God: yea, Lord, thou art our strength! I preached at Union chapel, and the Lord gave power to his own words. I preached at Bethel. We had a rainy day, and my flesh failed. I rested at [illegible], greatly spent with labours. We should have failed in our march through Jersey, but we have received great kindness and attention, and have had great consolations. I return to my journal after an interval of twelve weeks. I have been sorely afflicted, but medicine, nursing, and kindness, under God, have been so far effectual, that I have recovered strength enough to sit in my little covered wagon, into which they lift me. I have thus beat over the rocky mountains, passing through York and Chambersburg to Greensburg.

Tuesday, July 19. I would not be loved to death, and so came down from my sick room and took to the road, weak enough. Attentions constant, and kindness unceasing have pursued me to this place, and my strength increases daily. I look back upon a martyr's life of toil and privation, and pain; and I am ready for a martyr's death. The purity of my intentions; my diligence in the labours to which God has been pleased to call me; the unknown sufferings I have endured; what are all these?—the merit, atonement, and righteousness of Christ alone make my plea. My friends in Philadelphia gave me a light little four-wheeled carriage; but God and the Baltimore conference made me a richer present—they gave me John Wesley Bond for a travelling companion; has he his equal on the earth for excellencies of every kind as an aid? I groan one minute with pain, and shout glory! the next.

July 23. Pittsburg. We have made three hundred and fifty miles since we left Jersey. What roads! It was the mercy of Providence, or we should have been dashed to pieces. My body is, nevertheless, in better health; and my mind and soul happy and confident in God. Glory, glory, glory be to the Triune God!

Monday 25. We beat our way down the west side of the Ohio to Sewickly; here we were detained two days. John Wesley Bond preached to the people, and I added a few feeble words of exhortation. We, having foundered one of our horses, bought a clumsy little mare for sixty dollars. Crossed Great and Little Beaver. At J. Hemphill's we were told that no person would be more willing for prayer, did business permit. Alas! On our way we got fast in a gully: Mr. Lyon, a merchant horseman, came up, dismounted in a moment, and sprung to my relief, lifted me out of the carriage, and walked me up the hill: there was something peculiarly engaging in this man's fine, white appearance, and manners.

Friday 31. We came to Thomas Vincent's, fasting. Surely you may say a night, it was observed.—But no—time pressed—though sick and feeble; we started away at three o'clock. It might not be about a hundred yards from the house crack went the pole. It is all for the best, said pious Gilpin, when his leg was broken; and he lived to prophesy in other times and better days, whilst the persecuting Mary who would have burnt him at the stake, was mouldering in the dust.

Sabbath. Brother Reed preached upon a summit, crowned with sugar trees. I spoke a few words in exhortation. Had we not chained the wheel, we should have gone over into Yellow-Creek. Tuesday, we had crooked work—we splintered the axle-tree, and stopped at the widow Pritchard's. We held the meetings—once at noon, and again at night.

Ohio.—Wednesday, August 5. Came to Steubenville. At Bezaleel Wells's we have every accommodation that a president might wish for, with great kindness and polite attention from all the members of the house. I keep my room, and listen to the sound of wind and rain abroad. My occupations are, reading Saurin, the oracles of God, and prayer. My health is better, although I still cough. I live in patience, in purity, and the perfect love of God. Being disappointed on the Sabbath, I must of necessity meet the people of Steubenville on Monday. I preached, and there were those who felt, besides the speaker.

Tuesday 11. We made a valiant start forwards. It was rocking work over Crook-Hill. Here crack went the tire; it had been badly mended before. We lo! we had it given way on the last hill. We lodged at Snyder's. I spoke at Cadiz with a feeble voice, and addressed the society after preaching. We rode forward to a ——'s, where we found a large family and small house. Within eight miles of Cambridge we were glad to stop: here is a pregnancy, if there ever was one.

Friday 14. We were hard to get forward through the heat to Will's creek. It is as deep as ever; but this is not the first time I have tried it; it is better now it is said; but is the best, say I. We reached James Simmons's.

Sunday 16. At Zanesville brother Reed preached, and met about fifty souls in class. I gave an exhortation; it is my duty, and may be my [illegible]. We have a well-designed [illegible] house. This country is in a general state of improvement. Monday, to Hillsborough.

Tuesday 16. To James [illegible]'s. My infant weakness, and entire dependence upon the aid of others; the excessive heat and people's sloth; together with certain cares and things, are trying to body and mind; Lord, thou dost, and thou wilt support a worm, and so near! Make me, O Lord, make me perfect!

Wednesday 17. To James Spurgeon's. Thursday, rest. I committed to paper some observations on a book written by B. J. Smith, an ejected deacon, against our doctrine, discipline, and administration.

Friday 19. We came through Circleville. What surprising mounds of earth! Who hath done this? The larger circle must have had water. Stopped at Jeffersonville. Saturday, to William M'Dowell's; we found the family sick with the autumnal fever.

Sabbath 21. I preached at M'Dowell's. Tuesday I preached in great weakness in Chillicothe; but my help was with me; in God will I make my boast. From the 24th to the 30th, we are at Governor Worthington's. I pay my acts of worship in this amiable family in great weakness. The kind attentions I receive are greatly beyond my deserts. Mrs. Worthington has taught her boys and girls, servants and children, to read the holy Scriptures, and they are well instructed: I heard them more than one lesson with much satisfaction. O that all mothers would do likewise! I presume the worship of God is kept up in this house, though neither of the heads thereof have attached themselves to any society of professing Christians: doubtless God will bless them, and their children after them. We ever and anon, look and listen for dear M'Kendree, but as yet we are without tidings: we are somewhat anxious to see him. Tuesday, we moved away to [illegible]'s.

Sabbath, September 4. I made a feeble attempt at Lebanon on 2 Pet. iii. 14. I also spoke last night. Tuesday, we arrived in Cincinnati. There is distress every where—in the church, and abroad in the United States. I have discharged blood in coughing.

Monday 5. I made an attempt to speak a few words on Philip. ii. 5—8. We have progressed in our conference business very well, although deprived of the presence of the bishops to preside. Bishop M'Kendree had been thrown from his horse, and was severely wounded in the hip and side. John Sale presided with great propriety. We lost two days by impeachment of elders; one of whom is vindicating his character, injured as he thought, had not done it becomingly; there was a more excellent way. The other case was that of H. B——, who had checked the administration of one whom he had employed for a time: these investigations were painful to our feelings, and gave rise to some sturdy debating. On Friday I retired to bed with a chill and fever. John Sale finished the plan of the stations from a general draft I furnished him. We closed our labours in peace. One thing I remark—our conferences are out of their infancy; their elders can now be called from amongst themselves. The dividend of the Ohio conference was seventy-four dollars to the unmarried, and one hundred and forty-four dollars to the married preachers and their wives. But two hundred dollars were drawn from the book concern, and fifty of that sum was returned. I have preached. We lodge at William Lines's. The news has reached us of the descent of the British in Maryland, and the burning of the public buildings at Washington.

Monday 12. We hasted away, as the river was still rising; night and necessity housed us at Norton's. Next day to Fisher's. We dined in Georgetown at the Eagle Tavern, and after our meal called the family to prayer; the landlady was a finished lady in her manners, and kind as she was clever—peace, peace, peace, be upon her!

Wednesday 14. I gave a serious charge to the widow Ratcliffe and her family; the venerable man of the house has gone to rest. Thursday, at Edward Talbot's. The gloomy days of J. B——r, B——n, W. B——n are over; peace is restored, a society increased, a family blessed with a son a preacher; a house is built, and a society united in Shelbyville—for all these we give glory unto thee, O God!

KENTUCKY.—Friday 16. To Miller's in haste. Saturday, we came through Bairdstown, to Elizabeth, Hardin county—so called after my serious friend Colonel Hardin. I travelled many miles with brother Hardin towards Lexington, when he was going up to take his command; he was very solemn; a martyr to Indian treachery, I doubt not but that he went to glory. We lodged at the house of Stephen Rawlings, son of Stephen, formerly of Back Creek, Berkley county, Virginia; in the year 1776 I preached in the grandfather's house.

Sabbath 25. I preached the funeral sermon of the wife of Stephen Rawlings. In this family of Rawlings's, I have officiated for three generations, and have witnessed their profession of religion; may they continue to be in Christ to the latest posterity! We reached M'Gatchin's on Monday; it is all love and union here: two of the children have joined the society. [illegible], at the ferry, were very friendly: they are Anti-pedobaptists.

Tuesday 27. We were kindly entreated to stop by our sister [illegible], and were well entertained. The dust and heat are oppressive, and I am sick.

Wednesday 28. At Major Bibb's. Twenty-six years past I was at a brother Williams's, Prince Edward county, Virginia—a brand plucked from the burning.

Thursday 29. We came upon the camp-ground, where we are to hold our conference.

Sabbath, October 2. I ordained about twenty deacons, and gave a sermon and an exhortation. Our encampment cook is brother Douglass. We are five hours in the chapel, four hours at the preaching-stand, and then come home. We sit six hours a day in conference. Poor bishops, lame, and in poverty! I had wished to visit Mississippi, but the injury received by Bishop M'Kendree being so great that it is yet doubtful whether he will so far recover as to be present at the South Carolina conference, I must decline going: I live in God.

Thursday 6. We closed our labours in great peace and love. The families have been kind to us, but we were much crowded. We have lost members from the society, and gained, perhaps, one preacher in the itinerancy in two years; the local ministry is enriched: may we expect more help? Ah! the labour is too hard, and the wages too low. We cannot, like the Quakers, take abroad when we get tired of home, and go feasting about from one rich friend's table to another's, and back to the church, as the fit may take us. Our discipline is too strict: we cannot leave four or five thousand congregations unsupplied, like the Church of England, the Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist churches. Go, says the command; go into all the world—go to the highway and hedges. Go out—seek them. Christ came seeking the lost sheep. [illegible], says the parson, or advertise and offer a church and a good salary, and I will seek you. And is this all these preachers can do? If we send but one travelling preacher into a four weeks' circuit, we aid him by the labours of our local ministry, good men and some of them great men.

Sabbath 9. I would have preached today at Fountain-Head, but I was too sick. Thomas Logan Douglass supplied my place. We came away to Doctor Porter's on Monday, forty-six miles.

Tuesday 11. We reached Harvey's, thirty-five miles. The families of [illegible] and Walker were visited as we came along. Oh, the heat, the dust!

Wednesday 12. We called upon the weeping widow [illegible], whose husband was beaten to death: the supposed murderer, Phillips is condemned to death; it was a sad scene. Lodged at [illegible], and were pleased with our entertainment.

Thursday 13. At Holt's, jun.; I preached and baptized an infant. Forward we jolted over the turnpike (for which they made us pay a dollar,) to Dunlap's.

Friday 14. We had heat in the extreme to [illegible], [illegible] miles. Saturday I had a very painful cholic. In the families of [illegible] we have served four generations.

Sabbath 16. Hearing there was a Presbyterian [illegible], we were asked to preach and hear; we did both. Mr. Nelson spoke first, and I addressed Methodists and others on 1 John viii. 31, 32. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." How to know the truth? by continuing under a Gospel ministry, and using Gospel means. Ye shall know the truth of the Gospel; feelingly, experimentally, practically. *Make you free.* What the *freedom* wrought consists in. It is an entire deliverance from sin—from its guilt, power, and inbeing. *A freedom* embracing the privileges of pardon, peace, patience, meekness, perfect love, joy on earth, and everlasting glory in heaven. We hasted away, after meeting, to William Cunningham's.

Monday 17. We came rapidly through Dandridge to William Turney's: here are kind souls. I was sick and sore in body, but John Bond preached for them.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Tuesday 18. Our ride brought us to Jarrett's, on Pigeon-River. O my excellent son, John Bond! A tree had fallen across our way—what was to be done? brother Bond sprung to the axe fastened under our carriage, mounted upon the huge trunk, hacking and hewing, stroke after stroke, without intermission, until he had cut away every [illegible] of them, holding them on one side as he severed them; so that we passed without difficulty. Is there his equal to be found in the United States? He drives me along with the utmost care and tenderness, he fills my appointments by preaching for me when I am disabled, he watches over me at night after the fatigues of driving all day, and if when he is in bed and asleep, I call, he is awake and up in the instant to give me medicine, or to perform any other service his sick father may require of him; and this is done so cheerfully, and with so much patience, where my constant infirmities and ill health require so many and oft-repeated attentions! We have had a great drought—I think I never saw the rivers so low. The affliction presses sorely upon my panting breast: Lord, sanctify all my afflictions!

There are few of that growth in this neighbourhood; there is a house thirty-five by forty feet built in the fork of Pigeon-River. Ought we not to have a Holston conference, and unite with the circuits west of the Blue Ridge, Botetourt and New-River, the circuits in North-Carolina?

North Carolina.—Wednesday 19. Rode to Beling's. Behold Richard Bird came one hundred miles to hasten us to camp-meeting away on the black hills of Haywood. I was forced by misery to retire to my room and bed at Beling's; but son John held a meeting and preached.

Thursday 20. We came by Nelson Spring's to Barnett's mill, for, poor soul, some wicked people had burnt his barn; his house escaped. Does Winston Pile pray? I asked. You called upon him; and God did bless the word and prayer to his soul:—this was the answer in remembrance he sent me by Richard Bird. We came on the camp-ground Friday 21. Saturday, I preached, and ordained W. Spann and J. Evans deacons.

Sabbath 22. Ordained two elders, Thomas Bird, and Samuel Edney, after preaching. In our tent we contrived a hearth, and had a fire. Monday, we visited the house of Richard Bird.

Tuesday 25. I preached in the house of the father, Benjamin Bird; there was much feeling manifested. We collected liberally on the mite subscription to help the suffering ministry. I had for twenty years past wished to visit the cove; it is done, and I have seen my old tried friends, dear Richard and Joseph Bird, and William Fulwood, who sheltered and protected me when, during the war of independence, I was compelled to retire to the swamps and thickets for safety.

Wednesday 26. Our ride brought us to Rutherford's. I paid them as well as I could, for their kindness and attentions, by exhortation and prayer.

Thursday 27. To M'Hatting's, forty-one miles. D. A. wished me to take Catawba, above Ladies Ford, and crossed at the Horse-Ford, where a former journal will show my life to have been in danger some years ago. I preached in the evening at Daniel Asbury's, Lincoln county, near Sherrill's Ford. These are kind spirits, who say, "You make your rides too long;" yet they will scarcely be denied when invited to their houses, making my rides longer still; here am I, ten miles out of my way, to see these dear people. And now that limbs, lungs, strength, and teeth fail, I must still go my round of six thousand miles within the year.

Sabbath 30. I passed a restless, feverish night; yet as I was appointed to preach on the quarterly occasion, I discoursed to a large, well behaved congregation on Acts xx. 28. I sat in the end of my little Jersey wagon screened by the drawn curtains behind me. It was as convenient there to either speaker or hearers. We retired after meeting, to Jonathan Jackson's. What a rich table was provided! but the steward retired to bed with a high fever. My spiritual consolations flow from God in rich abundance—my soul rejoices continually in God.

Monday 31. To [illegible], near Catawba Springs.

Tuesday, November 1. I preached at [illegible] quarterly meeting; surely the speaker and hearers felt the power of the word of God. After an early dinner, we rode on to [illegible], crossed at the Lincoln ford.

Wednesday 2. I spoke with very uncommon feelings on Luke xi. 13. We hasted to Catherine Wells's. Here were all comforts for a sick man—good food, beds, and nursing. This family is [illegible]. Sister Wells is the granddaughter of my ancient friend, [illegible], of [illegible]; and her children are in the way to heaven: another fruit of my labours. What a comfort is it to see the fourth generation growing up under our eyes, living in the fear of God, and following in the same path those who are gone to glory!

Thursday 3. Crossed the south fork of Catawba to [illegible] chapel; the [illegible], and there was a living upon preacher and people. We then hastened forward to John Dameron's, where I was appointed to preach, and I did so, but the people were so exceedingly taken up with the novel sight of the little carriage, and still more of the strange looking old man who was addressing them, that the speaker made little impression on his hearers. Who regards me? Not the [illegible] loving Dutchmen. We came to John [illegible]'s creek, on Friday.

Sabbath 6. At Beard's chapel. The weather was unpleasant. My congregation might have tried my patience. Monday, we came to Henry Smith's, on Broad-river—he is a native of East-Jersey. Tuesday, to Winnsborough.

Friday 11. I am here since last Tuesday. I enjoy constant peace and consolation.

Sabbath 13. I preached at Winnsborough a long discourse on 1 Peter iv. 12. Monday, 14 widow [illegible]'s. We shall ride about two hundred and twenty miles out of the way to Georgia, but it is the way of [illegible] Tuesday, I preached at [illegible]: we hope good was done. Edward [illegible], a son of affliction, is still an invalid.

Wednesday 15. Dined with elder Reuben Ellis. Lodged with Frederick Foster. Thursday, we had a crowded house at Hopewell chapel: the speaker stood in weakness, but truth came in power to the hearts of the people. Ordained John [illegible] a deacon. Lodged at John Lusk's: the master, a local labourer, is gone to his rest and reward.

Friday 17. Rain. We got bewildered, and were glad to stop with Mr. [illegible], Presbyterian, who kindly received and entertained us. Saturday, rode on to Enoree bridge.

Sabbath 19. Bishop M'Kendree preached and J. W. Bond. I spoke a few words from my carriage: we hope the testimony of these men will be believed. God is with me in all my feebleness. We have visited North Carolina to Camden, South Carolina, and [illegible], Newberry, Laurens, and Greenville districts. Monday and Tuesday, we are at rest at father [illegible]'s, an active and holy man [illegible] the [illegible] of seventy-seven years.

Wednesday 22. We gave an evening lecture at [illegible]; the night was damp, and few people attended. Sights of suffering are appointed to me; but God is with us. Thursday, [illegible].

Friday 24. Rode twenty-five miles to widow [illegible], Pendleton district. I am reading [illegible]'s [illegible] volume; he is great in his way; but it is not Wesley's way, which I take to be the more excellent way. Saturday, damp, rainy day. I enjoy my private devotions.

Sabbath 26. It broke away clear for a while, and I took a good [illegible] of [illegible], and spoke to the people on Galatians v. 6. Monday, to John Powell's: here are new [illegible], and they are all [illegible]. Tuesday, to Benjamin Glover's.

[illegible] Wednesday 29. I preached at [illegible]: I was feeble, and could not speak with much energy. Here I met with Thomas Asbury, born in [illegible], Stafford, Old England, formerly a member of the British conference. God is gracious to me. Alas! we cannot tell the people of so many things which they do not know, as we can of those which they neither feel nor do. The history of Joseph Tarpley of the work of God in the Oconee district, of which he is presiding elder, he gave me the following account. At Little River camp-meeting, the number which attended were thought to be three thousand, the converts about thirty. At Appling, camp-meeting, two thousand five hundred, the converts twenty-five. At [illegible] camp-meeting two thousand attended, the converts might be twenty; [illegible] camp-meeting there were scarcely more than one thousand, there might be ten converts. At the Washington we found five hundred persons to hear, and but few converts: this camp-meeting continued four days.

Saturday, December 2. I preached at Thompson's chapel: the Lord was present. We collected the official brethren into the school-house, where I gave them a talk on the doctrines and discipline of our church.

Sabbath 3. I preached at Thompson's chapel. Monday, rode from J. Alston's to J. Mark's, Elbert county. Tuesday, I preached in the chapel: widow Gilmore received us under her roof for the night. Wednesday, we reached Prospect, and I preached: the speaker's mind is too strong for his body. It was a sacramental day. Thursday, resting at Archibald Pope's. The weather has been severe, and I feel much suffering, notwithstanding the great kindness and the good dinners of our friends, and the convenience of my covered cradle upon wheels.

Friday 8. I preached at Bethlehem to about three hundred souls: the house was unfinished, and damp, and cold. Lodged at the house of the widow of Henry Pope. By letter from John Easter we have great accounts of the work of God at camp-meetings in Amelia and Prince-Edward. Saturday, came to Athens, accompanied by Hope Hull.

Sabbath 11. Preached in the college chapel; the people were very attentive in that open penance house. The state of things is strangely changed since Doctor Brown has had the presidency: he is a man of piety and order, and will render unto all their dues. Monday, to Joseph Floyd's on Apalachee. Tuesday I preached at J. Floyd's house: the people appeared somewhat like the preacher, feeble and slender. I ordained Samuel Peddle a deacon, and baptized three children. The lands here are good; but the price paid for quiet possession has been great—watchings, deaths, and murders by Indians.

Wednesday 14. Rode twenty miles to H. Ware's. When I see mother Stewart's children I rejoice. Holy woman! thou didst not believe and live, and weep, and pray, and die in vain—neither for thyself, nor for thy children, nor thy children's children. Verily, there is a reward for the righteous.

Thursday 15. To Thomas Scott's—a brand re-plucked from the burning.

Friday 16. At the new chapel, called after me, I preached, and hope the word of truth was not lost. Lodged at John Turner's. Saturday, at brother Holt's.

[illegible] 22. Great rains. Every year shows me a messenger of the things which ought to make me serious. John M'Closkey is no more. He was a native of Ireland, born in Londonderry—a man of strong mind, a plain, but useful preacher, and honoured with much usefulness. Mother Kent is [illegible] years, a subject of grace. My aged friends Henry and [illegible] have gone to their reward, but they leave up their daughter [illegible] to receive me; I trust she will fill her parents' place here, and follow them as they followed Christ. Henry Boehm [illegible] great [illegible] of the work of God at [illegible].

Wednesday 21. Our conference began and continued until the [illegible]. There were nearly one hundred characters examined and [illegible] admitted upon trial. Twelve are located. Ten elders have been ordained, and twenty-two deacons; eighty-two preachers have been stationed: some are dead, and some have been expelled. I preached at the ordination, but with so feeble a voice that many did not hear; I had coughed much, and expectorated blood. We had great peace, unity, and love in our sessions. Wednesday, we rode to Sparta in the afternoon. Thursday, we had crowded lodging, and I passed a painful night. Friday, to Sweet-Water. Saturday, to Augusta.

Sunday, January 1, 1815. I preached in [illegible]'s house. Monday, dined at M'Cleary's, and came on to [illegible]'s. Tuesday, to [illegible]'s. Oh that God may bless my last labours in this family! Wednesday, to [illegible]'s. Thursday, to Captain Perry's. Friday, we had a cold, hungry ride of thirty-six miles. Saturday, very weakly.

Sabbath 8. I spoke in much feebleness upon part of Psalm xxxvii. and gave a charge to the society. My labours were followed with much coughing and a restless night. Monday, I bled in the arm to relieve the spitting of blood. This place calls for great labour and I am not fit for it; I must go hence. Tuesday, I filled an appointment made for me in Bethel chapel; I was [illegible] exhausted. The care of the [illegible] comes with weight upon my mind. Here are liberal souls at home and abroad: we have added nearly two hundred dollars to our mite subscription. Thursday, came to Strawberry Ferry. Grand accommodations at Mr. [illegible]'s. Friday, to [illegible]'s; we had no appointment here which we knew of: the people assembled, and I spoke to them. Saturday, came to the city, and crossed the Long-Ferry in fifty minutes. Away with the false cant, that the better you use the negroes the worse they will use you. Make them good first—teach them the fear of God, and learn to fear Him yourselves, ye masters! I understand not the doctrine of cruelty. As soon as the poor *Africans* see me, they spring with life to the boat, and make a heavy flat skim along like a light canoe: poor starved souls—God will judge!

Sabbath 15. A tremendous day: I preached and gave a word of exhortation to the society. I cannot preach more than once a day. I wrote two letters, having no other leisure to do it in.

South Carolina.—Monday 16. A great storm without. I preached at Bethel. I find history of the Jews and the Romans, and very little of the pure church. We have presided in three conferences in seven months. We had planned a ride of one thousand and three hundred miles into Virginia conference, but Providence forbad it by affliction.

Tuesday 17. We started away in company with W. M. Kennedy, and J. Norton, with the last of whom we parted at the ferry over Black-River. Lodged with Mr. Rogers—his father has gone to rest. On our route we visited Bethel Durant, and saw his brethren, John and Henry: these simple-hearted, kind fellows [illegible] [illegible] on my returning from my visit to Charleston.

Wednesday 18. Crossed the lakes and Waccamaw, and got in after eight o'clock to brother Frink's. At William Gause's, I saw my kind brothers in Israel, Gause and Rogers. I continue to [illegible] blood. Is it possible that the children of the French Protestants, scattered by the tyranny of Louis XIV, and his bloody priesthood, can ever forget the God of their fathers? Noble, holy men, may God gather in your children to the latest generations!

Friday 20. A flush of rain stopped us awhile, but we went forward thirty miles to Wilmington. I feel the effects of the damps.

North Carolina.—Sabbath 22. I preached in the chapel. Oh! wretched appearance of broken windows. It was a tremendous day. Were I a young man I should not wish to be stationed in Wilmington. Our friends are few here, and our house a wreck.

Monday 23. We came away to widow Nixon's. Tuesday, to Shepherd's. Doctor Loomis has been suddenly called away by death. Wednesday, to Lot Ballard's. Shall the Gospel be taken from Goshen? Thursday, dined at Joseph Bryan's; lodged at Hardy's. We dashed through Muscle-Shell Creek in a swim—it was [illegible] work.

Friday 27. Dined at Hatch's: [illegible] [illegible] kind, and [illegible] kept it in bed with a leg broken. We reached Newbern in the evening. Here is weeping and lamentation for poor [illegible]—the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] of the country cannot speak to death unless [illegible] of each other without bringing heavy accusations—yet all very glad to see the bishop.

Saturday 29. My trust is in a faithful God—he hath never deceived me nor abandoned me. I am scarcely an hour free from pain, and all that I do is in the strength of Jesus.

Sabbath 30. I preached, and there was a trembling from first to last [illegible]: I concluded it [illegible] with cold. Ah! people hard and dead! John Bond preached three times: possibly to my short exhortations [illegible] the poverty I [illegible] them the conquest of some of the [illegible] [illegible] sea of liquid fire!

Monday 30. Cold indeed; my feet suffer. We made twenty-six miles to a house—no wood at the door, and none to cut wood.

Tuesday 31. A heavy storm took us at Greenville. We put the remains of a poor, pious slave in the ground who had reached her hundred years. [illegible] is like [illegible].

Wednesday, February 1. We came twenty-two miles: I was nearly done. Had we followed our first plan, and gone by Norfolk, it would have probably cost me my life. It was time to haul our sails and drop anchor at Edward Hall's, near Tarborough: it is providentially [illegible] for a few days. The weather has been excessively cold, and heavily felt by an old man of seventy, deeply wounded in the limbs, breast, and lungs.

Sabbath 5. I spoke to a gathering of serious people in Edward Hall's large dining room: the speaker was led to [illegible] words. I am occupied in reading, writing, and preaching and propping up the old clay house as well as I may: God be gracious to us still!

Monday 6. We breakfasted with Mrs. Austin. Oh! the bold expression of the workings of her soul she gave, when in the trying hour she said, "pray for me." [illegible] Methodists [illegible] a society be gathered, and a chapel be built in Tarborough! Dined with [illegible] Lewis and wife: this favoured pair have been renewed and quickened. The house of their father was amongst the first in former days to receive the Methodists, and the children have open their house, and hearts, and hands to them: may the Lord reward, and save, and bless their children's children to the latest generation! Amen! amen!

Came to James Hunter's at Fishing-Creek—a cold ride. I [illegible] for [illegible] Henry Bradford and his wife, and we renewed our covenant with God. Tuesday, to Halifax; mother Long would by no means [illegible]: honourable woman! I gave an evening lecture to some serious souls, and John Wesley Bond exhorted [illegible] energy.

Wednesday 8. Crossed the [illegible] ferry to sister Sarah Weaver's, Virginia.—Saturday 11. We are at Matthew Myrick's, Virginia—to rest the horses, not ourselves. [illegible] are very serious. I wrote an epistle to Norfolk, and another to [illegible].

Sabbath 12. I preached in Drumgold's house. Doctor [illegible] kindly officiated and drew two ounces of blood from my arm. I ordained Edward Drumgold an elder in the church of God. E. D. was born in Sligo; joined the Methodists in 1770; began to preach in 1774; travelled in America from 1774 until 1786; since then he has been a faithful local preacher, respected and beloved: he has [illegible] children living, two of whom, Edward and Thomas, are local deacons.

Monday 13. Came away in company with P. Bruce, John Early, and William Burns, to Lewis Gragg's, calling on Major Thomas on our route.

Tuesday 14. A great storm of snow blew for eight miles in our eyes on our way to S. Holmes's. I saw Prince Hill once more: thirty years has he been a backslider from God; may he be speedily restored! Sister Gragg is sick, and sister Holmes near the last great change. To Osborne's, we went forward twelve miles;—we have seen some of our early acquaintances once more.

Wednesday 15. To Fennell's, forty miles. Behold, we have a daughter a disciple, in the ancient house of Bedford: the kindness shown to God's people He hath repaid. To father Jude's on Thursday, where I was willing to rest, for I felt very ill.

Friday 17. We came into Lynchburg in great weariness, having dined at Mr. Reed's.

Sunday 19. I preached in the new, neat brick chapel, forty feet by fifty. Monday and Tuesday, we progressed well in our business. Doctor Jennings preached us a great sermon on *I am the vine, ye are the branches.*

Friday 24. We ordained elders, and I tried to speak on Phil. ii. [illegible]. I failed—I have been almost strangled with an asthmatic cough, and vomiting of blood.

Sunday 26. I keep the house, and busy myself to organize the stations. Thanks to the God of peace! we are confirmed in the belief that a treaty has been made between the United States and Great Britain. We have ordained twenty deacons and eight elders. Is there not a declension in gifts, as well as numbers? We settled at seventy-one dollars each man.

Monday 27. Came away from Lynchburg to Amherst court-house, lodging with a local preacher who keeps a public house: may he disappoint all my fears, and exceed all my hopes!

Tuesday 28. I preached at Meredith's. Shall we have to cross Rockfish, Piney and Tye rivers, after the thawing of the great snow?

Wednesday, March 1. Came to S. Garland's, Nelson court-house. Thursday, to the widow Gentry's.

Friday 3. As we passed Monticello, a cloud rested upon it: the day was clear. We crossed the north branch of James-River, near Charlottesville. Sheltered for the night, under the roof of the widow Gillum. We have bad roads, and I am feebleness itself. We crossed Rapid-Ann at the Race-Ford, and came to my dear John Stockdell's on Saturday evening. Hail, rest!

Sunday 5. We had preaching in the morning, and I spoke a few minutes in the evening; water the seed, O Lord!

Monday 6. To Henry Fry's. I have passed a painful night—the last in this house, perhaps. Tuesday, to Culpepper. *Would I not stop and preach to them?* Oh, that I was able; to will, is always present with me. We went forward to Rix's. This was a gentleman who kept private accommodation; the law being against private entertainment: his bill, in the morning, amounted to five dollars, save two shillings. Wednesday, dined at Dosher's, and lodged at New Baltimore.

Thursday 9. Came to Fairfax court-house, dining on our route, at Alexander Waugh's. Friday, to Georgetown. Saturday, writing official letters.

MARYLAND.—Sunday 12. In the chapel I lectured on a chapter of Hosea. My mind, perhaps, partakes of the weakness of my body—I let fly a few scattering shot—I keep up a kind of running fire with my small gun unceasingly. Our ranks are thinned, if one hundred have died in the Lancaster, Virginia circuit. I beheld the ruins of the Capitol and the President's house; the navy yard we burned ourselves. Oh, war! war!

Monday 13. A cold ride brought us to Elk-Ridge; and our old friend, widow Honor Dorsey, gave us a shelter and a welcome. Tuesday, came in to Baltimore. My kind, inquiring friends, are coming in from morning till night. I am with my old friend the widow Dickens.

Saturday 18. I preached at the Point. Our conference began on Monday, and prudence restrained me to one session per day; perhaps I did not speak officially six times during the continuance of conference. When it was understood that the ancient superintendent did not attend in the afternoon, the visits to him were renewed. Stationing about eighty-five preachers we found to be no small work. Friday, we ordained the deacons in Light-street church. Being good Friday, a fast was appointed, and I spoke a few words on the sufferings of Christ.

Sunday 26. At Eutaw chapel I spoke upon the apostolic order of things. Monday, conference rose. Tuesday, I retired to Perry-Hall. The stormy, damp weather, is hard upon me; but I abound here in comforts above millions: Lord, make me grateful and humble! What a preacher and writer was Samuel Davies! His sermons are very Methodistical. We have sent Samuel Montgomery to Montreal, and Samuel Burgess to Chenango district: they have had our counsel, and our prayers.

Sunday, April 2. In great weakness, I gave my farewell exhortation at the Fork chapel. Came back to Perry-Hall: all here is solitary to me!

Monday 3. At Havre-de-Grace, I see the fourth generation of the Jewett's; but some are still out of Christ. We crossed the ferry in six minutes. At North East chapel I gave them a farewell discourse. I passed a restless night. Oh, the kindness of the people to a poor sinner saved by grace alone! Wednesday, James Smith went forward and preached in the Elk chapel: at one o'clock we came up, exhorted, sung and prayed. We must attend to our appointments, though we should speak but little, for the people wish to see us: we have lived and laboured so long, that we have become a spectacle to men. This place, Elkton, has been founded about fifty years: it may be visited of the Lord in the fourth or fifth generation. The speaker remembered that although the British were all around them, that they escaped a visit. In great weakness of body we came on to the comfortable retreat of Nicholas Chambers.

Thursday 6. Stopped at Bethel, spoke a little and prayed. We dropped anchor at Richard Bassett's, until better weather. Saturday, I sent forward John Smith to fill my appointment. My unpleasant cough still cleaves to me. Bohemia manor was formerly the field in which the Whitefield Methodists, called New Lights, laboured with success: the Wesleyan Methodists are heirs to them, according to the Gospel.

Sunday 9. We would have attended meeting to-day, but we wished not to ride fourteen miles. We called a meeting at Richard Bassett's.

and youth continue to speak of the work of God in the days of the New Lights, sixty years past.

DELAWARE.—Monday 10. We came away in the rain to Smyrna, stopping by the way at A. Sharp's: we lodged with Israel Peterson.

Tuesday 11. At Dover my dear friends who had not seen me for one and two years visited me and led me into conversation the whole afternoon. It is hard, think they, that we cannot see him; so it might be thought in every place; but do they always remember the hardships they impose on me? so we go.

Wednesday 12. We came to Camden, the first upon the line of my appointments. I spoke a few words, and came to James's, son of David Owens, my old disciple. We called on James Bateman as we came along.

Thursday 13. I preached once more at Johnstown: the day had been set apart for a general thanksgiving for peace, and I remembered it in the pulpit. We dined with P. Wells, and rode back to Milford. Dust, fever, and too much company, these are my trials: prayer, and perfect love, these are my consolations.

Friday 14. I preached, and hasted to Frederica, lodging with Andrew Dill; here we saw dear Doctor Edward White, who hath known and followed the Methodists since 1778. I preached at Barratt's chapel, in great feebleness of body. Must I needs dine with Judge Andrew Barratt? "Ah! I know that my father and mother thought more of him, than of any man upon the earth; and well done it becomes their son to respect him." And is this all? God forbid!

Sunday 16. I preached in Wesley chapel, Dover, and the truth was felt. Monday, after delivering a short exhortation at Smyrna, I rode on to Smith's, Newcastle county.

Tuesday 18. Reached Wilmington. Wednesday, to Lombard's. Thursday, I sat in conference awhile, but became sick. Friday, I tried it again. Saturday, a chill overcame me, followed by burning heat. I continued at Richard Bowyer's.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sunday 23. Instead of filling an appointment, I was taken with a chill, followed by high fever. I have groaned away the whole week. I was lodged beyond the first gate, and few knew where I was: stupidness overcame me.

Friday 28. Feeling no fever, I ventured to whisper a few words: perhaps I shall be able to say something in the New chapel in Tenth-street, Philadelphia.

Sunday 30. At three o'clock I preached in the new church in Tenth-street: what a noble building! Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, resting at Thomas Haskins's. Thursday, at Trenton.

New Jersey.—Friday, May 5. We came through bad roads thirty-seven miles, to Mr. Baker's tavern—wounded Asbury. Our host was very attentive, and we had prayer in course. Saturday, called upon Thomas Morrell. Had an interview with Mr. M'Dowell, the esteemed minister of the Presbyterian congregation in Elizabethtown: he is modest and pious—Oh! for such men in all protestant churches. We drove up to George Suckley's, Greenwich. The weather is great distressing to my feelings.

New York.—Sunday 14. I attended the North church, and gave a discourse—it was something between talking and preaching; yet we had a time of much feeling.

Monday 15. To Croton, forty miles. The dear aged man, Governor Van Courtlandt, has gone to his rest, having attained to ninety years, and upward.

Tuesday 16. A twenty miles painful ride brought us to Warren's tavern, where we were made comfortable. Wednesday, to Rhinebeck, forty miles. Thursday, to Judge Van Ness's, forty miles, with rain, cold and suffering. The lady kind; the sister all attention—Oh! how goodness outshines the vain glories of this world! Friday, a cold rain dogged us into Albany. Saturday, I paid a bishop's visit to my brethren in conference.

Sunday 21. By vote of conference, I preached the funeral sermon for Doctor Coke—of blessed mind and soul—of the third branch of Oxonian Methodists—a gentleman, a scholar, and a Bishop, to us—and as a minister of Christ, in zeal, in labours, and in services, the greatest man of the last century. Poor wheezing, groaning, coughing Francis visited the conference chamber on Tuesday and Thursday. Although confined to my room, I was not prevented from entering deeply into the consideration of the plan of the stations; the elders thought I came out well. Alas! what miseries and distresses are here. How shall we meet the charge of seventy married out of ninety-five preachers—children—sick wives—and the claims of conference! We are deficient in dollars and in discipline.

Friday 26. We closed our labours in great peace and union. Saturday, we rode out of Albany to brother Spicer's, New Canaan. The Bishops here saw eye to eye, with hearts and souls in perfect peace.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Sabbath 31. I [illegible] lecture. Monday, rode away through Lebanon to Pittsfield. Elder Case came up to go with the bishop ninety or a hundred miles to Unity, the seat of the New-England conference: the providence was plain—we must part. Came to Chester, thirty-six miles.

Tuesday, June 2. To Westfield, and continued on eighteen miles further. In Wilbraham they think they have had a very general work of God, and an increase of the society: may it grow exceedingly! Wednesday, we came on to Leicester, greatly outdone.

Thursday 4. To Needham: there is a revival in several of the societies in this circuit, and a house is being built. Orlando Hinds—his praise is in all the churches.

Saturday 6. I am patiently suffering affliction in Boston.

Sabbath 7. John Wesley Bond attended all day at the chapel. I preached in the evening in weakness and in much trembling.

Monday 8. We passed towns and villages making forty miles.

Wednesday 10. At Unity, poor Francis was shut up alone as at Albany. George Pickering presided over conference; our business proceeded well: I ordained twelve deacons and twelve elders. Thursday, rain and snow. We made about twenty-nine miles this day. The taverns in New England are good—small attendance and moderate charges. Friday, I came very sick to E. Pawlet's. Saturday, to Cambridge; I must reduce my projected tour of sixteen hundred miles to a straight ride of three hundred and eighty miles to New-York, and thence through Philadelphia to Little-York, and my son Francis Hollingsworth. As I passed through Ashgrove I preached in the chapel. Monday, to Pittsfield. Here we have given up weekly preaching for two sermons a day every other week. Tuesday, to Troy; Wednesday, to Judge Van Ness's; Thursday, to Freeborn Garrettson's.

NEW-YORK.—Sabbath 14. I preached for them—very feeble. Wednesday, we started away for Poughkeepsie, lodging in a tavern. Thursday, we had a heavy ride over Peekskill Mountains. At the landing I providentially called upon a brother who had been offended, and had withdrawn himself from us; I seriously set life and death before him in a spirit of love and pity.

Friday 19. Came rapidly to York, forty-two miles. Saturday, I have had company enough.

Sabbath 21. Attended at Fourth-street chapel; my subject, Zeph. i. 12; time was when I could have preached upon this text.

Tuesday 22. I spoke a few words at the African chapel, many hearers being present. We hasted to Elizabeth that evening. Wednesday, to Barkelow's. Thursday, to James Sterling's, Burlington; my old friend has felt a severe shock in his system, but there is mind, and there is grace yet left. Friday, to Philadelphia—a good boat. In the evening rode to Thomas Haskin's.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sabbath 27. I preached in the City Road chapel. Monday, we arrived late in the evening at a tavern beyond Downings-Town.

Tuesday 29. Happy at mother Boehm's. A pleasing providence, according to my wishes, had brought Henry in a few minutes before us.—Wednesday, I rest a day. Ah! the changes we witness, and the differences of being, in relation to others, I remark in this end of time—to me at least. My long-loved friend, Judge Bassett, some time past a paralytic, is lately restricted on the other side, and suffers much in his helpless state.

Thursday, July 1. How the new bridge stretches its pride of length across the wide Susquehannah! Will not the father of eastern waters some day rise in the fury of a winter flood, and tear away this slight fetter which the puny art of man has thrown over him? Columbia bridge is surely a noble work. We came to see Francis Hollingsworth's, Little-York. My kind countrywoman gave me up her own room. I tried to preach, but wanted strength; my audience was partly composed of the respectables of the borough, and were no doubt disappointed. I sit seven hours a day, looking over and hearing read my transcribed journal; we have examined and approved up to 1807. As a record of the early history of Methodism in America, my journal will be of use; and accompanied by the minutes of the conferences, will tell all that will be necessary to know. I have buried in shades all that will be proper to forget, in which I am personally concerned; if truth and I have been wronged, we have both witnessed our day of triumph. Friday, we came away to Carlisle.

Sabbath 4. I spoke in the new chapel, and the truth was felt. Monday, came to Shippensburgh. My health is better this hot stormy and rough ride. Oh! how deeply my soul feels for ours, and all churches; for ours, and all ministers: I write with my hands, and would lift up my voice like a trumpet, were there not a cause! We lodge with Deacon John Davis: this brother hath been with us in single life; now he hath five sons and a daughter; his eldest [illegible] is given to God in the ministry, and travels. The old man's heart is still in the work. Tuesday. So crowded was the road that we hardly escaped being wedged in the narrows of the mountains on our way to Thomsburgh. Lodged at Anderson's. Wednesday, we came over the third mountain to James Hunter's. My health is much better, and I have lately written more than I had for weeks. We are later in this neighbourhood than last year; so also is the harvest. O, what abundance in our houses, our barns, and in our fields!—"more than we can well manage," cries the husbandman. For peace, liberty, and plenty. Oh, to grace and to God what debtors! What man can live to himself amidst the evidences of heavenly and the enjoyments of social goodness? We could not work ourselves, but we lent our horses to help to haul in the harvest. We left our kind friends to beat across the mountains on Saturday, and made thirty miles to Bloody-Run. The stones of this stream are tinged red as with blood, and the story is, that three men were killed in it by the Indians shortly after Braddock's defeat. My meditations lead me to make some observations on Col. i. 26, 27, 28. Colosse was a city of Phrygia, near to Laodicea. Paul had not then visited the church, yet in apostolic power and authority he wrote them the epistle. And for what purpose? To teach and to exhort. Why, then, not preach as well as write to churches, in all parts, and in any part of the world, since the end of preaching is instruction and exhortation? Oh, say the Baptists, this is my church. Oh, this is my congregation, says the stationed minister. And must no other minister preach to these souls? No, says sectarian prejudice; no, says bigoted pride; no, says the wool-shepherd, who is afraid his flock may become too wise for him. "The mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations." 1. The mystery of God the Eternal Son, *hid* till the expiration of four thousand years, *from ages and from generations*; yet not hid from the obedient, not hid from Abel in the bleeding-lamb, from Enoch, from Noah, nor from Abraham—not hid from the Israelites, but typically shown in the passover, the serpent in the wilderness, the release of captives and debtors on the death of the high-priest—not hid from the prophets—from Jonah when in the belly of the great fish—not hid from Job, from David, nor from Isaiah, who had a fuller manifestation of the glories of that day, whose coming in the order of time should thereafter be fixed by Daniel. *But now is made manifest to his saints*—the Holy Ghost carrying to the soul the conviction of the truth, begetting in obedient, gracious souls this *hope of glory*. *Christ formed within them the riches of the glory of this mystery*—the only foundation of the hope of everlasting glory—the first moving cause in grace, and the meritorious cause. *Warning*, or admonishing every man, and teaching every man, according to the universal commission in the Gospel. *In all countries*; but those who have been taught, and are negligent in learning and giving this warning: Oh, pity, pity, pity that there are such! Do you work *faithfully*? Continue to do *it* in the name and by the authority of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit: tell this rebellious generation they are already condemned, and will be shortly damned: preach to them like Moses *from Mount Sinai* and Ebal; like David—*the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God*: like Isaiah—*who amongst you shall dwell with devouring fire? Who amongst you can dwell with everlasting burnings*: like Ezekiel—*O, wicked man! thou shalt surely die!* Pronounce the eight woes uttered by the Son of God near the close of his ministry, and ask with Him—*Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?* Preach as if you had seen heaven and its celestial inhabitants, and had hovered over the bottomless pit, and beheld the tortures, and heard the groans of the damned. *Perfect in Christ Jesus*—in experience, in obedience, in love.

We went up into the little chapel in the state it was, and said a few words to a few people. Lodged at a grand tavern at night, and paid pretty well for our shelter: but I wish not to be under any obligations to tavern keepers. The heat is so great that it requires prudence to avoid its effects. A drover who had for many days out-done like a serpent in following his cattle, broke his leg about seven miles before the town: poor man it will be well if he saves his life.

Monday 12. Came into Bedford, overcome with the heat; brother Bond preached.

Wednesday 14. To Somerset. We found that on the last Sabbath, a notice had been politely given of our expected arrival. Many attended at the court-house, and the Lord spake his own truths through a tottering tenement of clay, accompanied with conviction to many minds. William Ross, with whom we lodged, carried round the paper with our mite subscription, and the citizens were liberal.

Thursday 15. We came across Laurel-Hill to the stone mill upon Jacob's creek. We know not what others may think, but we esteem the western Pennsylvania roads to be the roughest on our continent: my poor arms feel them, and will for days to come.

Friday 28. To John Brightwell's, Freeport. Here we will rest and write. We left Philadelphia July 3, and have travelled three hundred miles in twelve days.

Sabbath 30. At Brightwell's I preached upon Galatians iv. 19, 20. The apostle's labour and success at the first. The falling away of the converts—being drawn aside in search of an easier way, or going off to avoid persecution. The fervent desire of the apostle to be with, and to pass a second travail of soul for the whole of religion—inward, practical, and experimental. I spoke about thirty minutes. John W. Bond met the classes. He preached in the afternoon.

Monday 31. Ordained John Philips, of Union, a local deacon. The heat is such that all flesh seems to groan under it.

Tuesday, August 1. Left Brightwell's, fording the Monongahela at Freeport. We ascended the dreadful hills to Brigg's, and saw him and his brother, to whom we failed not to give our parting charge. Briggs is a Marylander, and an ancient Methodist. Down went the fence, and through the flax and corn he conducted us, and onward we toiled to Newkirk's mill—a clean house, and kind souls. We might not stay. Forward we drove up the valley to Rock meeting-house, a handsome edifice, and thence along the Williamsport road to Washington. We were lodged like a president at [illegible]. Is it possible? can it be true?—a revival at Steubenville! Not far from five hundred converts there, mostly young people. I rejoice exceedingly. The book concern have sent out Hervey—the dagger to the hilt, almost at every stroke. I wrote my valedictory to J. Young. Wednesday and Thursday at Washington. A Baptist missionary came into town collecting for foreign lands: we labour for those at home. Feeble as I was, the necessity of bearing testimony to the truth pressed upon me. A very unpleasant circumstance had taken place—an illicit intercourse between a lady and gentleman had become public, involving the innocent as well as the guilty in distress; they were members of the Presbyterian church. Another distressing event in the same church was talked of. A very respectable merchant and citizen had lost two of his children dying in doubt, and thought to have been somewhat deranged: this visitation fell upon him in a still greater degree. It may be said that he had put himself on the unfavourable side of election; the case was possible, but we cannot say that it was so. I remembered these things when I preached in Washington court-house. *The foundation of God standeth sure.* This *foundation* of God, laid for the redemption of mankind, involves their repentance, justification and sanctification; and its consummation in eternal life.

The word to Adam was, Obey, and live. The Gospel covenant shall stand sure in the wisdom, justice, power, grace, truth, love, goodness, and mercy of God, manifested in the atonement and righteousness of Christ, and the operations of the Holy Spirit, whereby men are made able to repent, believe, and obey. This covenant is administered to all who hear the Gospel. Because men are unfaithful is the foundation less sure? It is the foundation of God, laid in Christ, and known to the patriarchs and prophets. "Have you heard what Mr. ——, a Presbyterian, has done?" "Have you heard what John Doe and Richard Roe, both Methodists, have done?" "I am done with religion."—Have you ever begun with it? Had these people continued faithful, would it have saved you? Have you done with Christ? Do you want to experience, in your own person, the awful certainty of damnation!

As our Baptist brother talked and read letters upon missions to foreign lands, I thought I might help with a few words. I related that a few years past, a London Methodist member, in conversation had complained to me that the kingdom and the church had given so largely to support distant missions. I observed in reply, that the Methodist preachers, who had been sent by John Wesley to America, came as missionaries; some of them returned; but all did not. And now, behold the consequences of this mission. We have seven hundred travelling preachers, and three thousand local preachers, who cost us nothing. We will not give up the cause—we will not abandon the world to infidels; nay, we will be their plagues—we will find them herculean work to put us down. We will not give up that which we know to be glorious, until we see something more glorious. Nor will we concede an inch to schismatics and heretics, who say, "Destroy your *forms*, and leave your peculiar doctrines, and we shall show you something better." Show it to us first in the book of God. We are not ignorant of Satan's devices.

Friday 4. We came away to J. Beck's, West Liberty. It is said there were about three thousand people to hear the word last Sabbath at Steubenville: there was great preaching, a great love-feast, and sacrament; Bishop M'Kendree was there. I had an interview with B. Brown, and much talk about the work of God, and the necessity of evangelic preaching to wake the slumbering generation.

Sabbath 6. I preached at John Beck's, at four o'clock; my subject was 1 Cor. vii. 29—30. *The time is short.* It might have been true, considering how uncertain persecutions then made, and now about more abundantly to make, life, to all the followers of the Lord Jesus;

it may unexpectedly turn to pestilence, famine, and desolating war: but the proverbial uncertainty, in all ages and in all lands, of the sublunary things which so deeply engage the thoughts and affections of unthinking mortals, shows the propriety of the apostolic admonition; for surely, in this respect also, the time is short.

How many newly-married pairs—parents with children, upon whom they have just discovered, in their matured characters and upright conduct, the qualities and virtues which justify all their strength of affection—speculators upon the probabilities and possibilities of fortune, who [illegible] and estate to become richer than their fellow-mortals—aspiring persons, idolaters, who labour and starve to make the golden heap a little higher;—how many of these find that the time is short? Alas! too short for them. O, sinner, the time is short! Seekers, the time is short! strive—agonize to enter in. Backslider, surely to thee the time is short! Believers, O, remember the time is short! And if you are daily bearing your cross, faithfully combating under the great Captain of your salvation, you will rejoice to remember that the time is short. O, joyful consideration to those who have put on the Lord Jesus, and shall love his appearing—this time of suffering is short!

Monday. Came to Mount-Pleasant.

Ohio.—Friday 11. Came to Zanesville. There is a camp-meeting now in operation, five miles from this town. We reckon that since the 20th of June, we have passed through New-Hampshire, Vermont, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio, to Muskingum river, making nine hundred miles; two hundred of which, ought, in our opinion, to be called the worst on the continent. O, the goodness, providence, and love of God in Christ Jesus to us.

Sabbath 13. I preached on the camp-ground. My subject was 2 Cor. v. 11. "Knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." "The Lord"—that is, the Son of God, in all his attributes and perfections; his offices and characters; his perfect Deity in heaven, and humanity on earth; the Maker and Redeemer of mankind; and as their Judge, manifesting his uprightness in the eternal punishment of bad angels and bad men. "Terror of the Lord"—in death, the resurrection, and general judgment. "Terror"—in the recollection of what the sinner had done to offend God, grieve the Holy Spirit—what he had done to bring contempt upon religion and its ministers, and the unoffending followers of the Lord Jesus. "Terror"—in the consideration of the certainty of his punishment being eternal. "Persuade men"—to submit to the conditions of salvation; the use of the means of grace; and to a life of Gospel obedience. "Persuade men"—by all that is desirable in religion, and all that the truly pious enjoy—by all the glories of heaven, and all the horrors of unending perdition in hell.

By the judgment of charity, we are bound to believe the statement of David Young; that at Kenhawa camp-meeting there were twenty-five converts; at Marietta forty; at Fairfield twenty-four; at Zanesville twenty-three. Glory be to our God! now we live, if our people stand fast in the faith.

Sabbath 20. I preached to a small congregation in the chapel at Chillicothe. There is a camp-meeting within nine miles, but some are sick, some dying, and some are dead. My subject was Luke xxii. 61, 62. "And the Lord turned him, and looked upon Peter." The Gospels well harmonize here by John, who was witness to the whole. Peter denied thrice; First, to the damsel who kept the door; John having asked leave of the high-priest to bring in Peter.—Secondly, when the kinsman or cousin of Malchus, whose ear Peter had cut off, witnessed, possibly, by the young man, asked him, "Did not I see thee in the garden with him?"—Thirdly, when the conversation is taken up in company with the servants of the high-priest, and one of them asks, "Art thou not one of his disciples?" The previous character of Peter may be noticed—a married man; and a pushing, forward, ardent, as was seen on many occasions. When faithfully warned, he pledged himself with overweening confidence. His offences were, First, taking unallowed means of defence—like his pretended successors, the popes: Secondly, following too far off: Thirdly, denying his Lord: the lie, the oath, and their repetition, follow of course. What was the subject of Peter's denial? Did he deny that Christ was the eternal Son of God—the Saviour of the world in all his sacred offices? No: Peter's crime was, that he denied his discipleship; and this is the crime of which so many modern apostates are guilty. Who now deny the Lord? Socinians, baptized infidels, careless professors of salvation, slothful believers, and those who have fallen from sanctification by the neglect of the works of mercy, charity and piety. "The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter." Ah! he was obliged to go out with disgrace, he had entered with honour. But he could not weep and repent in wicked company: no, he sought a solitude—for three days and three nights, it may be. But lo, Jesus sendeth the word of comfort that he may not break his heart. "Go, tell my brethren," said he to Mary Magdalene. Thrice did Peter deny his Lord; and thrice did our Lord question his disciples, "Lovest thou me?" O, how great is the love of God; the love of Christ; the love of the Holy Spirit: redemption is love.

Monday 22. We visited from house to house with our male subscription, which seemed to all well-pleasing: the citizens were liberal. Hearing that Mistress W——s was ill, and wished to see me, I delayed not, but went in the evening. When we entered the room, I found her ill indeed—an attack highly inflammatory, accompanied by a deep cough. On Tuesday I repeated my visit; and in private conversation found that God had shown her the vileness of her nature in a great degree, and that she had received consolation, and only wanted and waited for the Spirit to give assurance of his own work by his witness in her heart. I told her that it was very common for persons to be sure that God had blessed them: Oh! how few eyes, few ears, few tongues spoke. She was an Episcopalian of the English Church. Her mind had been much exercised upon receiving the sacrament; it was administered to her. I find I am almost such a favourable coughing subject as the lady I have been visiting—I coughed nearly the whole night.

Wednesday 24. We left Chillicothe in the rain. Some folks are fond of setting out against Methodism, taking the worst as a sample; but bad as they are, I would not take the best of the rulers without a change of sentiment, in heart, and in manners. Ah! let us take heed that party and politics do not drive out our piety—they do not mingle well. Can it be that Bonaparte is finally overthrown? The time is coming that all kings and rulers must acknowledge the reign of the King of kings, or feel the rod of the Son of God. But will Jesus do for the United States of America? Foolish people will think they have a right to govern themselves as they please; aye, and Satan will help them. Will this do for us—is not this republic, this land, this people, the Lord's? We acknowledge no other king but the eternal King. And if our great men will not rule in righteousness, but forget God and Christ, what will be the consequence? Ruin.

Saturday 27. We changed our course, to go to the Mechanicsburgh camp-meeting. As soon as we came upon the ground, I felt that God was with the meeting. Give us a chimney, that we may have *fire*: it was done. God was with us, and souls were converted.

Friday, September 2. At John Sale's.

Sunday 4. I preached on Romans xiii. 12: *The night is far spent*. What constitutes the natural night—absence of light—ignorance; insecurity; uncertainty. The Gospel watchman strikes the hours.

The Scripture nights—from Adam to Moses. The patriarchal stars and those who preceded them as fixed lights, Adam, Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham. The moon-light of the law, the tabernacle, the sacrifices. But this night was about to pass away, although darker just before the dawn of the Gospel day; and it is thus in nature. The Jews had corrupted themselves in religion and in manners. The night of Judaism and Paganism had nearly passed away. When Paul wrote in the year sixty, the Gospel had obtained in Europe, Lesser Asia, Greece, in the city of Rome; and had spread from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean. This night has returned occasionally. It came upon the Asiatic churches because of their unfaithfulness; where once were the Gospel and its martyrs, are now Greek popery, and Greek superstitions. From the third to the fifteenth century, the church of Rome brought darkness upon Europe by prohibiting the Bible, and by the introduction of her own commentaries and idolatries. Philosophy, so called, with Voltaire for its high-priest, brought night and destruction upon France—judicially, to avenge on the bloody house of Bourbon, the blood of the Protestant martyrs. And would not some of our great men, if they dared, bring a night of infidelity on this land? Who sees them in regular attendance on the house of God? *Let us cast off the works of darkness*—Let us not sin in practice. Let us cast off evil tempers, desires, and affections. *The armour of light.* See Ephesians vi. 11—17., perfect faith, perfect hope, perfect obedience, perfect love. On our route we called upon many of our old friends, Bock, Sale, Bonner, Smith, Butler—they treated us like presidents.

Monday, September 4. I have been under the necessity of applying four blisters for a great inflammation in my face and jaws. I have taken medicine. As a member of the Bible society in Philadelphia, I have distributed many hundreds of Testaments. We do great things with our mite subscription. John Wesley Bond reads many times in the Testaments distributed to the poor. I have visited the families of Butler, Owens, Beals, Heath, Wright, Fowler and Davis.

Sabbath 10. I preached on the camp-ground. My subject was Hebr. iii. 7, 8. "His voice."—What is the voice of God to us—to every case and character? The Gospel of the grace of God, in all its blessings, promises, means, ordinances, doctrines, and precepts. "His voice"—in power, in mercy, in providence, in love. "Harden not your hearts." We may harden our hearts against the former, latter, and present, impressions the powerful Gospel may have made upon our hopes, our fears, and our consciences. In what manner?

By open, notorious sinning; by secret wickedness; by sinful tempers indulged; by a wilful neglect of Gospel-times and Gospel-means. The greatness of our rebellion—We sin against the infinite love of God; the infinite merit of Christ; the Spirit of infinite holiness. To-day, if ye will hear his voice—to-day: this is both the true meaning and warning. Not to-morrow—no; it may never come. To-day, then, speaker and hearer do all you can for God.

On Tuesday the 12th, we began our journey.

Thursday 14. Our Ohio conference began, and all our fears vanished. We have great peace, abundance of accommodations, and considerable success in preaching, morn and night in the chapel and court-house. Great grace, and peace, and success have attended our meeting together. We hold in Ohio conference sixty-eight preachers, sixty-seven of whom are stationed. Ten delegates have been chosen for the general conference. The settlement with the married and unmarried was made according to the funds, to which the mite subscription added; the children of the preachers were remembered in the distribution of the funds.

Thursday, we came away to Cincinnati. Bishop M'Kendree and myself had a long, and earnest talk about the affairs of our church and my future prospects. I told him my opinion was, that the western part of the empire would be the glory of America for the poor and pious—that it ought to be marked out for five conferences, to wit: Ohio, Kentucky, Holston, Mississippi, and Missouri; in doing which, as well as I was able, I traced out lines and boundaries. I told my colleague, that having passed the first allotted period, (seventy years,) and being, as he knew, out of health, it could not be expected I could visit the extremities every year, sitting in eight, it might be, twelve conferences, and travelling six thousand miles in eight months. If I was able still to keep up with the conferences, I could not be expected to preside in more than every other one. As to the stations, I should never exhibit a plan unfinished, but still get all the information in my power, so as to enable me to make it perfect, like the painter who touches and retouches until all parts of the picture is pleasing. The plan I might be labouring on would always be submitted to such eyes as ought to see it; and the documents I wanted of others, I should expect to receive.

Sabbath 24. I preached at Lebanon, by request of conference, a memorial sermon for Doctor Cole; my subject was Matt. v. 16. "Let your light so shine before men." The Gospel light—in all its fulness of grace and power—the reflected light of that light of the world, manifested in faith, and in obedience in every grade and class of believers. Ministers should be resplendent lights, like a city situated in the night; a great light amidst darkness, in darkness and slumber, like Doctor Coke, whose effulgence beamed forth in missions, in labours, in Europe, in America, in the isles of the sea, and in Asia. I took occasion to particularize the abundant labours of this distinguished man of God.

Wednesday 27. We came rapidly to Cincinnati. Friday. Brother M'Kendree's fractures are all repaired, and bones strongly united, I suppose, for he had flown away like a bird with the bags. We must stay and distribute the word of God to the poor, collect a little money, and then away, preaching in every town we pass through.

Sabbath, October 4. I preached in the chapel: my subject was Phil. i. 27. Wednesday, I preached in the court-house in Georgetown; my subject Acts xiii. 26. "To you is the word of this salvation sent." This salvation—the Gospel, to be sure. Who the author, what the nature, necessity, conditions, spirituality, and degrees of this salvation. From whom it is sent, by whom, and to whom it is sent. It was sent to Jews first, afterward to the Gentiles, and continued to be sent, and is still sent to the children of men by the written word, by the ministers of that word, and by the influences of the Holy Spirit. The consequences of its reception—eternal life; of its rejection—everlasting damnation. We came into Lexington. My soul is blest with continual consolation and peace in all my great weaknesses of body, labour, and crowds of company. I am a debtor to the whole continent, but more especially to the north-east and south-west; it is there I usually gain health, and generally lose in the south and centre. I have visited the south thirty times in thirty-one years. I wish to visit Mississippi, but am resigned. I preached in Lexington on Zephaniah iii. 12, 13. "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." The true character of God's people—tempted, grieved, poor in spirit. Their strong confidence in Jehovah—in all his attributes, perfections, promises, in all his sacred offices and many relations to his own people. Well guarded by a supreme love of God, and a love to their fellow-men, this people shall not transgress the law in its word nor in its spirit. Nor shall they deceive, for the deceitful tongue is changed by the grace that changed the deceitful heart. As a flock, their souls shall feed and fatten on the privileges and ordinances of the Gospel, whilst other flocks of the hireling shall starve and be scattered: the flock of God shall be led into green pastures by the Great Shepherd, and they shall lie down, undisturbed by [illegible], shall [illegible] others, assured that they shall never perish, neither shall any be able to pluck them out of his hand.

On Monday we came into the Shakers' town: are these children of light? They are wiser than millions of the children of this world. Well built houses, two grand gardens—every thing well planned for comfort and money. But why should I say any harm of this people who are, I suppose, the last ones in the world to carry on to [illegible] them.

Tuesday 10. At James M'Kendree's: Nathaniel Moore has come to marry our sister, Frances M'Kendree: all parties are pleased. Wednesday, I took counsel of my elder sons, who advise me not to go to Mississippi this year.

On Thursday I officiated at the marriage of Nathaniel Moore and Frances M'Kendree; we believe it is of the Lord—they are a worthy couple and nearly of an age. We have given away many Testaments to the poor on our route hither, and they were in all cases received with thankfulness: we accompany our gifts with prayer and exhortation when opportunities offer.

Sabbath 15. I attended the funeral of the little son of James M'Kendree, and spoke a few words; James Gwinn spoke on David's words, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." I baptized Frances Elizabeth [illegible]. So here have been a marriage, a funeral, and a baptism; and would I be pleased and comforted with them all? Well; make the best of me while you have me; it will not be often.

Wednesday 17. Brother M'Kendree preached a funeral sermon for Mrs. Grubb, daughter of S. Mitchell. I added an exhortation. Our brother Blackman had improved his house and estate.—Ah! sad estate of human frailty. The body of the first husband rests in a tomb near the dwelling; the body of the second may yet float in the Ohio. Go, disconsolate sister—thou art prepared to weep for the wretched, for thou thyself knowest what is anguish of heart! Thursday, at Bibb's.

Friday 20. We opened our conference. Saturday, great peace, great order, and a great deal of business done.

Sabbath 22. I ordained the deacons and preached a sermon, in which Doctor Coke was remembered. My eyes fail. I will resign the stations to Bishop M'Kendree—I will take away my feet. It is my fifty-fifth year of ministry, and forty-fifth year of labour in America. My mind enjoys great peace and divine consolation. My health is better, which may be in part because I have been less deeply interested in the business of the conference. But whether health, life, or death—good is the will of the Lord: I will trust him; yea, and will praise him: he is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever—Glory! glory! glory! Conference sat eight days and a half in session—hard labour. Bishop M'Kendree called upon me to preach at the ordination of elders.

Sabbath, 29. At a little place, called a meeting-house, I preached by appointment. The notice given had been short, and public occasion, nevertheless many attended—more than was to be expected. We had a feeling time: I spoke awful words.

November 1. We came upon the turnpike—a disgrace to the state and to the undertakers, supposing they had any character to lose. It is a swindling of the public out of their money to demand toll on such roads as these. We are told, why, they make you pay on the turnpike to the westward. Yes, so they do; and they make good fine roads. Thursday, to father Holt's, forty-three miles: we came in two hours after night. This will not do—I must halt, or make my grave. Saturday, I am very unwell. Friday, rest and physic. I felt that keeping three men and four horses three days and four nights, not with my friends but with me, was too great a burden to impose. Oh! what kindness and attentions I receive.

Virginia.—Sabbath 5. I declined preaching, being so exceedingly weak. Tuesday, we stopped with Wesley Harrison, son of Thomas Harrison, in Harrisonburgh; the father was the first man under whose roof I lodged on my first visit to this town: his pious wife, and simple-hearted pious Robert Harrison, are, I trust, both in glory. I have received a statement from James Axley of the work of God in the different places within his knowledge, at quarterly and camp-meetings; and it appears there were upwards of one hundred and fifty souls who professed to have found justifying grace: there were powerful riots at some of these meetings to interrupt the preaching, and drive the people from their seats; but the work of God prospered to the last.

Monday 6. We came to Captain Hill's—very kind and attentive. Tuesday, came to Thomas Harrison's, son of Thomas. Thursday, at Boley's, we were greatly annoyed by a brigade of Kentuckians;—can Satan be more wicked? The drunkards kept the house in an sermon. [illegible] there was a [illegible] feeling and devotion. I [illegible] my [illegible]; I am [illegible] from [illegible] blood. A [illegible] ride brought us to [illegible]'s on Saturday.

Sabbath 12. I attended the quarterly meeting at Samuel Edney's, and bore a feeble, but a faithful testimony to the truth. I have read with due care, Joseph Moore's dialogue; it is not elegant, but [illegible] seems to have silenced the Baptists.

Sabbath 19. I preached upon Acts xxvi. 17, 18. Many were the instances of deliverance; they bound him and scourged him, yet had they been no power over his life, which they so often sought. And the Gentiles, to whom he was especially sent by the Son of God, what a description is given of their deplorable state! what blindness of mind, ignorance, idolatry, superstition, complicated and unaccountable wickedness! "The power of Satan"—completely in his possession, body, soul, and spirit, in all their powers and passions—in infidelity and impenitence, and under the guilt of actual transgression. Then Gospel truth and Gospel ministers find them; and they must be preached to with energy. And these ministers must be sent; and to be qualified for this mission, they must, like Paul, be convinced, convicted, and converted, and sanctified. Like him they must be preserved from the violence of the people; but especially from their indulgence and flattery. "Turning them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." A faithful minister will have these signs to follow him.

I die daily—am made perfect by labour and suffering, and fill up still what is behind. There is no time or opportunity to take medicine in the day time, I must do it at night. I am wasting away with a constant dysentery and cough.

Monday 20. At Benjamin Glover's. At Allen Glover's, on Tuesday. Wednesday, my children will not let me go out.

Thursday 23. Came to Thomas Child's, near Cambridge, twenty miles. Friday. To Doctor William Moon's. Saturday. The Doctor urges, and I have consented to take digitalis:—O, the powerful expectoration that followed!

Sabbath 26. I preached, and we had a time of great feeling. Monday, heavy rain. We came away to Hezekiah Arrington's, a cold, damp ride. Tuesday, to the widow Moore's; the lady was not at home; but the servants are attentive. John Wesley Bond preached in the kitchen. We try to do good. Wednesday, to Sterling Williamson's, thirty miles in eight hours. A damp, rainy day, [illegible] pleasant to me. Thursday, rested. Friday, at C[illegible]

South Carolina.—Saturday, December 2. A melancholy and awful event has been witnessed here. Doctor Ivey Fisher, about thirty years of age, in driving a vicious horse out of Columbia in his chair, was dashed between the shaft and wheel, and his skull fractured. The unhappy man was the only son of my dear friend, Edward Fisher. How many Gospel sermons had he heard, and how many prayers had been offered up for him! I preached on the Sabbath. I have spent three nights at B. Arthur's, two at friend Alexander M'Dougal's, and one night at Colonel Hutchinson's. My consolations are great. I live in God from moment to moment. The poor colonel is like a man broken to pieces. I feel deeply upon my mind the consequences of this charge (Columbia.)

Thursday 7. We met a storm and stopped at William [illegible], Granby.

* * *

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH.

Here the journal of Bishop Asbury closes. And having followed him through such a laborious, and useful, and, very often, suffering life, it is thought the reader would be gratified in following him to his grave, that he might witness the last and final triumph of this apostolic minister of the Lord Jesus. The editors, therefore, take the liberty of subjoining a short account of the last moments of this great and good man. His character, as it was exhibited in the various relations of life he sustained, we leave to his biographers, who, it is hoped, will soon furnish the Christian world with a faithful portrait of Bishop Asbury, both living and dying.

The following sketch of the closing scene of his life, is taken chiefly from the minutes of the conferences for the year 1816; the only document now in our possession from which authentic information in reference to the subject, can be derived.

It seems that, notwithstanding his extreme debility, which could not be witnessed without awakening the liveliest sensibilities, he flattered himself with the prospect of meeting the ensuing general conference, which was to assemble in Baltimore on the first of May, 1816. In this expectation he was, however, disappointed; the disease with which he was afflicted terminating in the consumption, made such rapid progress as to baffle the power of medicine, and to prostrate the remaining strength of a constitution already trembling under the repeated strokes of disease, and worn down by fatigue and bloom, it had appeared, indeed, more like a walking skeleton, than a living man.

His perseverance, however, seemed to rise superior to his bodily weakness, and to bid defiance to the hasty approaches of dissolution. Hence, impelled on by that unquenchable thirst to do good, by which he had been actuated for more than fifty years, he continued with his faithful travelling companion, John W. Bond, in a close carriage to journey from place to place, as his exhausting strength would permit, frequently preaching, until he came to Richmond, Virginia, where he preached his last sermon, March 24, 1816, in the old Methodist church. Previous to his entering upon this last pulpit exercise, perceiving his great weakness of body, some of his friends endeavoured to dissuade him from preaching; but he resisted their entreaties by saying, That he must once more deliver his public testimony in that place; yielding their own tenderness for his temporal welfare, to his desire to proclaim once more the counsel of his God, they carried him from his carriage in which he rode,—for he was unable either to walk or stand,—to the pulpit, and seated him on a table prepared for that purpose.

Though he had to make frequent pauses in the course of his sermon for the purpose of recovering breath, yet he spoke nearly an hour with much feeling from Rom. ix. 28. "For he will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth." This closed his public labours on the earth. The audience were much affected. Indeed how could it be otherwise? To behold a venerable old man, under the dignified character of an ecclesiastical patriarch, whose silver locks indicated that time had already numbered his years, and whose pallid countenance and trembling limbs presaged that his earthly race was nearly finished; to see in the midst of these melancholy signals of decaying nature, a soul beaming with immortality, and a heart kindled with divine fire from the altar of God;—to see such a man, and to hear him address them in the Name of the Lord of hosts, on the grand concerns of time and eternity! what heart so insensible as to withstand the impressions such an interesting spectacle was calculated to produce!

After having delivered his testimony, he was carried from the pulpit to his carriage, and he rode to his lodgings.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, he journeyed, and finally came to the house of his old friend, Mr. George Arnold, in Spottsylvania. It was his intention to have reached Fredericksburg, about twenty miles farther, but the weather being unfavourable and his strength continuing to fail, he was compelled to relinquish his design; and accordingly he remained under the hospitable roof of his friend, Mr. Arnold. Hearing brother Bond conversing with the family respecting an appointment for meeting, he observed that they need not be in haste. A remark so unusual with him gave brother Bond much uneasiness. As the evening came on his indisposition greatly increased, and gave evident intimations that his dissolution could not be far distant. About three o'clock next morning he observed that he had passed a night of great bodily affliction.

Perceiving his deep distress of body, and anxious to retain him as long as possible on the shores of mortality, his friends urged the propriety of sending for a physician; but he gave them to understand it would be useless, saying, That, before the physician could reach him his breath would be gone, and the doctor could only pronounce him dead! Being asked if he had any thing to communicate, he replied, That, as he had fully expressed his mind in relation to the church in his addresses to the bishop and to the general conference, he had nothing more to add.

About eleven o'clock on Sabbath morning, he inquired if it was not time for meeting; but recollecting himself, he requested the family to be called together. This being done agreeably to his request, brother Bond sung, prayed, and expounded the twenty-first chapter of the Apocalypse. During these religious exercises he appeared calm and much engaged in devotion. After this, such was his weakness, he was unable to swallow a little barley water which was offered to him, and his speech began to fail. Observing the distress of brother Bond, he raised his dying hand, at the same time looking joyfully at him. On being asked by brother Bond if he felt the Lord Jesus to be precious, exerting all his remaining strength, he, in token of complete victory, raised both his hands. A few minutes after, as he sat on his chair with his head reclined upon the hand of brother Bond, without a struggle, and with great composure, he breathed his last on Sabbath the 31st day of March, in the year of our Lord 1816, and in the seventy-first year of his age;—after having devoted to the work of the ministry about fifty-five years, forty-five of which were spent in visiting the cities, villages, and wildernesses of North America; during thirty of these he had filled the highly responsible office, and conscientiously discharged the arduous duties, of general superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

His immortal spirit having taken its flight to the regions of the blessed, his body was committed to the earth, being deposited in the family burying-ground of Mr. Arnold, in whose house he died. His remains were, by order of the general conference, and at the request of the society of Baltimore, taken up and brought to this city, and deposited in a vault prepared for that purpose, under the recess of the pulpit of the Methodist Church in Eutaw-street. A vast concourse of the citizens of Baltimore, with several clergymen of other denominations, followed the corpse as it was carried from the general conference room in Light-street to the place prepared for its reception in Eutaw-street; being preceded by Bishop M'Kendree as the officiating minister, and brother Black, a representative from the British to the American conference, and followed by the members of the general conference as chief mourners. The corpse was placed in Eutaw church, and a funeral oration pronounced by the Rev. William M'Kendree, the only surviving bishop; after which, the body of this great man of God was deposited in the vault, to remain until the resurrection of the just and unjust.

It is needless to make reflections here, or to pass encomiums upon his character, not only because it would be anticipating his biography which is now preparing for the press, but because the preceding journal speaks for itself, and loudly proclaims the man deeply devoted to God, exerting all his powers of soul and body to promote "peace on earth and good will to men;" and who ceased not his labours until compelled by the command of Him who first called him into being. Let those now denominated missionaries read this journal, and learn from the example of its author what it is to "endure hardness as good soldiers of the Lord Jesus."

May that Church which so long enjoyed the services of this eminent minister of the sanctuary, and for whose prosperity he so diligently and conscientiously toiled and suffered, not only cherish a grateful remembrance of his Christian and ministerial virtues, but be long blessed with a succession of ministers who shall make his virtues their exemplar, and transmit to posterity unsullied those pure doctrines of Christ which *Francis Asbury* so faithfully and so successfully proclaimed.

NEW-YORK, April 23, 1821.

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N. B. In reviewing the preceding journal, several errors in the dates have been discovered, which, however, are not of sufficient importance to require an Errata, except it be the one on page 265, Vol. II, where read 1799, the year in which GENERAL WASHINGTON died, instead of 1797.

THE END.